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THE
MONTHLY
MIRROR:

REFLECTING
MEN AND MANNERS.

WITH
STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOME,
The Stage.

To hold as 'twere the MIRROR up to Nature.



VOL. XX.

Embellished with superb Engravings.

London:

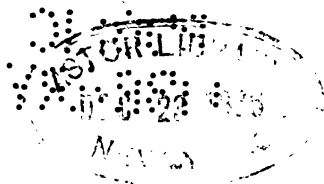
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Wright, No. 38, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

And published by Vernor and Hood in the Poultry;
sold, also, by all the Booksellers in
the United Kingdom.

1805.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
JULY, 1805.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. TAYLOR, OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, ENGRAVED
BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE PAINTING.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Octavian has misconceived the purport of our letter.

Leopold's Fragment in our next.

We shall be happy to receive the paper of our ingenious correspondent at Edinburgh.

The *Thunder Storm*, a Poem, is perfectly in season as to the subject; but *bolt and gold*; *willow and mildew*; are beyond every limit of poetical licence.

A PLURALIST should apply to the Archbishop of Canterbury for information on the subject of his epistle.

An ODE to the setting Sun is much too long for insertion in a periodical work.

The request of T. A. W. cannot be complied with.

We admire the *wit*, but lament the *indecenty* which prevents our making use of SANGRADO'S essay.

PAULLO'S favour is just come to hand.

Accounts of several provincial theatres, from various hands, in our next.

The book enquired for by S. M**** has been some years out of print, and is become exceedingly scarce. We thank this gentleman for his kind communication.

BOBADIL'S threat shall be retorted in the words of PISTOL, just such another swaggerer as himself: "Pish for thee, thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland."

CLAUDIO'S packet will be returned, agreeably to the alternative proposed to us.

The account of the battle between *Sock* and *Buskin*, by a BOTTLE HOLDER, might produce "bloody noses and crack'd crowns," and we would rather prevent than promote any further differences.

"Why should I strike the tuneful harp?"

Why indeed, if it produce no better harmony than is to be found in CORYDON'S verses.

The parcel from *Norwich* will safely reach us through the proposed medium.



Mr Taylor.

Pub. by Verner & Hood, Poultry, 31, July, 1805.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
JULY, 1805.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. TAYLOR.

(*With a Portrait.*)

THE biography of Mr. Charles Taylor does not abound with those scenes of strange and whimsical vicissitude, which often accompany the professors of the sock and buskin. The narrative, therefore, of our hero, will not give our readers that pleasure in perusal, which the diversified lives of some of our performers are apt to create, when recorded in the pages of dramatic history.

This gentleman is a native of Bath, and was born in the year 1777; his mother was a respectable inn-keeper, whose residence was known by the sign of the *Cross-Keys*. At a very early period of his life, he evinced a strong attachment to vocal and instrumental music, and frequently became a truant school-boy to enjoy a lesson of his favourite friend Mr. Charles Incledon, who encouraged his youthful pursuit, and afterwards introduced him to *Miss Guest*, now Mrs. Miles, much celebrated for her taste on the *piano-forte*. Charmed with the promising talents of young Taylor, the above lady took him under her roof, as an apprentice for seven years, when he received a regular musical education, and occasionally sung at the annual Bath concerts with considerable credit to himself and mistress.

The changeable disposition of youth, however, soon began to shew itself; for the science which he had once embraced with delight, and pursued with rapture, soon became irksome, and bore the feature of too much sameness for the wavering and warm fancy of a boy.

In one of these fickle moments, when his mind was in search of new pleasures, he formed a resolution of trying his talents on the stage, and immediately set off for Southampton, where he sung two songs in character for one night only.

After this little excursion he returned home, and, for a short time, continued his musical studies.

At the age of sixteen, and under the auspices of Mr. Charles Murray, now of Covent-Garden theatre, he made his *entrée* on the Bath stage, in the character of Captain *Wilson*, in the musical after-piece of the *Flitch of Bacon*, and acquitted himself with every satisfaction to the public. This, with the performance of *La Gloire* in the Surrender of Calais, and several subsequent theatrical efforts, produced him an engagement at the enormous salary of fifteen shillings per week, till the death of Mr. Hutley, whose characters immediately came into his possession, with a considerable augmentation of his weekly income, which he retained with increased honors and reputation for several years, till Mr. Elliston (when appointed deputy-manager of the Hay-Market theatre in the year 1803,) recommended Mr. Taylor to Mr. Colman, not only as an excellent singer, but a performer of great versatility of talents.

The part which ushered him into the notice of a London audience, was *Lubin*, in the opera of the Quaker, and it will be almost unnecessary to observe, that he deservedly met with a very favourable reception. After passing through a regular routine of singing business, at the little theatre, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Colman and the public, Mr. Harris applied to and secured him, as a member of the Covent-Garden corps, where he has been found particularly useful on the indisposition of Mr. Incledon, and other performers.

During Mr. Taylor's engagement at the Hay-Market theatre, he performed the character of Paul in the musical after-piece of Paul and Virginia, at Drury-Lane house, which greatly added to his well-earned fame.

Before we take leave of this actor's merits, it will not be improper to notice the estimation with which his majesty has been pleased to hold Mr. Taylor's professional powers, both at Weymouth, Windsor, and in London. At these places our hero has been honoured with every mark of approbation the dignity of royalty could bestow.

At the conclusion of the present season, Mr. Taylor resigned his situation at Covent-Garden theatre, in consequence of some little difference between Mr. Harris and him. We trust, however, that the Drury-Lane managers will not suffer this gentleman, who has so many qualifications for public entertainment, to retire from the town, and

"Waste his sweetness in the desert air."

CHAUCER'S ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

There myghtest thou see flutours
 Mynstrales and eke joglours,
 There was many a *tymbestere*
 And saylours, that, I dare well swere,
 Couthe her crafte full parfytylly :
 The *tymbres* up full subtelly
 They caste, and hent full ofte
 Upon a finger fayre and softe
 That they fayled never.

Fol. 124. Ed. Keynes 1543.

As miscellanies similar to this work are peculiarly calculated for the admission of detached pieces of criticism, I have the less hesitation in making a remark on the above cited passage; or rather on the following note of Tyrwhitt on the word *tymbestere*. "According to the above description, it should seem that a *tymbestere* was a woman (see note on v. 2019) who played tricks with *timbres* (*bassons of some sort or other*) by throwing them up into the air, and catching them upon a single finger; a kind of Balance-Mistress." I take these *timbres* (Mr. Editor) to be the tambourines which you and I have with so much satisfaction frequently seen the "*mimi et jocolatores*" use with so great dexterity in the front of the booths at Bartholomew fair. "Am I not i' the right, old Jephth?"

MOTH.

ANECDOTES.

THE inferior class of people in Ireland have a peculiar quaintness and humour, truly characteristic; and which is often displayed to the infinite amusement of their hearers. When Lord Townshend, however, arrived there as lord lieutenant, he complained that he could not distinguish this particular quality, or the general dissimilarity of manners, of which he had previously heard a very entertaining account. The gentlemen around observed, that as his excellency never had any intercourse or spoke with the lower sort, he could not expect to be acquainted with their general manners: but advised him to converse personally with them, if he wished to form a correct opinion. His lordship, as a man of wit and whim, readily assented, and the same evening sallied forth *incog.* with several others. Passing along Ormond Quay, he went up to a man who

was selling some trifles, and after conversing very affably for some time, and remarking on a Highland regiment, then passing, bought what came to a few shillings. Having no silver, he pulled out his purse and requested change for a guinea. "For a guinea," exclaimed Pat, staring him full in the face. "Arrah, by Jasus, now (pointing to the Highlanders) you might as well ask one of them for a pair of breeches!"

The smartness of the answer, and the propriety of the instantaneous comparison, forcibly excited his lordship's risible faculties, and making Paddy a present of the guinea, he walked off to join his company.

ORPHEUS.

The following anecdote is told by Lucian, in his treatise *against an ignorant man who bought a number of books*. When the Thracian Bacchanals tore Orpheus to pieces, they say that his harp was thrown into the river Hebrus, with his bleeding head upon it. While the head sung a lamentable elegy on the fate of its late proprietor, the harp, touched by the wind, accompanied it with a solemn strain; till swimming down the Ægean sea, the mournful concert arrived at Lesbos. The Lesbians taking them up, buried the head in the spot where, in Lucian's time, stood the temple of Bacchus: and hung up the lyre in the temple of Apollo. Neanthus, the son of Pittacus the tyrant, who had heard the wonderful qualities of this harp, that it tamed wild beasts and moved even trees and rocks, and that, since the time of Orpheus, it had never been touched, had a violent desire to try its effects. With this view he bribed the priest who had it in keeping, to give it to him, and hang up one similar in its place. Neanthus wisely thought it was not proper to use it by day, nor in the city, lest he should bring the houses about his ears, but hiding it under his robe, went by night to try it in the environs. Being quite ignorant of music, he began scraping upon it at a strange rate, but with no small pride and satisfaction, as deeming himself the worthy heir of the music of Orpheus. The town dogs, who I suppose were all turned loose into the streets at night, as is now the custom in Turkey, came to the sound in crowds. Neanthus in transport imagined, now the beasts had come, the other effects would follow, and looked sharp round to see if a rock or a tree were coming toward him dancing a minuet. Poor man! he was wofully deceived! The dogs had only come thinking the strange noise proceeded from a wolfe or a wild hog, and enraged by the horrid din, tore its unfortunate author to pieces.

S.

A PROCLAMATION BY KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

[MR. EDITOR,

I lately met with the following copy of a proclamation issued by this monarch, which to those who lament with me the decay of old English hospitality, will not prove an unacceptable curiosity. I am not such an enemy to British freedom as to contend for any such arbitrary restraint as King Charles thus imposed upon the higher order of his subjects; but, if our present nobility were to reside more on their estates, it were, perhaps, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," however the inhabitants of Brighton and Margate, &c. might exclaim against the proceeding.

Yours, &c.

J. S.]

A Proclamation commanding the repaire of Noblemen, Knights, and Gentlemen of Quality, unto their Mansion Houses in the Countrey, there to attend their Services, and keepe Hospitalitye.

THE King's most excellent Majestie, taking into his royal consideration the present state of the tymes; together with the great decaye of hospitalitye and good housekeeping, which in former ages was the honour of this nation; the too frequent resorte and ordinary residence of lords spiritual and temporall, knights and gentlemen of qualitie, unto citties and townes, especiallye into or neare about the citties of London and Westminster, and the manifold inconveniences which ensue by the absence of soe manye persous of qualitie and authoritie from their countries, whereby those parts are lefte destitute both of reliefe and governemente, and the citties of London and Westminster are overburthened with inhabitants and resiants:

Hath thought fitt hereby to renewe the course formerlye begunne by his deere father of blessed memorie, and to publishe and declare, and he doth hereby publish and declare, his royall will and pleasure to bee, and doth by theise presents straightly charge and commaund, as well his lords spiritual and temporal, as alsoe all deputie lieutenants, justices of the peace, and gentlemen of qualitie, who have mansion houses in the countrey, wherein they and their families have usually dwelte (except such as are of his Highnes privie counsell, or beare office about the persons or courts of himselfe, or of his dearest consort the queene) that they, and everie of

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them, ymediatly upon the ende of this presente month of November, departe from the citties of London and Westminster, and other citties and places with their families and servants, unto their severall countries, to attende their service there, and to keepe hospitalitie, as apperteineth to their degree and calling; and that they, nor anye of them, make their aboade in any other citties or townes, where they shall live privately, but resorte to their countrie houses, and ordinarie places of habitation, and there observe these directions, upon paine not onely of his majesties most heaveie indignation and displeasure, and disablemente to houlde anye such places of trust under his majestie, but also of such further censure and punishmente as may bee inflicted upon them for their disobedience and contempe, or neglect of this his royall commaundemente; whereof, as his majestie intendeth to take a stricte and severe accompte, soe hee doth hereby require and commaunde, as well the lords and other of his privy councill, as also his attorney generall, and all others his officers and ministers, whome itt shall anye waye concerne, to take order, that all such as shall offend may receive condigne punishmente, without toleration or connivencie.

Given att our courtē at Whitehall, the twenty eighth day of November.

God save the King.

EXPLANATION OF THE WORD "COCKNEY,"

In a Letter to a Friend,

FROM SAMUEL PEGGE, ESQ. F. S. A.

THIS word is confessed to be, of most others, the least defineable. Bailey, in his dictionary, and after him Dr. Johnson, give it as a term, the origin of which is much controverted. Glossarists have written *about it* and *about it*,—the game has been started; but not one of them has had the satisfaction of hunting it down.* Dr. Meric Casaubon would persuade us, as he attempts to do in most possible cases, that *it* and *its article* taken together, (*a cockney*) complete the Greek word—"Oicogenes," *born and bred at home*.† The

* The French have, at Paris, the word *Badaud*, according to Boyer, exactly in the same situation as our word *cockney*; this is confirmed by Mr. Menage. The French word, by the way, is equally obscure and unaccounted for. (Menage, Dictionnaire Etymologique.)

† De Lingua Saxonica.

learned doctor may not, indeed, be far from the meaning, however he may err in the etymon. The Greek word, to be sure, is picturesque, and the combined sounds approximate: but, as far as derivation is concerned, I beg to take my leave. Dr. Hickes deduces it from the old French "*cokayne*," now "*coquin*," to which last Cotgrave (among other senses of the word) gives us that of "*a cockney*;" and Cotgrave seems to have seen farther into the intrinsic meaning of the word than he here expresses, as will be shewn before we quit the subject. To obtain Dr. Hickes's point, the word "*cokayne*" must become a trisyllable; but he gives no authority by accent in prose, or by metre in verse; though his conjecture may find support hereafter.

If, Sir, you will insist upon the vulgar and received opinion, as delivered by story-tellers, *viva voce*, we learn that the word is compounded of *cock* and *neigh*; for that, once upon a time, a true-born and true-bred Londoner went into the country, and, on first hearing a horse *neigh*, cried out—"How the horse *laughs*!" but, being told that the noise made by the horse was called *neighing*, he stood corrected. In the morning, when the *cock* crew, the cit immediately exclaimed, with confident conviction, that the *cock* *neighed*! This traditional history is mentioned by Dr. Skinner, who treats it, deservedly, as a mere forced conceit—"De quo," says he, "*nota fabula est, reverà fabula.*"* It might have passed well enough among Dean Swift's jocular etymons.

Let us not, however, so rashly favour the story as to believe that the first exclamation produced the common term, "*a horse laugh*," for that expression, I think, rests upon different ground. Some etymologists contend that it is a corruption of *hoarse laugh*; but in such case it must be confined to those who either naturally have a very rough voice, or have got a violent cold, neither of which circumstances are absolutely necessary; for what we call a *horse laugh* depends rather upon loudness, rude vehemence, or vulgarity of manner. It seems to be, in fact, no more than an expression of augmentation, as the prepositive *horse* is applied variously, to denote several things large and coarse, by contra-distinction. Thus, in the vegetable system, we have the *horse-radish*, *horse-walnut*, and *horse-chestnut*. In the animal world there is the *horse-emmet* (or *formica-leo*) the *horse-muscle*, and the *horse-crab*; not forgetting that a fat, clumsy, vulgar woman is jocularly termed a *horse-godmother*.

* Etymologicon, in voce *cockney*.

To close all, we say, "*as sick as a horse*," to express a great discharge by vomiting, whereas a horse never experiences that sort of sickness.

Notwithstanding the definition lies so remote; yet most interpreters seem to agree in the meaning of the word, that the term *cockney* is intended to express a person bred up and pampered in the city of London, and ignorant of the manners and ideas of all the rest of the world, which agrees with Dr. Skinner's description, (and coincides with other writers) that a *cockney* is, "*Vir urbanus, rerum rusticarum prorsus ignarus*." Dr. Hickes, indeed, carries the criterion to another point, collaterally not very foreign, when he says that the old French word *cokayne* implied, one who loved good eating and drinking, "*Gulæ et ventri deditus*." The glossarist to Chaucer,* however, goes abundantly too far in annexing any degree of derogation to the word, which he renders as expressive of very opprobrious qualities, such as *rogue*, *knave*, &c. terms which are never of necessity implied: for though many rascals may perhaps be *cockneys*, yet the converse will by no means hold good.† On the other hand, from the situation in which we find the word in written language (taken with the context) it applies merely to the fondled citizen, whose notions are confined within the walls of the metropolis.‡ In Chaucer it imports no more than a silly fellow, devoid of wit or courage,—

I shall be held a daffe, (i. e. a fool) or a *cockney*.§

The antiquity of the word may be carried up much higher; for Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, in the reign of King Stephen, had a strong castle at Bungay in Suffolk, which he held to be impregnable; and, when speaking of the wars between that king and the empress, whose partizan it is evident he was, he said,

"Were I in my castle of Bungay,

"Upon the river Wavenay,

"I would not value the king of *cockney*."||

By *cockney*, I presume, the earl meant to express the whole city of

* Urry's Edition.

† Grey's notes on Shakspeare, I. p. 334, from Dr. Hickes.

‡ It seems very odd at this day to suppose that any man born in London should never have been in the country; but we must take the state of the roads in former times, and various other things, into the consideration :—but the term *cockney*, itself, is now pretty well worn out.

§ The Reeve's Prologue, line 1100.

|| Camden and Magna Britannia, Suffolk.

London indiscriminately. The earl of Dorset, in his poems, uses the term to denote a native of the metropolis. Shakspeare, in one passage, seems to contrast the idea of a *cockney's* cowardice with a swaggering braggadocio, where, in *Twelfth-night*, the clown says,

"I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a "*cockney*."

In another place he paints the party in bolder colours, and in exact conformity with the received opinion. The words are from the tragedy of *King Lear*. In an agony of despair, the king exclaims,

"Oh me, my heart, my rising heart !—but down !"

to which the fool replies,

"Cry to it, nuncle, as the *cockney* did to the eels, when she put them into the pasty alive :—she rapped them o' th' coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *down*, wantons, *down* ! It was *her* brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, *buttered* his hay."†

Eels being always sold alive, the ignorant maid, who we are to presume had not dressed any of them before, never thought of killing them ; but treated them as rebellious creatures, wondering that they did not submit themselves as quietly as other fish, which came dead to her hands. The above-cited instances point strongly at the—"rerum rusticarum ignarus:" and as to the "*buttering the hay*," it is no bad sympathetic type of the—"gulæ et ventri deditus."

Thus much for traits of our own *cockneys* ; and, as I have hinted at those of Paris, I give you the following specimen of French cockneyship, (*Badauderie*) from Mr. Menage. A Parisian, who could not swim, bathing in the Seine, got out of his depth, and would have been inevitably drowned, had not some swimmers been at hand to save him. On recovering, he protested that he would never venture into the water again till he had learned to swim.‡

Upon the whole, Sir, the term *cockney*, being one of those inexplicable words which has puzzled the greatest glossarists, I may well be excused from any investigation, with observing that the established criterion of this class of people (as to the *natale solum*) is the having been born within the sound of Bow bell ; that being taken, I presume, as the most central point of the ancient city of London, within the walls. In support of this test, the fantastic and aspiring

* Act IV. Sc. 1.

† Act II. Sc. 10.

‡ Menagiana, Vol. III. p. 114. Edit. Amst. 1716. One would have thought that the scene must have lain on the banks of the Liffy.

daughter of honest Touchstone (the goldsmith of Cheapside) in the comedy of "Eastward Hoe!" (printed 1605) says, in contempt of her birth, family, and at the horrid thought of being a cockney, that she used—"to stop her ears at the sound of Bow bell."^{*}

For the honour of the *cockneys* be it remembered, that in the Christmas feasts, which were formerly held with so much foolish expence at our inns of court, *the king of cockneys* (an imaginary lord-mayor of London, chosen from their own community) was entertained with extraordinary respectability, of which we have a full account in Dugdale's "Origines Juridicales:"—for in the ninth year of king Henry VIII. it was ordered that "the *king of cockneys* should sit, and have due service; and that He, and his *marshal, butler, and constable-marshal*, should have their lawful and honest commandments, by the delivery of the officers of Christmas."[†]

After all that has been said, Sir, let us not be unmindful of some real and substantial benefits which have arisen to society from this order of citizens in particular, who have thus innocently fallen into such unmerited contempt. At the time when Mr. Strype published an enlarged edition of Stowe's Survey of London and Westminster,[‡] there was an annual feast held at Stepney, expressly called "the cockney's feast," on which day a contribution was made, either at church or at dinner, (or at both) with which the parish children were apprenticed. Mr. Strype (who was himself a cockney) adds, that he had more than once preached before the society on the occasion.[§] Mr. Lysons says, that the principal purpose of the society was the apprenticing poor children to the sea service; and that the institution was patronized by several persons of distinction, among which, he adds, that the Duke of Montagu and admiral Sir Charles Wager, were the stewards for the year 1734.|| It gave place, at length, to a more general institution, "The Marine Society," established 1756. So long as the primary fraternity lasted, a secondary effect was produced, as it certainly tended to keep up the breed of true and genuine cockneys, and thereby operated toward the preservation of the purity of the English language, as will appear from the circumstance and examples which follow.

* Act V. ad calcem. See Old Plays, Vol. IV. 2nd Edit.

† P. 247. Some of these childish feasts cost the Prince, as he was called, 2000l.

‡ A. D. 1720,

§ First Appendix to Strype's Stowe, p. 101.

|| Environs of London, Vol. III. p. 408,

Having said thus much, Sir, to no purpose, I will have the boldness to throw out one word of comfort, that seems to point at the semblance of an etymon, and will risque a conjecture, which, as far as I know, has not been hazarded before. The French have an old appropriated verb (not to be met with in the modern dictionaries—but you will find it in Cotgrave) viz. "*Coqueline* *un enfant*," to *fondle* and *pamper* a child. The participle passive of this verb will therefore be "*coqueline*," which by no great violence may, I think, be reduced to "*coquéné*;" for, in pronunciation, the penultimate syllable (*li*) will easily melt in the mouth, and accord, in our spelling, with the word *cockney*.*

Thus I have brought together every thing material that I can find relative to the term in question:—nor had I urged so much, but that I felt myself amenable to you for something on the subject—and here I leave it.

SKETCH OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

LONDON, the mart of Europe, and the emporium of the globe, now stands unrivalled as the friend of every production worthy of its patronage, in art or in nature; metals and precious stones; corn and wine; each article of merchandize that is most valuable in its kind, or serviceable in its intended uses, are deposited in the warehouses of this vast city: vast in extent, in population, and in riches. Near 200,000 houses, affording habitations to a million of human beings, are collected on a space which ages since was crowned with forests, and inhabited by beasts of prey: where the stupendous fabric now whelms its head in the hanging clouds, was, in times past by, a sterile plain, on which the noxious weed perchance might blossom, and ripen into full-blown growth.

The noble Thames which laves the shores of this our much-loved city, each tide that purges it of its dregs, buoys on its spacious bosom unnumbered vessels, laden with unnumbered riches: each flowing tide receives into its arms the ships of foreign states, freighted with the wealth of the universe. It is a cheering sight to see so many barks riding in safety, within the precincts of a city, for there it shews that commerce bears the sway.

* Barat, in his *Alvearie*, says, that a child which sucks long, used to be called "a cockney, after St. Augustine," meaning the well-known doctor of the church.

The internal structure of this grand edifice should have been first noticed, but the Thames is proved to be so necessary to our welfare and prosperity, that it claimed a prior right to attention.

First, visit the houses which contain the nobles and the representatives of the people : hear their orations on the state of things, and if you doubt the prosperity of the country, let their decision on the resources of the government fix your opinion. View the edifices which adorn a capital, and raise ideas of the people's wealth. Behold the thousands engaged in business, till each one's daily toils are over. See the numberless equipages which crowd the streets and squares, and proclaim the opulence of this city. Go mix with the merchants on the exchange, and hear the wealth of kingdoms bartered in a few minutes. View the inhabitants of every clime, in earnest converse with the British merchant, whose honour and integrity are as a bond in the consideration of other men. Inspect the receptacles for the poor and the distressed, for the afflicted and helpless, for honourable age and widowed offsprings : then go visit foreign states, and form an honourable comparison in favour of the benevolence and fellow-feeling of Englishmen.

If taxes are levied for the general safety of the people, and though the people complain (and it is seldom that all are contented) no symptoms of poverty are discerned ; commerce continues the same, and inland traffic meets with no repulse : they do not stem the torrent of patriotism which flows around the much-loved king of the British isles, when he appears among his people ;—long may he live to see the prosperity of the land, to promote the happiness of his subjects.

The myriads which now stand forward in defence of their rights, their laws, and liberty, declare that they are conscious of the worth of those jewels in a patriot's crown, by which they have sworn to conquer or to die. The Almighty God, we trust, has heard our prayers, and those of our wives and children ; and when the hour of trial comes, he will yield us power to stop the encroachments of malice and destruction, and overwhelm with despair and shame those who may possess sufficient temerity to invade our country, and endeavour to deprive the Briton of his rights.

LEOPOLD.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCULPTURE.

IT was in the skilful and temperate exertions of its powers in this noblest province of the art, *expression*, that ancient sculpture so much excelled the modern. She knew its limits, and had ascertained them with precision. As far as expression would go hand in hand with grace and beauty, in subjects intended to excite sympathy, she indulged her chisel; but where agony threatened to induce distortion, and obliterate beauty, she wisely set bounds to imitation, remembering, that though it may be moral to pity ugliness and distress, it is more natural to pity beauty in the same situation; and that her business was not to give the strongest representation of nature, but the representation which would interest us most. The Greek artists have been accused of having sacrificed character too much to technical proportion. What is usually called character in a face, is probably excess in some of its parts, and particularly of those which are under the influence of the mind, the leading passions of which mark some features for its own. A perfectly symmetrical face bears no mark of the influence of either the passions or the understanding, and reminds you of Prometheus's clay, without his fire. On the other hand, the moderns, by sacrificing too liberally those technical proportions, which, when religiously observed, produce beauty, to expression, have generally lost the very point for which they contended. They seemed to think that when a passion was to be expressed, it could not be expressed too strongly; and that sympathy always followed in exact proportion, with the strength of the passion, and the force of its expression. But passions in their extreme, instead of producing sympathy, generally excite feelings diametrically opposite. A vehement and clamorous demand of pity is received with neglect, and sometimes with disgust, whilst a patient and silent acquiescence under the pressure of mental affliction, or severe bodily pain, finds every heart in unison with its sufferings. The ancients knew to what extent expression may be carried with good effect. The author of the famous Laocoon in the Vatican, knew where to stop, and if the figure had been alone, it would have been perfect; there is exquisite anguish in the countenance, but it is borne in silence, and without distortion of features. Puget thought he could go beyond the author of Laocoon; he gave voice to his Milo; he made him roaring with pain, and lost the sympathy of the spectator.

 ON THE LOVE OF WEALTH.

THE love of money is the prevailing passion of almost every person—we might say of every nation that ever existed. This passion is so universal, that an exception can scarcely be found in any situation, or in any period of life. From the prime minister to the sweep-chimney, all are alike eager after this god of their idolatry—Mammon. From the cradle to old age, in all periods we see this passion exerted. Take a view of an infant when it sees a piece of money, stretching forth its little hands for the precious coin, scarcely conscious of what it is doing, or what use it is to be put to. In more advanced life, we see most men eager to make more of what they have, yet careful to spend as little as possible. But old age is the period when every thing is sacrificed to this disgraceful passion. How hateful a character is the old decrepid miser, piling hoards on hoards, merely for the pleasure of doing it, counting every moment the precious store, for the gratification of hearing it chink, while he is depriving himself of the joys—almost necessities of life, and wearing the meanest habiliments, that he may add to his still increasing treasure; oppressing and tyrannizing over every one beneath him, sucking them to the marrow, to squeeze what he can from the poorest and most miserable wretches; and if we look a little farther, we shall perhaps see all this hoard, collected with so much pains, squandered away by the heir. How dreadful is this character! yet, turn where we will, it is visible somewhere. If a wretch, pining in want and misery, were to apply to such a man for relief, what is the event? He meets with nothing but curses and imprecations, and if the hoary Mammon be in power, is most likely sent to the house of correction, there to reflect on his fate, and meditate “e’en to madness.” Shakespeare puts a most pathetic apostrophe on this subject into the mouth of King Lear:

———Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may’st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Act 3, Scene 3.

When we examine the secret springs that direct the conduct of most persons, it will be found that the love of money, or (what is the same thing) self-interest, is the predominant principle resident in every breast. For example,—why does the citizen stand

at his counter all day, nailed, in appearance, like one of his bad shillings? From *the love of money*. What makes the stock-jobber circulate one report *this* minute, and contradict it the *next*, whether it be to the disadvantage, or otherwise, of his country? *The love of money*. Why does the lawyer sell his conscience, injure his lungs, and say right is wrong? All for *the love of money*. What induces the apothecary to vend drugs which he despises, kill half his patients, and make the other half cripples for life? *The love of money*. What makes the prime minister sell his country, barter his conscience, and entail curses and disgrace on his name? Why, *the love of money*. In short, every action of a man's life has this darling object in view, and we shall in vain look for any other that produces half its consequences.

But of all European nations, England has the character of being the place where this passion principally exists. The French tell us we are a nation of droning shop-keepers, whose every idea is fixed on the making of money; that we are incapable of any noble action, and that every virtue, every consideration, is sacrificed to the influence of Mammon. In an old French author, there is a very severe passage on England, of which the following is a translation.

—Let the greatest villain
That ever trod the earth's extended bound'ry,
That e'er disgrac'd the nature of a man,
Pass into England, and, if he has mouncey,
He'll find a welcome.

For the honour of old England we hope this is not true, or at least to such an extent as the writer quoted here imagines.

In your miscellany for April, 1803, there is a very judicious paper "on the ridiculous consequence assumed from superiority of places of residence." If we examine into the bottom of this, it will be found that it actually proceeds from the possession, or otherwise, of wealth; as it is supposed, in London, that he who is in possession of this *material article*, will not live in Whitechapel, if he can afford to do it in Lombard Street or Cornhill; or in St. Giles's, if he can in Oxford Street; or in Bond Street, if he can in Grosvenor Square. It is just the same in a house,—if a man can pay for the first floor, it is supposed he would not live in the second, and so on up to the attic story.

If you think this short essay worthy of insertion, perhaps I may trouble you again on the same subject.

ORPRI.

SENSIBILITY AND FEROCITY.

MONSIEUR DE BERTRAND, a knight of Malta, was brought at midnight, on the third of September 1792, before the dreadful tribunal in the prison of the abbaye. He was a man of great coolness and firmness of mind, which was of infinite service to him in this emergency. When he was questioned, he answered with an undisturbed voice and countenance, "that he had not the least idea of what he had been arrested for, that those who arrested him could not inform him, that nobody had informed him since, and that he was convinced he had been taken up by mistake."

Struck with the cool and undaunted manner in which he addressed them, the judges ordered him to be released. Two men covered with blood, who had been employed in killing the prisoners, seemed surprised but not displeased at the unusual order. They conducted him through the court of the abbaye, and on the way asked if he had any relation to whose house he wished to go. He answered, that he had a sister-in-law, to whom he intended to go directly.

"How very much surprised and delighted must she be to see you," said they—"I am persuaded she will," replied Mr. Bertrand.

One of them asked the other if he should not be glad to be present at this meeting, to which he eagerly said he should; and both declared that they had a curiosity to be witnesses to the joyful meeting.

The gentleman was astonished and embarrassed: he represented that his relation being a delicate woman, their appearance might very much alarm her; that he could not think of giving them such trouble.

They urged they would wait in the parlour till he had advertised the lady of their being in the house, to prevent her being alarmed: that so far from being a trouble, it would give them great pleasure to accompany him, that they wished to have relaxation from the work they had been so long employed in.

M. Bertrand did not think it prudent to refuse such petitioners any longer. They accompanied him to the house. He sent the servant, who opened the door at the sound of his voice, to advertise the lady that he was arrived and well. He afterwards went himself, and informed her of the fancy of the two men. Every body in the family had flocked around him with expressions of joy. The

two men were admitted, and were witnesses to the happiness that all manifested: they seemed much gratified and affected at the sight; it formed the strongest contrast with those they had so lately seen. M. Bertrand offered them money, which they would on no account accept, declaring that they were already paid for accompanying him in the only way they desired. After remaining a considerable time, they took their leave, wishing the lady and M. Bertrand all happiness.

I know no theory by which can be explained the dispositions of sensibility and ferocity, which, from this narrative, appear in the same individuals. I repeat the facts as I have them from authority. They form a new instance of the astonishing variety, and even opposition of character to be found in that wonderful creature, MAN.

J. M.

FALSE HAIR AND BAG WIGS.

THE Greeks and Romans used false hair, and had likewise a kind of hair-powder. Hannibal wore false hair. Lampridius gives a description of the Emperor Commodus's wig, which was powdered with gold dust, and anointed with ointments of an agreeable odour, that the dust might adhere to it. In 1518, John Duke of Tuscany ordered his head bailiff, at Cobourg, to procure for him from Numburg a handsome false head of hair,—“But secretly,” wrote he, “that it may not be known that it is for us; and let it be curled, and so contrived, that it may be put on the head without being observed.” The first who wore a *peruke* was an abbé named La Riviere, so loaded with hair, and so long, it hung down to the waist. A person of a lean visage was quite hid in this cloud of hair. The fore part of the wig was then worn very high. In France this was called *devant a la Fontagne*, from the Marquis of that name, who first appeared in them. A certain Ervais found out the art of frizzing hair, by which means a wig appeared to have more hair in it. Bag-wigs came into fashion during the regency of the Duke of Orleans, and thence obtained the names of *Peruques à la Regencé*. The Emperor Charles VI. would allow no one to be admitted into his presence without a wig of two tails. Of a more modern date than wigs is our present hair powder. In the reign of Louis XIV. it was not in general use, and that king, at first, disliked the fashion of wearing it.

Q. Z.

THE SLIPPERS.

A TURKISH TALE.

CHAPTER V.

Two days had passed, and Karabeg had not dared to make another attempt at seeing his mistress, when the whole city were alarmed by a stoppage of the water that supplied their houses; in vain the reason was enquired into, no one could solve the wonder, and at last it was deemed most advisable to examine the grand reservoir. After some labour and much expence, they broke open the works, and the cause of the stoppage was found to be—Bakarak's *slippers*. When he heard of it, his rage almost threw him into convulsions; "Some Genie or some Devil possesses them to work my woe," exclaimed he. He soon received a summons to appear, and was demanded how he dared attempt such a treason to the state as closing the pipes. Bursting with vexation, he repeated what he had done to *make away* with the slippers, (though they had proved so diabolical, he almost feared *that* might cause a charge of murder to be brought against him) the breaking the perfume jar, and the putting them in the sewer, from whence they had been carried into the public reservoir. The judges felt inclined to laugh at his misfortunes; however as the damage was unintentional, he was allowed to go, on repaying the treasury what it had cost them in pulling down and rebuilding. He scarcely found his way home, so stung was he by resentment, and so mortified by the loss of his money. He muttered as he went along, "Karabeg shall not have my daughter, though heaven seems to predict it." His mishaps had made him more obstinate than ever, and when he arrived, Zelica was so much frightened at his appearance, that she retired in dismay to her chamber. He ordered a large fire to be prepared instantly, and throwing the slippers in, "At last," said he, "I'm determined to see ye no more; when I cast you in the river, ye were fished out again, when I put you in the sewer, ye made the whole town suffer, but I'll defy any one to relieve ye now!" The *slippers* seemed as obstinate as Bakarak in giving him the lie, for the leather had imbibed the moisture to such a degree, that they would not burn. Bakarak found his anger useless, and that he must give up the idea of consuming them till dry: a lead extended over the portico of the house, and placing them there, he ejaculated, "I see I must be plagued with ye some time longer, but I shall bless the hour the

sun has sufficiently hardened ye, that I may commit ye to the flames again; and by Allah! when ye are destroyed I will give a public rejoicing!"

The vexations Bakarak had endured, had prevented his visiting the mass—he now determined to go, and throwing on his cloak, went out, but as Fortune, or rather Fate would have it, as he passed the threshold, the *slippers*, by some means, fell from the leads, and came tumbling on his head. Though the blow had confused his ideas a little, he managed to look up, hoping to find out who had done it, and saw a cat running along,—he took the slippers from the ground, and sent them, one after another, at the animal's head; however, he missed his aim, and they went in at one of the windows. He was beginning to curse, and re-entered the house to stop the blood which issued from his nose, when a loud shriek pierced his ears; not knowing the reason, he ran quickly up to his daughter's chamber, and beheld her on the floor, with the *slippers* by her. She had fainted, and while Bakarak called her slaves, he attempted to revive her, but finding it in vain, began to tremble. "Oh, merciful Allah," cried he, "protect your faithful Mussulman, and let not my daughter's blood sink on this head." The attendants had now come, but their endeavours were also vain to bring Zelica to life; though no wound appeared, the cursed slippers had certainly struck her somewhere on the head; and Mesroud *consoled* his master by repeated exclamations that she was *murdered*. "You cruel man!" said he, "it serves you properly, had you but united my poor, dear, beautiful *dead* mistress to the man she loved, all would have been well: to be sure you did swear that when those slippers ruined you, their marriage should take place, and though that has happened (*for ruined he certainly is who kills his own daughter*) yet alas, 'tis of no avail!"—Drops of perspiration stood on Bakarak's brow, his joints trembled, and he fell on his knees. "Oh Mohammed, restore my Zelica, and I vow by all my hopes of Paradise, since 'tis clearly your wish, that I will no longer oppose her union with Karabeg, the Cadi's son." He arose. "Oh those cursed, cursed slippers, they have indeed proved my ruin, and I find 'tis impious to war against Fate." Zelica *now* began to recover, though slowly, (for know, gentle reader, though apparently dead, she was as much alive as you who honour these pages by a perusal, and my only fear is, that their contents may not have made you so merry as her father's vow made her); thinking it unnecessary to feign longer, she in a short time was perfectly revived, to Bakarak's great joy,

who did not suspect the trick practised on him; for though when Zelica saw the slippers enter her window, she was not touched by them, an idea struck her, that answered her purpose equally well. Bakarak's vow had been heard by Mesroud and the rest of the slaves, so that an attempt to deny would have been fruitless; he therefore sent for old Mustapha, who was too good a man to object to a reconciliation, and had his son's happiness too much at heart, to find obstacles to the proposed union. He soon prepared the necessary papers, nor had he reason to complain of his friend Bakarak, whose miserly disposition the late events had completely turned; and who, having promised to give a public rejoicing whenever he got rid of his *slippers*, performed his promise on the day that saw the lovers united; for Karabeg joyfully accepted them as a remembrance of the means by which his marriage had been brought about, and what was wonderful, long as he lived to enjoy the beauteous Zelica, he never beheld them but with gratitude for the blessing they had been the humble instruments of Providence in bestowing on him.

THE LONGEVITY OF MUSICIANS.

MUSICIANS, (those who from true feelings of the powers of music to soothe and compose the mind to peace and serenity) are in general long-lived.

Instances of longevity in the under-named professors and amateurs.

Geminiani, ...	80 and upwards.	Faustina,	80, et seq.
Sartini,	Do.	Dr. Creighton, ...	90
Antoniotto, ..	Do.	A. Scarletti,	87
Leveridge,	90	Dr. Pepusch,	87 or upwards.
St. Andre,	Do.	Rosengrave, sen. .	Do.
Corelli,	96	Tallis, sen,	Do.
Handel,	Do.	Several of the Har-	
Corvetti,	Do.	rington Family, 80	
Hasse,	80, et seq.	Col. Blaythwayte, 80	
Farinelli,	80, Do.	Bach, sen.	80

J. M.

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste, by Richard Payne Knight, 8vo. pp. 471. Payne. 1805.

"Good taste," says a celebrated writer, "is not confined to the sciences, but influences, as it were, imperceptibly, all the arts, such as architecture, painting, sculpture, music. It is that discernment which introduces universally the same elegance, the same symmetry, the same order in the disposition of parts; which insures a due attention to the noblest simplicity, to natural beauties, and to a judicious choice of ornament."

Good taste, indeed, wherever it is found, is not limited to any particular object, but prevails in the examination and management of all things, and as it undoubtedly enters into all things, Mr. Knight has, in this its intellectual sense, pursued it through a great variety of its most distinguished ramifications.

"Taste is a subject," Mr. K. observes, in his introduction, "upon which it might naturally be supposed that all mankind would agree; since all know instinctively what pleases, and what displeases them; and as the organs of feeling and perception appear to be the same in the whole species, and only differing in degrees of sensibility, it should naturally follow that all would be pleased or displeased, more or less, according to those different degrees of sensibility, with the same objects." P. 1.

"This is, however, so far," he continues, "from being the case, that there is scarcely any subject upon which men differ more than concerning the objects of their pleasures and amusement;" and he then points out many instances of mental taste in which mankind differ, but none in which they appear naturally to agree. Certainly, however, there are cases that might have been advanced in which the tastes of men, both in a natural and improved state, when operating together, have in all ages invariably produced an unity of sentiment. "*Numquam*," says Cicero in Brut. "*de bono oratore, aut non bono, doctis hominibus cum populo dissensio fuit.*"

"*Il en est ainsi*," Rollin remarks, "*de la musique et de la peinture. Un concert, dont toutes les parties sont bien composées et bien exécutées tant pour les instrumens que pour les voix, plait générale-*

ment. Qu'il y survienne quelque discordance, quelque cacophonie, elle révolte ceux même qui ignorent absolument ce que c'est que musique. Ils ne savent pas ce qui les choque, mais ils sentent que leurs oreilles sont blessées. C'est que la nature leur a donné du goût et du sentiment pour l'harmonie. De même un beau tableau charme et enlève un spectateur, qui n'a aucune idée de peinture. Demandez-lui ce qui lui plaît, et pourquoi cela lui plaît ; il ne pourra pas aisément en rendre compte, ni en dire les véritables raisons : mais le sentiment fait à peu près en lui ce que l'art et l'usage font dans les connoisseurs."

Mr. Knight concludes his "Introduction with these observations :

"The sense of taste is equally impartial ; being equally unconnected with, and uninfluenced by, the higher faculties of the mind : it is also the first that is employed in preserving life by selecting nourishment ; and that which hath consequently given a name to that rule or criterion of just exertion in all the rest, which is the subject of the present inquiry : wherefore I shall examine it first ; and, after comparing it with those of its two kindred organs of smell and touch, in order to ascertain the principles of sensation in general, proceed to the examination of the remaining two, whose objects are the proper objects of taste in the more general sense of the word, as used to signify a general discriminative faculty arising from just feeling and correct judgment implanted in the mind of man by his Creator, and improved by exercise, study, and meditation."

Here Mr. K. distinctly states his opinion respecting mental taste as possessed by men in various degrees ; to which we shall add that of M. Rollin and Quintilian. The former thinks that rules and precepts may be laid down for the acquirement of this discriminating quality ; but the latter appears to believe that it is entirely the gift of nature ; for, says he, *non magis arte traditur, quàm gustus aut odor*. Lib. 6. c. 5.

It is impossible for us, from the portion devoted to our review of literature, to pursue Mr. K. through all his numerous disquisitions, which, with a plentiful sprinkle of dogmatical absurdities, exhibits some learning, ingenuity and research. The second chapter of part II. *Of Imagination*, is, from its occasional acuteness and intelligence, particularly deserving of attention. On the whole, however, there is little estimable novelty in this work, and the author frequently differs from other writers on the same subject with more hardihood than judgment, with more sophistry than truth. His strictures on Milton's verse are certainly weak and unjust. The objections that he starts to the pauses of this divine bard, which

add so much to the harmony of his versification, seem to arise out of no conviction that could be produced on his mind by his arguments, but from a pitiful love of saying something new, or, as Longinus better expresses it, *δια το περι τας νοησεις καινοσπουδον*, which shuts his eyes to the judicious criticism of more sound and able critics. Comparing the amorous language of Adam to Eve with that of Paris to Helen, he makes this silly observation, "had he (Paris) made love to Helen in the language of Milton, *Menelaus might have trusted him with perfect security*." P. 117. It is, however, enough to say of Mr. K. to disqualify him for a fair judge of the merits of Milton, that, from his remarks at p. 117, he appears to have no taste for the sublime of poetry.

For his various, and not always justifiable attacks on Mr. Burke, he thus excuses himself:

"At present I shall merely observe, in justice to his memory, that, in his latter days, he laughed very candidly and good-humouredly at many of the philosophical absurdities, which will be here exposed; and I must add, in justice to myself, that I should not have thus undertaken to expose them, had they not been since adopted by others, and made to contribute so largely to the propagation of bad taste." P. xxix.

The volume is not, we confess, without its instructive and amusing passages, and we shall take pleasure in seeking a few that embrace both these agreeable qualities.

Discussing the question relating to the propriety of conforming to the dramatic unities, Mr. K. necessarily agrees with Dr. Johnson's remarks, in his luminous preface to Shakespeare, and on the unity of action submits these observations:

"Unity of action has been held to be a still more essential requisite both of epic and dramatic poetry, than either unity of time or identity of place; and here it is asserted, the venerable authority of the father of poetry is decisive and unquestionable; the action, in each of the two poems of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, being simply one; namely, the *anger of Achilles*, and the *restoration of Ulysses*.

"But is it quite certain that any precise and determinate idea is here attached to the word action; or whether it is not used, sometimes to signify the *subject* of the poem, which is the cause of the *actions* described in it, and sometimes the *actions* themselves, which are the effects of that cause?

"Questions of this kind are always best answered by examples; which at once explain the matter, and solve the doubts if they admit of solution. I shall therefore briefly compare the action of the *Iliad* with that of the tragedy of *Macbeth*; not because these two poems are justly esteemed to be the highest efforts of

human genius ; but because, in the one, unity of action is supposed to be most strictly preserved ; and in the other, most openly violated.

“ In the tragedy of Macbeth, there are evidently two distinct principal actions, the usurpation of Macbeth by the murder of Duncan, and the destruction of the usurper by the restoration of Malcolm ; besides many subordinate or episcodical actions ; such as the murder of Banquo, of Macduff’s family, &c. &c.

“ But are the actions of the Iliad at all less distinct or less numerous ? Is not the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles one, the defeat and blockade of the Greeks another, the return of the myrmidons and death of Hector another, besides innumerable subordinate actions, which result from these ? Had the anger of Achilles with Agamemnon been the action of the poem, it must have ceased with their reconciliation ; and then how lame and defective would have been the conclusion ! The mighty and all-accomplished hero would have been introduced, with so much pomp of poetry, merely to wrangle with his prince, weep for his mistress, and carve a supper for three of his friends. Yet a German critic, of more sense and learning than feeling or sentiment, thinks that the original poem must have ended thus, since the unity of action requires it.

“ Strict unity of action, indeed, requires that the whole poem should be confined to the quarrel and reconciliation : for the defeat and blockade of the Greeks are as much distinct actions, as the death and funeral of Hector, and are not at all more connected with the principal subject. It is true that all the distinct actions, both principal and subordinate, are connected with each other ; and arise, in the most natural gradation, from the anger of Achilles, which is the subject of the poem, and the cause of them all. But are not they equally connected in the tragedy ? and do not all arise, in a gradation equally just and natural, from the *ambition of Lady Macbeth*, which is the subject of the one, as the *anger of Achilles* is of the other ? It is this ambition, instigated by the prophecies of the witches, that rouses the aspiring temper of her husband, and urges him to the commission of a crime, the consciousness of which embitters the remainder of his life, and makes him suspicious, ferocious, and cruel ; whence new crimes excite new enemies, and his destruction naturally follows.” P. 269—272.

The following animadversions are well founded :

“ In the *Odyssey*” (Mr. K. has no doubt that it was not the production of the author of the *Iliad*, p. 269) “ there is generally less detail, as well as less variety and brilliancy of imagery ; but the attention to truth, in all circumstances of common observation, is so far the same, that we might securely pronounce the passage, in which the notes of the nightingale are treated as notes of sorrow, to be the production of a later age, even if the judgment of the ancient grammarians, and the less questionable authority of modernisms in the language, had not marked the whole episode, in which it is introduced, to be spurious : for the habits of life both of the poet and his audience, in that early stage of society, must have forced them to observe that the notes of singing birds are notes of amorous joy and exultation ; and that they are all mute in grief or calamity. Accordingly we find that, when he does take an image of distress from the lamentations of birds for the loss of their young, he takes it from birds of prey, which do scream and make loud moan when their nests are plundered. Virgil nevertheless, i

his blended imitation of both passages, has, in defiance of truth and nature, retained the more delicate and interesting image, and attributed the thrilling note of sorrow expressed in the scream of the eagle or the vulture to the song of the nightingale; and there can be no doubt that the courtly critics, for whom he wrote, thought this a most judicious and elegant amendment; nor do the courtly or even scholastic critics of the present day probably entertain very different sentiments: but nevertheless had the old Greek bard obtruded such a palpable misrepresentation of what every one knew upon the rude but observant assemblage of warriors, ploughmen, and herdsmen, for whom he sang, not all the melody of either of the Homeric or Virgilian verse would have kept them together for many minutes; at the same time that they would have listened for hours, with all the mute and greedy attention of implicit faith, to the extravagant tales of Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, Æolus, &c.: for of those they knew nothing, and had therefore no grounds for disbelief; which, among persons not used to speculative or analogical reasoning, is generally a sufficient motive for belief." Page 281—3.

How a "high bred Princess" should act, if a naked shipwrecked sailor were to present himself before her, asking relief; we should have been at a loss to guess, and though Mr. K. confidently informs us, we are so little acquainted with this description of *high bred* feeling, that it still puzzles us. The reader shall judge:

"When the Princess Nausicaa and her maids are washing their garments in the river, and the naked shipwrecked mariner appears as a suppliant before them, they act precisely as a high bred Princess and her half bred maids would *now*. The one, with real dignity, and real delicacy, listens to his supplications and relieves his necessities; while the others, mistaking, as usual, affection for dignity, and timidity for delicacy, run screaming away." P. 285—6.

Mr. K. frequently indulges in humorous illustrations, but not always in such perhaps as may be thought perfectly to consist with the dignity of a philosophical treatise.

"I am aware, indeed," says he, at p. 183, "that it would be no easy task to persuade a lover that the forms, upon which he dotes with such rapture, are not really beautiful, independent of the medium of affection, passion, and appetite, through which he views them. But before he pronounces either the infidel or the sceptic guilty of blasphemy against nature, let him take a mould from the lovely features or lovely bosom of this master-piece of creation, and cast a plum-pudding in it (an object by no means disgusting to most men's appetites), and, I think, he will no longer be in rapture with the form, whatever he may be with the substance."

And, at p. 375, by way of elucidation, he supposes Mr. Burke walking up St. James's-Street without his breeches. If Mr. Knight were laid bare in the same manner, for the purpose of shewing the weakness of his principles, he would not fail to get a severe flogging.

• We must now conclude our extracts with one from Part the Second, *Of Judgment*:

“ Horace’s advice of preferring the characters and fictions of the *Iliad* to those of common nature or history, as the materials of tragedy, seems to me very ill adapted to the principle of modern drama ; how well soever it may have suited the splendid musical exhibitions of the Greek theatre. The vast and exalted images, which are raised in the mind, by the pomp of heroic verse, and the amplification of heroic fiction, shrink into a degree of meanness, that becomes quite ridiculous, when reduced to the standard of ordinary nature, and exhibited in the person of a modern actor. The impression, which the sight of Achilles, on the French stage, made upon me, will never be effaced : a more farcical and ludicrous figure could scarcely present itself to my imagination, than a pert smart Frenchman, well rouged, laced, curled, and powdered ; with the gait of a dancing master, and the accent of a milliner, attempting to personate that tremendous warrior, the nodding of whose crest dismayed armies ; and the sound of whose voice made even the war horse shudder. The generality of the audience, indeed, never having viewed the original through the dazzling and expansive medium of Homer’s verses, thought only of the lover of Iphigenia ; and were, of course, as well satisfied with Mons. Achille, as with any other amorous hero, *that struts and frets his hour upon the stage.*” P. 305—6.

The learned may read this work with safety, and perhaps find in it something to ruminate on ; but the unlearned will do well to avoid it, as it is calculated incessantly to mislead their judgment and pervert their taste.

An Account of the Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, from his Birth to his Eleventh Year, written by himself. To which are added Original Letters to Dr. S. Johnson, by Miss Hill Boothby : from the MSS. preserved by the Doctor ; and now in Possession of Richard Wright, Surgeon ; Proprietor of the Museum of Antiquities, Natural and Artificial Curiosities, &c. Lichfield, 12mo. pp. 144. Phillips, 1805.

The curious pages that compose this little volume were among that mass of papers which was ordered to be committed to the flames a few days before the Doctor’s death, thirty-two of which were torn out by himself, and destroyed ; the contents of those which remain are here given, says the Editor, *with fidelity and exactness*, p. v. Francis Barber, his black servant, unwilling, it seems, that all the MSS. of his illustrious master should be utterly lost, preserved these relics from the flames. By purchase from Barber’s, they came into the possession of the Editor, p. vi.

These *Annals*, as they are called, occupy but four-and-twenty

pages of this publication. The minuteness of description which they display, while we recollect the Colossus of literature who writes, defies all possible gravity of countenance. We shall select two or three passages :

“ 1. 1709---10.

“ Sept. 7,* 1709, I was born at Lichfield. My mother had a very difficult and dangerous labour, and was assisted by George Hector, a man-midwife of great reputation. I was born almost dead, and could not cry for some time. When he had me in his arms, he said, ‘ here is a brave boy !†’

“ In a few weeks an inflammation was discovered on my buttock, which was at first, I think, taken for a burn ; but soon appeared to be a natural disorder. It swelled, broke, and healed.” P. 9---10.

At p. 11. he proceeds thus: “ It was discovered that my eyes were bad ; and an issue was cut in my left arm, of which I took no great notice, as I think my mother has told me, having my little hand in a custard.”

The Doctor then tells us that he went to London in a stage coach, to be touched for the evil by Queen Anne. Riding in the carriage did not agree with him. “ I was sick ; one woman fondled me, the other was disgusted.” P. 18.

He now goes to school, and we are consequently informed of his youthful progress. “ To learn *Quæ Genus*, was to me always pleasing ; and *As† in Præsenti* was, I know not why, always disgusting.” P. 20.

Though we must smile at this detail, as it respects his boyish days, we may reasonably regret the loss of the latter part of his life written in the same elaborate manner.

The greater part of this volume is taken up with the letters of Miss Hill Boothby, who, Dr. Johnson used to say, “ had the best understanding he ever met with in any human being.”|| “ As an evidence,” says the Editor, “ of the value which he set upon the letters that he received from her, he numbered them, and had them bound in one volume.” P. vi. The Doctor’s share of the correspondence is printed in Mrs. Piozzi’s Collection, and in Boswell’s Life of him.

Every thing concerning the great Moralist is interesting, and will be esteemed by the public.

The Poetical Works of the Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, 12mo. pp. 127. 4s. 6d. Phillips. 1805.

THE intrinsic merit of these poems certainly entitled them to collection and re-publication. We were surprised, however, to find

* 18. of the present stile. Orig. † This was written in Jan. 1765. Edit.

‡ Absit Pun.

|| Boswell’s Life, vol. 1. p. 37, 4to.

Mr. Almon, the Editor, entirely silent in his Preface on the name of "the Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers." At this period of time, when "the frown of power" is no longer to be dreaded, and when Mr. Mant, in his *Life of Thomas Warton*, has clearly shewn that the Epistle was the production of Mason, there was, assuredly, no further occasion for mystery.

The contents of these sheets are, besides the *Heroic Epistle* and a *Postscript*, an *Ode to Mr. Pinchbeck*, an *Epistle to Dr. Shebbeare*, an *Ode to Sir Fletcher Norton*, and the *Dean and the Squire*, to Soame Jenyns, Esq. all of which have afforded, and will long afford, amusement to the admirers of lively wit and poignant satire. The Public is much indebted to Mr. Phillips for publishing them in this convenient form.

The History of England, from the Accession of King George the Third to the Conclusion of Peace in the Year 1783, by John Adolphus, Esq. F. S. A. Second Edition. in 3 Vols. 8vo. Cadell and Davies. 1805.

We descanted with great satisfaction on the numerous merits of the first edition of this skilful picture of a most interesting period of English History; and we are far from being surprised at seeing a work which comprises in it every excellence that belongs to the dignity and value of an historian, so speedily circulated through the country, and again committed to the press. Little was wanting to the perfection of Mr. Adolphus's labour, and that little has been supplied. Honestly alive to the general approbation of his countrymen, he thus expresses himself:

"The Author offers this new Edition of the HISTORY OF ENGLAND, with the warmest sentiments of gratitude for the reception it has met with from the public. He has not been negligent in revising the style, but has found no occasion to vary any fact, or retract any sentiment he had originally advanced."

Preface to the Second Edit.

We are told that when all commend, it is too late to praise; still we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of observing, that though other historians may be found who are more florid in their style, and more philosophical in their detail, none will appear to deserve in a greater degree than Mr. Adolphus this solid and lasting eulogy of Augustinus on Cajus Sallustius Crispus—*Nobilitata veritatis historicus*.

* See Letter from W. Mason to T. Warton, in his *Life by Mant*, v. 1, p. xix. large paper.

The Melviad ; or the Birth, Parentage, Education, and Achievement of a Grete Mon. Addressed to the Commissioners, &c. By I spy I. 4to. 2s. 6d. pp. 32. Robertson and Co. 1805.

The mirth of fools inspires melancholy.

Amasina ; or the American Foundling, in 2 Vols. dedicated, by Permission, to Lady Cotter. Lane & Co. 1804.

THE character of this Novel is frequent prophaneness (as at p. 32 and p. 81, vol. 1), some affectation of learning, abundant cant, and perpetual heaviness. Still we are assured that it is the production of a "child before she attained her fifteenth year," and we lament it, because as she by no means comes within the saying, "So young, so witty, are short lived," we doubt not that she will be blessed with a long life, to the no little annoyance of the novel-reading public. But as genius in swaddling cloaths is so much the rage, why should such a distinguished quack-caterer for the town as Mr. Lane, who has so many of the fair sex of all ages daily committed to his press, be without his infant prodigy? We see none, except that it seems rather hard on John Bull, to be obliged to pay, so hugely through the nose, as he has done, for other people's children.

Buonaparte ! a Satire. His Coronation, a Vision. 8vo. pp. 22. Ballantine, Edinburgh. 1804.

No period of poetical history has witnessed a more numerous school than the present, of authors who labour under the miserable error that *not to write prose is, without doubt, to write poetry*. Our satirist stands high in this class, and almost abuses his muse as much as he does Buonaparte.

Culina Famulatrix Medicina ; or Receipts in Modern Cookery, with a Medical Commentary, written by Ignotus, and revised by A. Hunter, M.D. F.R.S. L. and E. Second Edition, 12mo. 6s. 6d. Constable and Co. Edinburgh ; Wilson and Co. York ; Mawman, London. 1805.

WE took no notice of the first edition of this work, because we thought it must smack strongly of the ridiculous for literary critics to presume to give any opinion about *highly-seasoned dishes*, or to talk of *repletion*, or the consequences of *rich living*. We should be truly happy to be better acquainted with the subject, and when *incipient magni procedere menses*, shall most readily open our mouths.

What you please ; or Memoirs of Modern Characters. 4 Vols. 16s.
Longman and Co. 1805.

THIS is, we understand, the production of a Mr. Marsh, a Barrister, and it is not altogether contemptible. But "*Where be his quiddits now, his quillets,* his cases, his tenures, and his tricks,*" that he can find time to write four volumes of what may be truly called *What you please !*

The Nobility of the Heart † a Novel. By Eliz. Isab. Spencer. 3 Vols. Longman and Co. 1805.

The ingenious writer of this novel has before deserved the approbation of the public, by the production of *Helen Sinclair*. The present work will increase her reputation, as an elegant and instructive novelist.

Casualties. By Mary Goldsmith. 2 Vols. 6s. J. Hookham. 1805.

SABINA, the heroine of this story, is, we are sorry to say, a *man-tua-maker*. Miss Goldsmith might as well have made her a *stay-maker*, and then, with the assistance of *Jemmy Jumps*, we could have been witty on the occasion, saying what we verily believe, that she will "*make some stay*" in Mr. Hookham's shop.

Obsolete Ideas, in Six Letters, addressed to Maria. By a Friend. 12mo. 3s. Seeley. 1805.

These letters will be read with advantage. The piety and good sense of the author render his admonitions highly valuable and interesting.

Journey into South Wales in the Year 1799. By George Lipscomb, Esq. 8vo. pp. 450. 7s. Longman and Co. 1802.

Our traveller has now travelled to

" *The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn*

" *No traveller returns.*"

"A great man's memory," says the same author, "may outlive his life half a year : but by'r lady, he must build churches then," and not expect to be remember'd *for a whole six months*, by leaving behind him such meagre, shallow works, as Mr. Lipscomb's *Journey into South Wales*.

* If Cole be right, that *Quillet* signifies *res frivola*, this query ought to be omitted. See his *Latin Diction*. 1679.

Observations on Water ; with a Recommendation of a more convenient and extensive supply of Thames Water to the Metropolis and its Vicinity. By R. Dodd, Civil Engineer. 2s. 6d. Richardson. 1805.

THE more convenient and extensive supply of Thames water to the metropolis and its vicinity which is here proposed, relates particularly to the southern and eastern quarters. The scheme is certainly practicable, and we shall be happy to hear that Mr. Dodd meets with sufficient liberality to second his endeavours to effect so desirable a purpose.

The Domestic Medical Guide ; in two Parts. Part I. The Family Dispensatory ; or a complete Companion to the Family Medicine Chest, &c. Part II. The Modern Domestic Medicine : comprehending the most approved Methods of treating and obviating the different Diseases that assail the Human Frame ; with the most important Information relative to the Cure of those Chronic Diseases which have been generally considered incurable. Third Edition, considerably enlarged and corrected. By Richard Reece, M. D. late of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the General Infirmary at Hereford ; Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in London ; Author of the Medical and Chirurgical Pharmacopœia, &c. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1805.

THE copious title to this publication will furnish a clue to its contents ; which are arranged with perspicuity, and divested, as much as may be, of that technicality, which has given to the science of medicine an imputation of professional mystery. Dr. Reece has laudably unveiled many of the arcana of his art, and has admitted the uninitiated not only to inspect his laboratory, but to prepare (under his guidance), a *materia medica* for all immediate family purposes, or neighbourly relief. He has thus enabled the benevolent and humane to exercise, at small expence, the truly Christian office of alleviating the sufferings of humanity, when labouring under the complicated pressure of penury and disease. It is the farther endeavour of Dr. R. to transfer a speedy aid in cases of emergency, as of poisons swallowed, of drowning, burns, fits, strangulation, &c. He has also supplied an alphabetical list of diseases, with their symptoms, causes, mode of treatment, and prevention : but he aims not to supersede the attendance of the regular practitioner, where ability and opportunity allow the patient such a resource. Hence,

the Doctor declares himself an inveterate enemy to the pernicious practices of empiricism, and has treated the purveyors of patent drugs with as little ceremony as Mr. Corry exhibited in his "Detector of Quackery." This the following *memorabilia* may evince :

"A gingerbread-baker at Bungay, in Suffolk, who was in the habit of attending all the fairs in that neighbourhood, for the purpose of selling gingerbread nuts, and amusing the people with music, which he played to attract them to his stall; his poney being affected with a cough, a person at Brundick, in the same county, advised him to give the animal a mixture of vinegar and honey, which, in a short time, had the desired effect, of restoring his donkey to health. The baker, reasoning on this rapid cure wrought on the animal, concluded that it might produce as salutary an effect on the human body: he therefore determined to give it a trial, under the name of the *Vegetable Balsam*, and commenced advertising it at a guinea per bottle, as a specific for consumption of the lungs, &c. &c. and, strange to relate, the efficacy of this medicine (merely simple oxymel), was soon attested by people, from whose elevated situation in life, one might have supposed would have known better. He soon gave up gingerbread baking and fiddling, for the more lucrative, but less honourable, pursuit of selling honey and vinegar at a guinea a pint, by which he amassed a very considerable fortune, which soon raised him to the distinguished honour of a *Doctor of Physic*, although perfectly ignorant of pharmacy, anatomy, and diseases.

"A gilder and frame-maker in Long-Acre, and a shoe-maker in Blackfriar's-road, have likewise resigned their occupations, for that of patching up the human frame: and, what is still more extraordinary, this list of impostors has lately been embellished with the name of a *clergyman*, whose celebrity will no doubt be transmitted to Aberdeen, with the necessary qualifications; the most eccentric, unintelligible doctrines of the bile* having lately been issued from the elaboratory of the Rev. W. Barclay. Not only the fallacy of his doctrines, but the exorbitant price of his medicine, without any other evidence, are sufficient to convince the public the doctrines he preaches are not for the good of the public, but for the good of himself; for, not satisfied with the *tithe* allowance of one tenth, he conscientiously puts a price on his articles that yield a profit of nine parts in ten."

Dr. Reece has added some important observations on the salutary treatment of chronic diseases by a distillation of common water, which will deserve the serious attention of the faculty, as do his citations of cases where children have taken the small-pox, after being infected by the cow-pox. Upon the whole, we are of opinion that his book is entitled to general recommendation, though we think his own views would have been better served by treating

* "The only disease that is produced by a vitiated secretion of bile, is the *cholera morbus*, which consists in a copious evacuation of bile, both by stool and vomiting. In such cases, I have no hesitation in asserting, that one dose of the Rev. William Barclay's *Patent Antibilious Pills* would endanger, if not destroy, the life of the patient, by producing inflammation in the bowels."

Dr. Buchan's popular work on the same subject with more candour.

The Idiot Heiress; a Novel. 2 Vols. 7s. sewed. Lane and Co. 1805.

THERE are more idiots concerned in this story than one.

It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

On the Waters of Hampstead; Chymical Experiments on their component Parts, Observations on their Medicinal Application and Effects; and on the different Modes of Bathing, as an Auxiliary to the drinking of Mineral Waters. By Thomas Goodwin, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. Murray, Fleet-Street. 8vo. 5s.

In this little work the village of Hampstead is pleasingly described, with its various scenery, soil, &c. After the analysis, our author proceeds to treat on the different kinds of bathing, under distinct heads, such as the cold and warm bath, warm sea bath, shower, vapour, and air baths, and friction; the last of which he strongly recommends to the infirm. We have to observe, on the subject of bathing in general, that we are not acquainted with any work that contains so great a fund of useful, guarded, and familiar instruction, in so small a compass, every circumstance indispensably necessary for those who frequent watering and sea bathing places, appears to us to have occurred to the author's mind in this treatise, which will save the reader both the time and trouble of perusing the more voluminous works on this subject.

A Father's Gift to his Children: consisting of Original Essays, Tales, Fables, Reflections, &c. By William Mavor, L.L.D. Vicar of Hurley, Berks, and Chaplain to the Earl of Moira. In 2 Volumes. Phillips.

THIS gift is, in every sense of the word, truly paternal, containing whatever is valuable or aimable for the mature to teach, and the juvenile to learn. In an advertisement annexed to the 1st volume, the ingenious writer has very truly observed that "Few have written more than I have done, for the use of young persons; or, let me thankfully add, with more uniform encouragement; and I desire no other epitaph to mark my grave, than—*Here lies "The Children's Friend."*

Dr. Mavor's legitimate right to this title will never be refused either by the present age or by futurity.

"Several relative pieces" are added to this publication, which, like the rest, are judicious, happy, and appropriate; and we can safely recommend the whole work, not only to all our young readers, but to parents of every description.

A Sermon preached before the Aldermen and Corporation of Grantham, on Sunday, the 21st Day of October, 1804. By the Rev. Robert Lascelles Carr, Chaplain to Earl Clanwilliam, and to Lord Mendip. Published at the Request of the Corporation. White. London.

We have more than once had occasion to notice the professional labours of this gentleman with praise, and find no cause in the present instance to reverse our verdict, or withhold our commendation.

After a brief, but satisfactory deduction from Scripture, that magistrates, as in his text, "I have said that ye are Gods, but ye shall die like men," were so term'd from their authority; the preacher proceeds to enforce the reverence due to rulers and magistrates, knowing that their appointment is from on high. From the latter part of his text, he takes occasion to recommend a conscientious discharge of their official duty from a remembrance of the short duration of all earthly power, and that this scene closing, they will be called to account for their distribution of rewards and punishments, to Him that ruleth over all. The following extract merits particular observation:

"To enumerate all the particulars to which the attention of the chief magistrate in any place should be directed, would be a laborious, but not a very necessary task; yet one general observation I cannot avoid making, namely, that the present awful crisis does most loudly call for the vigorous enforcement of those laws against profaneness and immorality, which, to the shame of the land, had so long slept, but in the execution and revival of which, the metropolis of this kingdom has set so good an example. It deserves to be seriously considered, how far the public interests of society and civil government are concerned in the execution of these laws, what fatal mischiefs issue from the neglect of this part of our duty, and what advantages result both to prince and people, from the faithful discharge of it."

We cannot quit this review without remarking on a practice which is obtaining in the pulpit as well as in the senate; where, in the fondness for extending language, all concatenation of argument is lost, and the force of precept is lost in delineation: this Mr. Carr

has avoided: indeed, he seems to be too well-read to have forgot, and too judicious to neglect, the admonition of the Roman critic:

*Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*

An Introduction to Mr. Byrom's Universal English Short-Hand, or the Way of writing English in the most easy, concise, regular, and beautiful Manner. In a Series of Letters addressed to a Young Friend. To which are added, General Observations on the Short-Hand Characters, with appropriate Examples for the Learner's Exercise. Designed for the Use of Schools. By T. Molineux. The Third Edition. Longman and Rees. 8vo. pp. 104. Price 10s. 6d. half bound. 1804.

Mr. Byron's short-hand "must," as Dr. Mavor justly observes, "for ever be the basis of every future rational system." Without burthening the memory with tedious, arbitrary characters, this system secures to the writer every possible advantage of *beauty, legibility, and brevity*; and, in every *practical* system, these properties must ever remain inseparable. But it is unnecessary to expatiate on the superior excellencies of Mr. Byrom's short-hand, which has been so long known, and so deservedly admired by the best judges of the art; amongst whom we find, "the Right Honourable the Earl of Morton, President of the Royal Society; the Lord Chancellor Pratt; Dr. John Taylor, Chancellor of Lincoln; and the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield." It is sufficient to observe, that the lovers of stenography are under great obligations to Mr. Molineux, the editor, by the re-publication of a work, which, in its original form, was so respectably patronised.

This is the third edition of Mr. M's. abridgment; and it is but just to add, that the improvements he has made are rational and judicious.

The plates, in this edition, are increased from eleven to twenty, and are very correctly and neatly executed.

A few brief Remarks on a Pamphlet published by some Individuals, supposed to be connected with the late Board of Admiralty, entitled, "Observations on the concise Statement of Facts, privately circulated by Sir Home Popham," &c. in which the Calumnies of those Writers are examined and exposed; together with Strictures

on the Reports of the Navy and Victualling Boards ; or some Proceedings of the late Admiralty, not generally promulgated ; Hints on the Effects of the late Experiments against the Enemy's Flotilla, &c. &c. By Æschines. 8vo. 2s. All the Booksellers. 1805.

We have seen neither the "Observations" which have produced this pamphlet, nor the "Concise Statement of Facts" to which those observations applied. Neither, indeed, do subjects of this temporary nature fall much within the plan of our review. We are bound, however, to say, in justice to the author of these remarks, that Sir Home Popham has found in Æschines a most zealous and able advocate ; and however persons may differ as to the proceedings of the late Board of Admiralty with respect to that gallant and meritorious officer, all who feel a just respect for the British navy, will rejoice to hear that so distinguished a member of it has completely exculpated himself from charges, which, if proved, must have disgraced and ruined his character in the eyes of the nation. These charges having undergone a discussion in the House of Commons, it was referred to a select committee to consider them, and they have reported that, "from the papers referred to them, and the evidence they have received, there does not appear any ground whatever to impute to Sir Home Popham any fraud or connivance at any fraudulent or corrupt practice whatever."

A Refutation of the Pamphlet which Colonel Picton lately addressed to Lord Hobart. By Colonel Fullarton. F. R. S. 4to. 2s. 6d. Stockdale. 1805.

THIS is another pamphlet, occasioned by a dispute between individuals, in which it is not our province to interfere ; but having briefly noticed Colonel Picton's publication, we think it right it should be seen that it has not passed without a reply from Colonel Fullarton. Both these gentlemen are persons of high talent, and some military distinction ; and it is much to be lamented, that there should have arisen between them a difference of so serious a complexion. The points on which they are at issue are before the privy council ; and, with that most honourable board, we are content to leave them ; permitting, however, ourselves to hope that an issue not less favourable than that which has attended the affair of Sir Home Popham, may finally result from their proceedings.

Considerations upon the best Means of ensuring the internal Defence of Great Britain. By Captain Barber, commanding the Duke of Cumberland's Corps of Sharp Shooters. 8vo. pp. 63. Eger-ton.

THESE considerations will prove both interesting and amusing to the lovers of the military art, particularly to those who practise *sharp shooting*, of which many anecdotes are given, principally from the history of the American war, in which the native woodsmen proved so formidable to the English troops, and ultimately so successful in effecting the independence of the United States. Captain Barber, who has exerted himself so ably in forming and training a volunteer rifle corps, is of course a strong advocate for the mode of annoyance peculiar to companies of that description.

"The talent of marksmen (he observes) appears to have been held in considerable estimation from the most remote ages of antiquity, and to have rendered its possessors, although rude or unwarlike, formidable enemies, and superior to the boldest efforts of personal prowess. Little David, the Israelitish shepherd boy, proved himself an overmatch for the gigantic champion of the Philistine host; his dexterity as a slinger rescued his country from impending thralldom, and raised himself to the regal authority. By the same uncouth primary means of missile vengeance, many people of a mere rural character maintained their independence against the attacks of regular armies, or became useful auxiliaries to them.* Achilles, the overthrower of armies, became a sacrifice to the unerring aim of the coward Paris, and our English hero, Richard Cœur de Lion, unsuspectingly fell beneath the shaft of an obscure archer."

He next instances the annihilation of the Roman army under Crassus, by the Parthians, at the battle of Carrhæ, which was owing to the expertness of the Parthians as marksmen, aided by a superior knowledge of the ground on which they fought.

"Never did the Romans sustain so signal a defeat, as this from the luxurious Asiatics, whom they were accustomed to despise. The battle of Carrhæ may be considered as an epoch in the art of war; inasmuch as it proved, that

* The Romans distributed slingers in their armies, procuring their most expert marksmen from the Balearic islands (Majorca and Minorca). Diodorus Siculus relates, that in besieging a town, these slingers wounded and drove the garrison from the walls, throwing with such exactness, as rarely to miss their mark; this dexterity they acquired by constant exercise, being trained to it from their infancy; their mothers placed their daily food upon the top of a pole, and gave them no more than they beat down with stones from their slings. In later times, the peasants of Brittany, taking part with the English in a battle fought in that province, between some English troops, and the army of Louis D'Espagne, effected the overthrow of the latter, by assailing them unexpectedly with bullets and slings. *Froissart*, vol. 1, chap. 85, page 304."

however resistless the career of victory must be, in the hands of an army of superior force and conduct, over its adversaries in close fight, yet that by the distant annoyance, and secret and partial attacks of men accustomed to the use of missile weapons, although less warlike, they may be so hemmed in, harassed, and reduced, as to be finally overpowered."

Other facts are adduced, in support of his doctrine, from the Roman history, and from our own. The importance of the Norman archers in the battle of Hastings, and of the English cross-bow men at the ever-memorable battles of Poitiers, Cressy, and Agincourt, is noticed, and also the statute of Henry VIII. to encourage and enforce the practice of shooting at a mark.

An anecdote related to the author by Lt. Col. M'Leroth, late of the 95th, or rifle regiment, is worth transcribing.

"In an action of some importance, a mounted officer of the enemy was on the point of being made prisoner; one only way presented itself, by which he had a chance of escaping; this was along the front of our line, within musket range; he embraced this alternative; and, although the whole brigade fired at him, both man and horse escaped with impunity."

Another fact from the same authority is equally curious.

"In order to cover themselves as much as possible from the enemy's aim, at the siege of York Town, our soldiers had each three bags of sand, to lay on the parapet; two of these were placed with their ends at a little distance from each other, and the third crossed over the interval, leaving a small loop hole for the soldiers to fire through: the American riflemen, however, were so expert, that on seeing a piece protruded through the hole, they levelled towards it, and penetrating the opening, frequently shot his men through the head."

Enough has been quoted to recommend this little pamphlet to general perusal. Captain B. concludes with several remarks on the "inconveniencies which attach to the military training of domestic citizens, while it rests solely upon the humour of individuals," and proposes "compulsory musters," a measure upon which many will entertain sentiments very opposite to those of the author, whose observations on this head are nevertheless entitled to attention.

A Northern Summer; or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Part of Germany, in the Year 1804. By John Carr, Esq. Author of the Stranger in France, &c. &c. 4to. 2l. 2s. Phillips. 1805.

FROM the agreeable recollection of *The Stranger in France*, which deservedly procured so much credit to Mr. Carr, and afforded such various entertainment and information to a numerous class of readers, we are prepared to accompany him, with peculiar cheerfulness, in his *Northern Tour*. We close with the terms of the

agreement which forms the commencement of his work, and shall be content to take him, as a man does his wife, *for better and worse*, perfectly satisfied that, in such company, even the bleak and barren regions of the North will wear the most favourable aspect, and smile a welcome as we pass.

The peace, or rather the short *truce*, with France, which enabled Mr. Carr to exhibit to us so charming a sketch of modern Paris, having been followed by a renewal of still more violent hostilities, the South was again shut against the English traveller. Mr. C. was therefore tempted to delineate "national characteristics" in the *North*, a quarter at this moment extremely interesting, in a political point of view, and from whence the destinies of Europe are likely one day, and perhaps speedily, to issue. In other respects, a tour round the Baltic promised a fund of gratification to our author. Not confining himself to a dry description of roads and cities, his principal design is, "to describe those features which principally distinguish us from our brethren in other regions, and them from each other." This is a traveller's best object, and no person seems to us more competently qualified to fulfil it than Mr. Carr. How he has executed his task will very sufficiently appear in the course of our review.

Our tourist wisely preferred the summer for this excursion. The north, as he very elegantly and poetically observes, "has hitherto been contemplated, clad in fur, and gliding with the swiftness of a light cloud before the wind, upon her roads of shining snow: I will take a peep at her in her summer garb, and will endeavour to form a nosegay of polar flowers." He embarked at Harwich in June, 1804, and landed at Husum at the time of the fair. His reflection on the avarice and cruelty of those wretches on our coasts, who plunder and destroy the *ship-wrecked*, contrasted with the benevolence of the Helogolandiers, who employ themselves in saving them; and the incident of the young girl, at Husum, mercenarily exposed to infamy by her parents,—are calculated to excite emotions both of shame and pride on account of our country.

From Husum Mr. Carr went to Flensburg, Abenraac, Hadersleb, Aversand, crossed the Little Belt, proceeded to Assens, Odensee, Nioborg, and passed the Great Belt, which introduces the following historical anecdote:—"In February, 1658, it formed a bridge of ice for the hardy troops of the warlike and ambitious Charles X. who, contrary to the advice of his council of war, marched over it to give

battle to the Danes. During this tremendous passage a part of the ice gave way, and a whole squadron of the guards were immolated, not one of whom were saved, an order having been given that no one should attempt to assist his neighbour in such an emergency upon pain of death." He next proceeded to Corsoer, in Zealand, and Roskild, in the cathedral of which town lie, in a superb tomb, the remains of Juliana Maria, well known for her sanguinary conduct towards the hapless Queen Matilda, and the unfortunate Counts Struensee and Brundt; and also those of the celebrated Margaret of Voldimar. He gives a particular description of the royal palace at Fredericsberg, which suffered so much from fire in 1794, and so enters the city of Copenhagen.

This route, so well known to northern travellers, presents nothing entitled to very particular attention. Such a writer, however, as Mr. Carr, like *Jaques* in the forest of Amiens,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Few persons, we apprehend, have described the same course of journey in a style so truly pleasant, and conducted a reader, by such easy stages, to the capital of Denmark. It was impossible that the battle of Copenhagen should not be among the first objects of his enquiry. His account of that event is extremely animated and interesting, and shall therefore be given at length.

"On our return to the city, and about a mile from it, a turfed hillock of small poplars attracted our notice: it was the national tomb of the heroes who fell in the memorable battle of Copenhagen Roads, on the second of April, 1801, and stood in a meadow about two hundred yards from the road, and looked towards the Crown battery. As we approached it, we saw a small monumental obelisk which was raised to the memory of Captain Albert Thurah, by the Crown Prince. It appeared by the inscription, that during the heat of that sanguinary battle, a signal was made from one of the block ships, that all the officers on board were killed; the Crown Prince, who behaved with distinguished judgment and composure during the whole of that terrific and anxious day, and was giving his orders on shore, exclaimed, 'Who will take the command?' The gallant Thurah replied, 'I will, my prince,' and immediately leaped into a boat, and, as he was mounting the deck of the block ship, a British shot numbered him amongst the dead, which formed a ghastly pile before him, and consigned his spirit and his glory to the regions of

immortality. He was a young man of great promise. It is thus that death often

Strikes the poor peasant; he sinks in the dark,
Nor leaves e'en the wreck of a name,
He strikes the young warrior, a glorious mark,
He sinks in the blaze of his fame.

"As the battle, under all its circumstances, was as awful and affecting as any in the English and Danish history, the reader will, I am sure, feel no reluctance minutely to contemplate the larger tomb which first attracted our notice: it is a pyramidal hillock, neatly turfed and planted with sapling poplars, corresponding with the number of officers who fell. At the base of the principal front are tomb stones recording the names of each of these officers and their respective ships. A little above is an obelisk of grey northern marble, raised upon a pedestal of granite, bearing this inscription:

"To the memory of those who fell for their country, their grateful fellow citizens raise this monument, April 2, 1801.

"And beneath, on a white marble tablet, under a wreath of laurel, oak and cypress bound together, is inscribed—

"The wreath which the country bestows, never withers over the grave of the fallen warrior.

"The whole is enclosed in a square palisado: as a national monument it is too diminutive.

"The next day I visited the spot where so much blood was shed. A young Danish officer upon the Crown battery obligingly pointed out the disposition of the ships, and spoke of the battle with great impartiality. From the position of the British fleets, before the squadron under lord Nelson bore down, and rendered his intention indubitable, the Danes were firmly of opinion that the British commander intended to proceed either to Calscrona or Revel, and made no preparation for defence; their ships were lying in ordinary; they therefore trusted solely to their block ships and batteries.

"On that day the hero of the Nile surpassed those achievements which an admiring and astonished world conceived must for ever remain without imitation, as they had been without example in the annals of the British navy. Favoured by a fortunate shift of wind, and an extraordinary elevation of the tide, which at the time was higher than the Danes had long remembered it, he placed his unsupported squadron, and as it is said with an *unobserved* signal of retreat flying at the mast head of the ship of the chief in command,

in a most advantageous and formidable position. The citizens of Copenhagen in a moment flew to their posts; all distinctions were lost in the love of their country. Nobles and mechanics, gentlemen and shopmen, rushed together in crowds to the quays; the sick crawled out of their beds, and the very lame were led to the sea side, imploring to be taken in the boats, which were perpetually going off with crowds to the block ships. A carnage at once tremendous and novel, only served to increase their enthusiasm. What an awful moment! The invoked vengeance of the British nation, with the fury and velocity of lightning, was falling with terrible desolation upon a race of gallant people, in their very capital, whose kings were once seated upon the throne of England, and in the veins of whose magnanimous prince flowed the blood of her august family. Nature must have shuddered as she contemplated such a war of brethren: the conflict was short, but sanguinary beyond example; in the midst of the slaughter, the heroic Nelson dispatched a flag of truce on shore, with a note to the Crown Prince, in which he expressed a wish that a stop should be put to the further effusion of human blood, and to avert the destruction of the Danish arsenal, and of the capital, which he observed, that the Danes must then see were at his mercy. He once more proposed their withdrawing from the triple league, and acknowledging the supremacy of the British flag. As soon as the prince's answer was received, a cessation of hostilities took place, and Lord Nelson left his ship to go on shore. Upon his arrival at the quay, he found a carriage which had been sent for him by Mr. D. a merchant of high respectability, the confusion being too great to enable the prince to send one of the royal carriages. In the former the gallant admiral proceeded to the palace in the octagon, through crowds of people, whose fury was rising to frenzy, and amongst whom his person was in more imminent danger than even from the cannon of the block-ships; but nothing could shake the soul of such a man. Arrived at the palace in the octagon he calmly descended from the carriage amidst the murmurings and groans of the enraged concourse, which not even the presence of the Danish officers, who accompanied him, could restrain. The Crown Prince received him in the hall, and conducted him up stairs, and presented him to the king, whose long shattered state of mind had left him but very little sensibility to display upon the trying occasion. The objects of this impressive interview were soon adjusted to the per-

fect satisfaction of Lord Nelson, and his applauding country: that done he assumed the gaiety and good-humour of a visitor, and partook of some refreshment with the Crown Prince.

“ During the repast Lord Nelson spoke in raptures of the bravery of the Danes, and particularly requested the prince to introduce him to a very young officer, whom he described as having performed wonders during the battle, by attacking his own ship immediately under her lower guns. It proved to be the gallant young Welmoes, a stripling of seventeen; the British hero embraced him with the enthusiasm of a brother, and delicately intimated to the prince, that he ought to make him an admiral, to which the prince very happily replied ‘ If, my lord, I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service.’ This heroic youth had volunteered the command of a praam, which is a sort of raft, carrying six small cannon, and manned with twenty-four men, who pushed off from shore, and in the fury of the battle, placed themselves under the stern of Lord Nelson’s ship, which they most successfully attacked, in such a manner that although they were below the reach of his stern chasers, the British marines made terrible slaughter amongst them; twenty of these gallant men fell by their bullets, but their young commander continued, knee-deep in dead, at his post, until the truce was announced. He has been honoured, as he most eminently deserved to be, with the grateful remembrance of his country, and of his prince, who, as a mark of his regard, presented him with a medallion, commemorative of his gallantry, and has appointed him to the command of a yacht, in which he makes his annual visit to Holstein. The issue of this contest was glorious and decisive; could it be otherwise, when its destinies were committed to Nelson?”

We are not of Dr. Johnson’s opinion that the man who will make a pun will pick a pocket; we shall therefore give a place to the following anecdote of Lord Nelson, as exhibiting the *Hero of the Nile* in a new character.

“ By the ship which conveyed his dispatches to England, he sent a note to some respectable wine merchants, to whom he was indebted for some wine, in which he sportively said that ‘ he trusted they would pardon his not having sooner sent a cheque for his bill, on account of his having been lately much engaged.’ ”

[To be continued.]

 THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.
 The Imitation of Life—The Mirror of Manners—The Representation of Truth.

 NOTES ON THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE following were some jottings on the margin of "Macbeth," made some time ago. If deemed worthy of insertion in your very entertaining and interesting miscellany, they are very much at your service. I call them, what they really are, mere marginal jottings, having no wish to add a name more to the already overgrown list of commentators on the Avon Bard.

I must premise that Boetius, from whom Hollinshed and (through him) Shakspeare, took their facts, is not only a fabulous but a *lying* historian. When he meets with a fact, he so embellishes it with fable, as to be no longer a historical truth. The plot of this piece, therefore, may be in general viewed as fabulous. Some of the historical errors are noticed in the following jottings.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

"*Paddock calls,*" &c.—In Scotland, among the peasantry, a frog is universally so called. Few of them would know the meaning of the word frog. It is pronounced puddock, the u sounding as in *bud*, &c. It is rather a favourite with them, from its supposed services in purifying spring wells, &c.

SCENE II.

"*The merciless Macdonwald,*"—Or Macdonevald, Donevald, now M'Dowal, was the chief of the people in Galloway, generally at variance with, and making inroads upon, their countrymen.—Hence the phrase, still common, "the wild Scots of Galloway." I more than suspect this insurrection to have been that of the Gallovidians. The Hebrides, I think, were then Norwegian.

"*But the Norweyan Lord.*"—This invasion took place some years after Macdonevald's insurrection.

"*Till that Bellona's bridegroom,*" &c.—Macbeth is here meant. I understand by the passage, Bellona's favourite who was (by his former victories) affianced to him, or attached to his fortunes.

"*Lapt in proof.*"—Perhaps, though I very much doubt it, the meaning is, what is called in Scotland *proof of shot*, i. e. invulnerable, like Orlando Furioso, &c.

"*O valiant cousin,*" &c.—There is no certain reason to believe Macbeth to have been related to Duncan. Fordun, our best historian, does not even hint that the least connection in blood subsisted between them.

SCENE III.

"*And like a rat without a tail,*" &c.—According to those versant in the pranks of witches, (and in Scotland we have many such) the *warlocks*, or male witches, in their transformations, do retain their tails. The females neither do nor can, for an obvious reason.—When the devil honours the assembly of witches with a visit, he generally carries the candle beneath his tail. Such at least has been sworn by *soi disant* witches in our courts of law.

"*And yet your beards forbid,*" &c.—In this part of Scotland a very old woman, poor, in rags, if unknown, had she a beard, would run the hazard of being treated as a witch, that is, cut above the mouth with a knife, to the effusion of blood.

"*Hail to thee, Thane of Glamiss,*" &c.—Mr. Seymour's remark, which I read in the Mirror, is correct. Glamiss is uniformly a word of one syllable, the *a* broad as in saw, &c.

"*Thou shalt get kings.*"—The tradition of the Stewarts being descended from this Banquo, is altogether imaginary. The first of the family mentioned in authentic history was Waller, who lived in the reign of David the First and Malcolm the Fourth, about the middle of the twelfth century. He built and endowed an abbey in Paisley, in 1164, a remarkable proof of his opulence and liberality. He was high steward or steward of Scotland.

"*By Sinel's death I know,*" &c.—A mistake of some transcriber. The name of Macbeth's father was Finele or Finley; hence Finelus in Latin, and Anglice Finel, by cutting off the Latin termination.—The name ought to be restored.

———" *The Thane of Cawdor lives,*

" *A prosperous gentleman;*"——

so the great ornament of the British stage (Kemble) pronounced this passage some years since in Edinburgh; I have even heard the reading defended; I think improperly. Cawdor, from situation and character, was certainly a gentleman. Macbeth would call him, emphatically, *prosperous*, since he thought him then, as he left him, basking in the sunshine of court favour. The present Lord

Cawdor enjoys the estate and castle of this Cawdor. There was a Thane of Cawdor, or Calder, so late as 1492, a proof that the more recent titles of earl, &c. did not totally supersede the more ancient ones of thane, &c.

"*Two truths are told,*" &c.—This passage has much embarrassed commentators. It may be thus explained: The death of Sinel (Finel) might have been recent and not generally known. Macbeth might have received intimation of it by a special courier, or he might have left his father in the last stage of a disease which he thought mortal. To be hailed at such a time, in such a place, and by such personages, with a title he did not think he could be generally known by, would excite in his mind the idea of supernatural knowledge in the witches. Or,

Finele (Sinel) and after him Macbeth, might be only *custos thanagii*, for a near relation, the true thane of Glamiss, who might have died while he was at the wars, and of course *he* would succeed to the thaneship itself. *Custos thanagii* may, with as much propriety, be called thane, as *custos comitatus* be called earl. The latter we know was common. Thus one of the Macduff's, slain at Falkirk, in 1298, was called Earl of Fife, though it is clear (vide Simpson and Sir D. Dalrymple) he was only *custos comitatus*, the true earl, who some years after married one of Edward the First of England's nieces (a Monthermer) being a minor. Macbeth, by Finele's (Sinel) death, might be called Thane of Glamiss, as *custos thanagii*, and the witches, by hailing him by that title, might announce his accession to the thaneship itself. We may even suppose, if necessary, that Macbeth could be made acquainted with that event, by some of those sent to greet him during the harangue of Ross. Shakspeare must have met with the story somewhere, and told it as it was found; it is of the truth or probability of the prediction I speak.

SCENE IV.

"*Whom we name hereafter Prince of Cumberland.*"—Malcolm, never so during his father's life.

SCENE V.

"*Missives from the King.*"—Not the persons, but the letters they brought. In Scotland, missives generally are holograph letters, i. e. of the handwriting of the person signing them. In every important bargain they are used, or, to use the law phrase, exchanged.

"*Passage to remorse.*"—Remorse, compassion, pity, sympathy, &c. in Scotland nearly synonymous.

"*And take my milk for gall.*"—As if she had said, leave for once

your ordinary nature, gall, and, instead of it, suck from my breast every drop of the milk of human kindness. I do not think she either needed or required any additional gall, as Johnson would make us believe.

"To alter favour, ever is to fear."—In Scotland, well favoured, ill favoured, pronounced ill farra, &c. is equivalent to well or ill looking. If it meant the same thing in Shakespeare's days, the passage may be understood—to change countenance, alter the looks, ever shews fear. The last word, I suppose, did not exactly convey then the same meaning as now.

"Bid Gold yield."—Shield, from the German shilden, to protect.

SCENE VII.

"Has borne his faculties so meek."—The greatest charge made against Duncan, by Macbeth and Banquo, after his murder, was his remissness in punishing offenders. Duncan was murdered by these two conspirators, at a place called Bothgouanan, (Anglice, the smith's dwelling) in the neighbourhood of Elgin.

————— *"If the assassination*

"Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

"With his surcease success."

(Johnson reads, with his success surcease). I think the text correct, and the meaning to be, "Could the assassination catch with his (*Duncan's*) surcease or dissolution, success, &c.

"Like the poor cat in th' adage."—I have been informed that the figure of this animal, looking wistfully at the fish which, lest she should wet her feet, she dare not seize, is still to be seen on some sign-posts in this country (Scotland.)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"Our will became the servant to defect."—"You must take the will for the deed," is the universal excuse for a deficiency in entertainment in Scotland. The following line is obscure; it means had we been prepared, we *would* have supplied every defect.

"And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood."—I think those to be right who make dudgeon mean, the handle or hilt of a dagger. Perhaps it is the space betwixt the wooden part of the handle, and the blade. The wooden part of the handles of some dirks (Scottish daggers) are much ornamented with carvings and *gouts* of blood, from a phrase in heraldry. If not drops, but large masses of coagulated blood, enveloping both blade and dudgeon, *gout* may have

some reference to the very small bodies of water, which bear still, in Scotland, the name gott or goutt. In summer they are almost dry, presenting to the eye masses of mud, filth, and clay, as it were, coagulated. They are generally in the near neighbourhood of farm houses, frequently infested with horse leeches. They are different from dams, linns, pools, &c. from having no conspicuous inlet or outlet, being supplied by rain water.

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

"Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

"The multitudinous sea incarnadine,

"Making the green one, red."—Or,

"Making the green—one red."

This passage has occasioned much altercation. By great Neptune's ocean, and multitudinous sea, I conceive are meant oceans, seas of every denomination taken collectively. What sea, according to ancient mythology, was not Neptune's? The epithet *multitudinous* I believe signifies many heaps, masses of water, very descriptive of the ocean in a storm, or in a calm, before the billows have subsided. The *multitudinous* dry land appears an awkward phrase, and yet the earth has multitudes of inhabitants, "making the green—one red;" the reading adopted by Garrick appears to me the true one. The import of the passage is, in my opinion—"The whole waters of the sea will not cleanse my hand of this blood. No, this bloody hand of mine will sooner stain all the watery heaps of the green ocean with the dye of blood. I am &c.

JUSTUS.

[To be continued.]

SOME ACCOUNT OF MOSSOP, THE TRAGEDIAN.

(Continued from Page 409, Vol. xix.)

WITH this malicious view, Fitzpatrick not only magnified Mossop's talents for the more imperial parts of tragedy, but in the softer scenes of love and tenderness; and that it was to reserve the character of an *universal actor* exclusively to himself, which induced Garrick to shut him out from those superior claims.

What could induce Fitzpatrick to carry his resentments against Garrick, even at the expence of duping the man whom he called his friend and protégé, will be best explained by the following anecdote.

Fitzpatrick was a considerable supporter of what was then humourously called "the fourth Estate of the Constitution;" that is, he was a member of "the Shakespeare Club," which consisted of a number of critics, who occasionally resorted to the Bedford Arms, and who, being *amateurs* of our immortal bard, under this title, added to their convivialities the pleasures of the drama, and dramatic criticism. Garrick was likewise a leading member; when one evening it being proposed to dedicate some peculiar marks of honour from their society to the memory of Shakespeare, a gentleman moved, "that as Mr. Garrick, who was allowed to be a great admirer, and the best speaking commentator, of the poet, was absent, a business of that kind should be postponed till another opportunity."

This fired Fitzpatrick, who, feeling too warmly the comparative merit between a liberal, and, what he might think, a *mercenary critic*, replied, "that he wondered any gentleman should propose deferring the business of the club on account of a member's absence, who was certainly the most *insignificant* person that belonged to their society." Garrick was told this, and called for an explanation, and several conferences were held, but to no purpose. Fitzpatrick attacked him in newspapers and pamphlets, and so far obtained a victory over Garrick, by raising a party for preventing full price being taken on the night of a revived play after the third act; and Garrick had his revenge in turn; first, by the publication of a poem of his, called, "The Fribbleriad," in which, with considerable humour and vivacity, he plays with the character of *Fitzgig*, the hero; and next, by the poetical interference of his friend Churchill, who, in his rough, broad, satiric manner, depicted Fitzpatrick as one of the very worms of the creation.

Under such a seducer, Mossop's plain, unsuspecting, yet proud temper, could not long be at rest: he constantly demanded such characters as were totally unfit for him, whilst Garrick as constantly remonstrated on his impropriety; and brought the receipts of the treasury on those nights he played such characters, as the best vouchers for what he asserted. This, however, brought no conviction to Mossop's mind—'twas "all for *love*, or the world well lost."—He quitted Drury-Lane theatre with disgust, and went to Ireland, where, for one or two seasons, he played with considerable success.

On his return to London, about the year 1759, Garrick, forgetting all rival jealousies, again sought him, and again reinstated him in his former parts; but the dæmon of dissatisfaction still pursued

him, and in 1761, he quitted Drury-Lane and the English theatre for ever, in search of Irish adventures.

Barry and Woodward at this time were joint managers of Crow-Street theatre, Dublin, and knowing Mossop's abilities, and that they would clash less with Barry's powers than with Garrick's, were glad to engage him at a considerable salary. The arrangement of their plan was well laid; and Mossop's abilities being directed to a right point, their list of tragedies were strengthened in such a manner, as to afford the highest entertainment to the *amateurs* of the drama. As an exemplification, take the following cast of parts: Ventidius to Barry's Marc Antony, Pierre to his Jaffier, Chamont to his Castalio, Bajazet to his Tamerlane, Horatio to his Lothario, Cædred to his Phocyas, &c. &c. In short, imperial tragedy, for such parts, perhaps, was never better sustained.

The stage thus ably supported, Mossop's fortune and reputation were at full tide, till his unhappy genius again crossed him in the idea of becoming a rival manager. Barry and Woodward were the first who saw this, and saw in it consequences that would be fatal to both theatres. To prevent this, they made Mossop the tempting offer of a *thousand pounds per annum*, with the restriction of only playing twice a week, to relinquish his scheme—but in vain—"aut Cæsar, aut nullus"—There should be but one theatre in Ireland, and he would be at the head of it. This was not only the language of his own vanity, but of a number of fashionable females who protected him, and who, without either judgment or discretion, would take him from almost a sinecure situation, to place him at the head of Smock-Alley theatre, under all the responsibility of such an undertaking, and with a rival and established theatre in opposition.

The scandalous chronicle of the day gave likewise other reasons for Mossop being prevailed on to become manager. Several of these females were deep gamblers; and as they had a certain degree of influence from their fashion, amongst their tradesmen, to favour the receipts of his house, he would be the better enabled to become their dupe in another way. A well-known countess (long since called to a reckoning, for this and other *loose* accounts) was at the head of this party, and is said to have played the part of a *rook* with great rapacity. Thus, though Mossop's first season (from novelty, variety, and the influence of his friends) nominally filled his treasury, he might have parodied the words of Macheath, by saying, "The stage has done me justice—but the gaming-table has been my ruin."

A paper war likewise ensued about [this time between Barry and Mossop, relative to the abrupt manner of the latter's quitting his engagements at Crow-Street theatre, in which the lowest and most scurrilous abuse took place of all reason and argument. The rival newspapers became so disgusting on this account, that the public at large took it up, and either laughed at, or reprobated, the conduct of these *soi disant* potentates. The last couplet of an epigram written on this occasion we remember, and which had a considerable share in silencing the dispute, was as follows:

"Then as to the public, it is but a toss-up,

"Whether Mossop kick Barry—or Barry kick Mossop."

In short, ruin, at last, was the end of this theatrical experiment; for, after struggling in vain for seven or eight years, and endeavouring to allure the town by all manner of exotic entertainment, Mossop found himself reduced to an absolute state of bankruptcy, and in this situation arrived in London, upon which place he had so wantonly turned his back, broken down in spirits and constitution, and at the mercy of an affronted manager for a livelihood.

In this state of his fortune, his friends advised him to apply to Mr. Garrick for an engagement; urging, that his talents must recommend him to any manager; and that, without economy, and the experience of past misfortunes, he had yet time enough to extend his reputation, and secure a competency for old age: but his spirit was too high for this application; he replied to his friends, with some conscious dignity, "that Garrick knew very well that he was in London:" insinuating by this, that the proposal of an engagement should first come from him. The manager, however, if he knew Mossop was in London, which he probably did, would not know it without an *official* notice; and the season passed off without his making any engagement.

In the summer of the same year, Mossop accepted an invitation from a friend (Mr. Smith, a gentleman of considerable fortune, and much attached to him) to take a tour through several parts of Europe. He returned in about a year afterwards, greatly altered in spirits and appearance. Instead of the smart eagle-eyed character of his youth, he appeared emaciated, thoughtful, and dejected, shunning the company of his former friends and associates, and nursing by himself the gloomy melancholy of his mind.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTON,

Upon seeing a dying Hectic upon the last Cliff.

UPON the breezy cliff's impending brow,
 With trembling step the Hectic paus'd awhile;
 As round his wasted form the sea-breeze blew,
 His pale cheek brighten'd with a transient smile.
 Refresh'd and cherish'd by its balmy breath,
 He dreamt of future bliss—of years to come,
 Whilst, with a look of woe, the spectre Death
 Oft shook his head, and pointed to the tomb.
 Such sounds as these escap'd his lab'ring breast,
 "Sweet Health! thou wilt revisit this sad frame,
 Slumber shall bid these aching eyelids rest,
 And I shall live for love—perchance for fame."
 Ah! poor enthusiast! in the day's decline
 A mournful knell was heard, and it was thine.

J. CARR.

SONNET,

*Supposed to be written by Mary Queen of Scots, at the Moment of her
 Departure from France.*

YE vine-crown'd hills! and pansey-cover'd plains!
 Thou lucid stream! and eglantined bow'r!
 Where once I sat to wreath each scented flow'r;
 And oft have sung my soft infantine strains,
 Nought of your transports now to me remain,
 For ah! we part—this, this, the destin'd hour
 That I must quit my much beloved shore,
 And hush with pride Grief's spirit-wounding pain.
 Yes, yes! that bark which rides the foaming tide
 Now bids me leave each friend and kindred dear,
 Alas! but waits, this trembling frame to bear
 O'er yon expanse, "of waters blue and wide;"
 O! come then, France, receive this parting tear,
 For 'midst thy groves my thoughts will e'er abide.

Liverpool, Sept. 4, 1802.

J***** B*****.

ANACREONTIC.

Once more, good host! the goblet fill!
 Once more flow the purple rill;
 Fill it, fill it, to the brim,
 Let our sighs in good wine swim.

Quaff, again, the genial draught,
 Parry off dull Sorrow's shaft;
 Quickly pass the goblet round,
 Let not one be sober found.

Wine elates me, cheers my soul;
 If my bark on seas e'er roll
 Makes me 'fore the tempest stand,
 Makes me weather storms on land.

Wine discharges rankling grief;
 Wine will arm me 'gainst the thief:
 With friends, my lass, and good old wine,
 I'll stand the test of either clime.

Death may call us soon away,
 His mandate we must then obey:
 Let the wine the faster pour,
 Lest dull mortals drink no more.

The sturdy goblet quickly fill,
 While life lasts, let's drink at will,
 While life lasts, let's jovial be,
 We can't live to eternity.

Nov. 23d 1804.

LEOPOLD.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

HAY-MARKET.

JUNE 8.—The season commenced on this evening with *Guilty or not Guilty*, and *Love laughs at Locksmiths*. We last month noticed the principal alterations in the state of the company. A Mr. CLIFFORD, we believe from the Richmond theatre, performed the character of *Lord Rigid* in the comedy, and Mrs. PITT, from the Margate stage, that of *Miss Pointer*. We cannot very highly compliment either of these performers. The lady's person is not well calculated for the sentimental heroines; and the formal dignity of the nobleman sat but indifferently on Mr. Clifford, who may nevertheless be of use to the theatre, in subordinate characters of another description.

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10.—*Mountaineers*.—*Village Lawyer*.—Mr. CAMPBELL, a gentleman whom we recollect to have seen at Covent-Garden; who afterwards played *Charles Surface* at Drury-Lane, and who has since held very respectable situations on several provincial stages, performed *Bulcazin Muley*, with some claim to approbation. In a character so uniformly tempestuous, it is not easy to avoid the fault of *ranting*. There is a defect, however, in Mr. Campbell's acting which we fear is habitual to him, a sort of *drawl*, with too open a pronunciation of the vowels, which give an unpleasant tediousness to his delivery. To use a military phrase, his words *hang fire*; he seems unwilling to part with them. He speaks, however, very sensibly, and his personal appearance is much in his favour. The *little* Tyrer was much applauded on her appearance in *Agnes*. In the *Village Lawyer* Mr. LISTON, from the *Newcastle* company, made his debut in *Sheepface*. After Emery, we believe, Mr. Liston will find no competitor in the line of character he has chosen. This is very high praise considering Emery's great excellence. Mr. Liston's is a quiet style of acting, yet sufficiently effective. He has brought with him no provincial extravagances, and fairly gains the applause which is bestowed on him. We do not mean to say his acting is purely natural, for no acting can be so; the stage requires aids which nature perhaps would refuse to acknowledge: but we may safely say that Mr. Liston never wantonly deviates from her path. There is an archness and a simplicity in his *Sheepface*, which strongly recommend his performance, and we are not surprised that an engagement so immediately followed his first appearance. Mathews gives *Scout*, particularly the *mock-mad scene*, in a style of luxurious and irresistible humour, which we have not seen excelled. Mrs. Powell, late of Covent Garden, performed *Mrs. Scout*. This lady is a considerable addition to the respectability of the company, and is capable of doing great justice to the *Heidelberg* characters, &c. which maintain so important a station among the *dramatis personæ* of English comedy and farce.

13.—*Road to Ruin*.—*Jew and Doctor*.—Mr. Dowton made his first bow on this stage in *Old Dornton* and *Abednego*. He was received with all the honours due to his rank and ability.

14.—*Heir at Law*.—*Agreeable Surprise*.—Mr. Liston's second character was *Zekiel Homespun*, in which he did not appear to such high advantage as in *Sheepface*. The representative of *Zekiel* should have a more interesting person. We must do Mr. De Camp the justice to say that his performance of this character is, altogether, the best we have yet seen. Dowton's *Panglos* is not a lucky effort; but it is probably as good as any other exhibition of it, except Fawcett's, who, we think, in this part, must ever remain unrivalled. We notice the *Agreeable Surprise* only to remark how well Mrs. Mathews, who performed *Laura*, acquitted herself in the song.

18.—*Review*.—Mr. Winston, one of the proprietors, appeared in *Caleb Quotem*. He has taken Mr. Fawcett for his model, and imitation has seldom been more exact. He was very much applauded, particularly in the song.

19.—Their MAJESTIES witnessed the performance of *John Bull* and *Raising the Wind*. We were much pleased with Dowton's *Thornberry*. Denman very much improves in *Dennis Brulgruddery*, and indeed in all his Irish characters.

22.—*Poor Gentleman*.—Mr. Winston appeared in *Ollapod*, which he

played two seasons ago, for a benefit at Covent Garden. Though we may not think that Mr. Winston's pretensions are of the very first rate order, we are of opinion that on this occasion he did not meet with that liberality and forbearance which generally mark the conduct of a London audience. Liston was very whimsical and characteristic in *Stephen Harrowby*, and Downton in the Baronet "*excellent & faith.*" A Mrs. Mara, from the Liverpool boards, made her appearance in *Emily Worthington*, and the audience seemed satisfied with her exertions. This lady has since played *Helen*, in the *Iron Chest*; *Queen Margaret*, in the *Battle of Hexham*; *Cecilia*, in the *Chapter of Accidents*, &c. &c.

28.—*The Partners*, a comedy by Mr. HOARE, was performed for the first and the last time, before the most clamorous, and we may add, the most uncandid audience ever collected before the dramatic curtain. The comedy was certainly not such in all respects as we had a right to expect from an author of such acknowledged talent and reputation as Mr. Hoare; but the audience, or rather certain parties among them, appeared ripe for mischief. Their cry was "*Havoc and let loose the dogs of war,*" and never was poor author yelped at, hunted down, and worried, by a more hungry and ferocious pack. We shall not enter particularly into the plot or merits of a piece that has been withdrawn by its author; but from the good writing in much of the dialogue; the excellent acting of Elliston, especially in the scene with his *partner*, where his embarrassments and his pride operate in strong conflict; from the obvious ease with which the removal of several objectionable incidents and expressions might have been effected; and from the recollection of the success, on a second night, of much inferior productions, we could have wished that the comedy of the *Partners* had been allowed a repetition.

3rd JULY.—*Speed the Plough*.—Mr. Liston's delineation of countrymen (so happy in the clowns) does not accord with the features of the honest, homely, *Farmer Ashfield*, who is rather an *unique* in modern comedy.

His performance does not exhibit a single trait of the *Farmer*. Emery is in the same predicament with this character. Neither should aspire beyond the *louts*.

18.—*The Village*, or the *World's Epitome*. A new comedy in three acts by Mr. Cherry, the representation of which we could not attend; but we understand it was considered by the audience an unfaithful *Epitome* of the world; and as such condemned.

19.—A second attempt was made in favour of the *Village*; but proved unsuccessful. Mr. Elliston was *imprudent* enough (to use no harsher epithet) to deliver *his opinion* of the merits of the piece, which excited some disapprobation; and an altercation behind the scenes between him and Mr. Mathews gave rise to some mistatement in the newspapers, which induced Mr. Elliston to publish a letter of explanation. We learn, with much pleasure, that two performers who are engaged so essentially in the business of this theatre, are again upon friendly terms.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE performances of this theatre closed on Saturday the twentieth of July, with the comic opera of *La Cosa Rara*, in which the rare powers of *Mrs. Billington*, *Braham*, and *Morelli*, were as usual conspicuously displayed and rapturously applauded. The strenuous exertions and skilful management of Mr.

Gould, assisted by *Kelly* and *Jewell*, have richly deserved the brilliant success with which they have been crowned. The arrangements were never better planned, and the satisfaction which they have given has been universal.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

THE gallant achievements of our brave tars are constantly seized by the summer theatres as fit exhibitions before a British audience—none can be more interesting—none more gratifying. *Mr. Astley, Junr.* has, with his usual judgment, availed himself of *Lieutenant Yeo's* intrepidity at *Muros Bay*, and presented the public with an animated spectacle, in which the utmost liberality, taste, and ingenuity are exerted in commemoration of that dauntless action.—This spirited piece, added to *Zittaw, or the Woodman's Daughter*, with the pantomime of *Take Warning*, afford together an evening's amusement, full of animation, interest, and mirth.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

SINCE our last notice of this agreeable resort of beauty and fashion, *Mr. Cross* has exercised his ready and masterly talent, in also celebrating the bravery of the *La Loire*, by the production of *The Fourth of June; or, Muros Bay*. The machinery is planned and executed with infinite skill, and produces the happiest effect. The action is pleasingly diversified and enlivened by scenes in which the bewitching smiles and sportive humour of *Mrs. Roffey*, and the very tasteful and brilliant singing of *Mrs. Stewart*, never fail to excite the most rapturous applause. *Mr. Montgomery*, in *Sambo*, dances a hornpipe tolerably well. As *Bradbury* acts in the two following pieces, *Imogen*, and *The Mogul Tale*, it would be too much to expect to see him in a third, but we always regret the absence of that vigorous life and spirit with which he animates the scene. He is the very bone and marrow of this company. The equestrian feats of *Makeen* surprise, by the easy and fearless manner in which they are performed.

AQUATIC THEATRE—SADLER'S WELLS.

PINDAR begins his Olympic Odes with these words, *WATER is best*; and the attractions which it produces at the Aquatic Theatre can leave no doubt in the mind of the manager, that the Theban Bard was right. The cleverness of *Mr. C. Dibdin, Junr.* is again and again exemplified. Like his father and his brother he appears inexhaustible. *An Baratack, or the Water Spectre*, a superb Caledonian melo-drama, and the pleasant pantomime of *Harlequin and the Talking Bird*, are deservedly great favourites with the public. The excellent music of *Reeve*, like that of *Orpheus*, sets every thing in motion.

VAUXHALL.

This country exhibits no scene so abounding in delights as Vauxhall, on a gala night. Every thing that can ravish the senses is scattered there in all directions, and we turn from one charm only to meet a greater. *Madame Hengler's* fireworks are uncommonly fine, and the band with the *Pandean's, Milanese, &c.* give perpetual life to the whole. The warm patronage of the public and of noble individuals who grace the walks with their presence, amply testifies the extraordinary merit of the entertainment and of the gratification it affords.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre Royal RICHMOND.—This elegant little theatre is this season under the management of Mr. Hill of Covent Garden, Mr. Lacy junr. and Mr. Harper. The company is respectable, and the performances are conducted with great regularity. Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons performed for a few weeks, and Munden appeared three nights, prior to his engagement at Birmingham. Mr. Lacy junr. who played *Hamlet*, *Alexander*, &c. at Covent Garden, a few seasons back, is known to be a discriminating and meritorious actor. Mrs. Lacy also (late Miss Hopkins of Covent Garden) in the vocal and comic department, possesses great merit. Mrs. Green deserves to be mentioned as a clever and extremely useful actress; and some of the other performers are truly respectable. The talents of Mr. Hill and Mrs. Atkins are too well known to require our commendation. Another *Roscus* (Master Tokeley of Drury Lane) has played *Douglas* here with some *eclat*, under the auspices of Mrs. Jordan. The season has hitherto been more than usually prosperous.

Theatre BIRMINGHAM.—The *Young Roscius* has been playing here, to good houses. He has added to his list of characters *Orestes*, *Osmond* in the *Castle Spectre*, *Zanga*, and *Gustavus Vasa*. Cooke is now here for a few nights, and Munden. Among the company are Messrs. Barrymore, Harley, Megget, Miss Martyr, Mrs. Stanley, Lancaster, (late Twisleton) Miss Norton and Mrs. Johnstone from Drury Lane. The town is certainly under great obligations to Mr. Macready for his very spirited management of the theatre.

Theatre Royal, EDINBURGH.—Supplementary to my account of our theatricals in the *Mirror* for March, I now transmit you a statement of the benefits, the accuracy of which may be relied upon.

Mr. Young, (*Wives as they were*, &c.) £. 98

(Mr. Dwyer would not play the part allotted to him)

Mr. Eyre, shared with the manager (*School for Reform*) 92

Mr. and Mrs. Evatt, (*Rivals*) 103

Mr. Toms, (*First night of To marry or not to marry*) .. 133

Mr. and Mrs. Berry, (*Chapter of Accidents*) 104

Mr. and Mrs. Turpin, (*Young Quaker*) 185

Mr. Dwyer, (*School for Scandal*, last night of the company's performance) not certain, but not under 180

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

This statement shews that Messrs. Turpin, Toms, and Dwyer, particularly the former, maintain the pre-eminence, both in merit and in popular estimation. An inclination seems to exist rather to underrate the talents of Turpin, by oblique surmises, and invidious comparisons. Whether he may or may not have been too much in the fore-ground the two last seasons, is foreign to the question. Almost all our modern pieces have a countryman for their leading character, and if brought out in Edinburgh, Turpin is unquestionably entitled to play *that* part, which, I venture to assert, he ought to hold in any theatre in the three kingdoms, excepting only Covent Garden. His unremitting attention to his profession, to the business of the scene, to the very minutiae of the art, joined

to most respectable natural talents, render his claim to his present pre-eminence unquestionable. His Timothy Quaint cannot be surpassed on any stage. In the *outré* characters performed by Munden, he is as respectable as any imitator can be, and it is no small praise to be second to that great comedian. His *natural* faults I have repeatedly enumerated; he is also reprehensible for not acquiring thoroughly the Somersetshire dialect, since, in many old plays particularly, that dialect is frequent. I am aware your great Covent Garden actor makes almost every county in England *Yorkshire*, but *Emery* is a fitter object of admiration than imitation. Faults cannot be justified by authority.

The greatness of Mr. Dwyer's benefit, considerable as are his talents, was, in the general opinion, chiefly owing to *his* being the last night of the performances, as well as the first time this season of Mr. Sheridan's admirable comedy. Strange that the manager, though possessing the talents of Dwyer and Mrs. Young, never thought of bringing forward this and similar performances during the winter. His conduct has been that of the landlord, who would present to his guests a table covered with plum-pudding, fruits, ices, &c. and send up his roast beef with the desert. Dwyer is unquestionably an actor of first rate merit, in a particular line; though a more accommodating disposition, and, particularly, more attention to the duties of his profession, would contribute equally to his popularity and theatric eminence. He is often deficient in the lowest mechanical part of his business, pulling out his words as I have witnessed jugglers, in country fairs, drawing out of their mouths the ribbons they pretended to have swallowed. As I am convinced of this actor's very great natural advantages, I am the freer of my rebuke. Great talents, uncultivated, are "seed thrown upon stony ground;" if contaminated, like the finer shrubs, in rank soils, they inhale poison as they grow, or, at least, run to seed, useless and neglected. The truly respectable character of Mr. Toms, as a man, a public teacher, and a performer, has in part received its reward, in the public patronage and the general estimation.

That such a bad season for the manager should be succeeded by a series of very advantageous benefits, is by many imputed to motives of personal dislike, pretended to be entertained against our manager. This, however, I by no means assert, or altogether even credit. That our company has been, *as a whole*, altogether inefficient, cannot be denied. Mr. and Mrs. Wrench were only a few nights in Edinburgh; Mrs. Young came among us, *a star*; Mrs. Brereton then left us, because, forsooth, *she* would not play second to that lady! (*risum tenetis.*) The stationary female company, which could not have done credit to the lowest mumming party in Britain, not only disgraced themselves on the stage of the capital of a populous intelligent kingdom, but reflected indelible disgrace on the manager that offered, and the audience that tolerated, such an exhibition of imbecility. Since the departure of Stephens, who only remained a few weeks in the company, we have been totally without a singer, that necessary appendage to any the lowest companies. The manager may in vain attempt to exculpate himself from censure on this account. It is notorious that a person (one Kelly) from the York theatre, repeatedly offered his services on any terms, and whose vocal abilities were recommended as fully adequate, by numerous amateurs. These things "are gross, open, and palpable." I am, &c.

JUSTUS.

Theatre Royal GLASGOW.—The Misses Adams, of dancing celebrity, have concluded their engagement. Of two nights appropriated to their benefit, the first produced £.130, and the second £.55. The entertainments were, *The Rivals*, *West Indian*, *Citizen*, and *Sultan*. The parts of *Lydia Languish*, *Louisa Dudley*, *Maria*, and *Roxalana*, by Miss Adams. Of this lady's acting I cannot speak in terms of high panegyric; however, on the whole, these varied characters were tolerably sustained, and being for her benefit, rigid criticism would be ungenerous: besides, the lady possesses the charm of a graceful figure in such perfection, that upon seeing her perform any part, I cannot help saying with the poet:

“If to her share some female errors fall,

“Look in her face, and you'll forget them all.”

Mr. and Mrs. Evatt, mentioned in my last as being discharged, have made it up with the manager, and have accordingly resumed their situation in the theatre. This is fortunate for the town: than Mr. Evatt, “we better could have spared another man.” We need no stronger proofs of either Mr. Jackson's obstinacy, or want of discrimination, than the preposterous manner in which many old men's characters are cast. They are frequently thrust upon Mr. Andrews, a *stripling*, while Mr. Hunter, who looks them well, and performs with judgment, remains idle!

Miss Duncan has once more illuminated our theatrical hemisphere. She shines with increased splendour, and we have to regret her visit has been so transient. She appeared only five nights, and played the following characters, viz. *Lady Teazle*, *Letitia Hardy*, *Rosalind*, *Juliana*, and (for her own benefit) *Mary Thornberry*. The receipts of the night were £.230, the highest sum ever taken here, an indubitable proof of her great and deserved popularity; but, notwithstanding her universally acknowledged abilities as an actress, and her uniformly amiable conduct in private life, she has not escaped calumny and

—————“Slander, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.”

In the *Caledonian Mercury* of June 20th last there appeared a piece of stuff, no less stupid than scurrilous, purporting to be an extract of a letter from London. It, however, bears internal evidence to the contrary, and is generally supposed, here, to be the joint production of a *dashing* actor, and a no less *dashing* vender of *crochery ware*. The above letter commences with a *pitiful* attack on the editor of the *Theatrical Register*, (let the gall'd jade wince,) then hints that the *Young Roscius* has greatly impaired his fame by playing *Lear*, (which character, by the bye, I believe he never did,) and concludes by assuring the world Miss Duncan's popularity is greatly on the decline in London; in proof of which the writer asserts that her benefit, after clearing charges, amounted only to £.60:11. This insidious and malevolent attempt to injure and defame this lady's reputation as an actress is, by report, thus accounted for.

A Mr. P——, who thinks himself “a fellow of no small reckoning, and well worth a lady's eye,” formed, about eighteen months ago, the resolution of taking Miss Duncan to wife, *risum teneatis!* and being fully confident that his “murdering glances” were irresistible, never dreamt of consulting the lady

until the moment he intended to lead her to the altar. He then addressed her in terms similar to the following:---“ My dear Ma’am, I am a philosopher ; I disregard the opinions of mankind : though the world should scorn me for life, I’m determined to sacrifice all my *glittering* and *gilded* prospects, and marry you for better and for worse :---

-----“ O let me now
 “ Transplant thee safe ! where *china pots* and *bowls*
 “ Diffuse their largest warmest influence,
 “ And of my *warehouse* be the pride and joy.”

But unfortunately, however, for Mr. *Potsherd*, while he thus “ poured out the pious rapture of his soul,”

“ Confus’d and frighten’d at his sudden *love*,
 “ Her rising beauties flush’d a *higher bloom*.”

She looked indignant : the language of the eye imported the following words of *Milton*.

“ Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 “ That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance
 “ Thy miscreated foot across my way !”

In fine, his matrimonial proposal was treated with ineffable contempt, and our *pottery* Adonis ordered to retire, and never more appear in the presence of the object of his adoration. Hence, soured by disappointment, and goaded by “ the pangs of despis’d love,” he eagerly embraces every opportunity of venting his spleen, and, in addition to the letter in question, he was observed to set up, on her benefit night, a solitary hiss !!! “ But something too much of this.”

Mr. Rock, a true disciple of Momus, has arrived, and will remain to the end of the season. For these ten days back our theatre has been shut, the company being in Edinburgh with Mrs. Siddons. They return this evening, when our amateurs will be highly gratified with that lady’s inimitable performance of *Jane Shore*.

I am, &c.

Glasgow, 15th July, 1805.

MERCUTIO.

BOSTON, AMERICA.---By theatrical intelligence recently received from America, it appears that the theatre at Boston, in Massachussets State, meets with the most liberal encouragement, under the management of Mr. Powell, brother to Mr. C. Powell, formerly of Covent Garden. The following statement of receipts at the benefits of several performers, during the last season, will evince the manner in which the Bostonians support the drama. Mr. Powell, Manager, who plays light comedy, 1000 dollars ; Mr. Bernard, formerly of Covent Garden, plays *Irishmen*, *Jews*, &c. 1050 Dollars ; Mrs. Powell, formerly Miss Harrison, of the Exeter theatre, plays tragedy, 1163 dollars ; Mr. Cooper, late of Drury Lane, plays first tragedy, 1050 dollars ; the other performers met with similar success. The theatre is calculated to contain (by admeasurement) eleven hundred dollars, though, on some occasions, the receipts have been from 1300 to 1400 dollars.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

ON Friday the 12th of July, the Lord Chancellor, as speaker of the Lords Commissioners, addressed both houses of parliament in the following speech :

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" We have it in command from His Majesty to express the satisfaction with which he has observed the proofs you have given in the course of the present session of your constant regard for the honour of his crown and the interests of his dominions, and particularly the measures you have adopted for strengthening His Majesty's hands at this important conjuncture, by the augmentation of the disposable military force of the kingdom."

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" His Majesty has directed us particularly to thank you in His Majesty's name, for the zeal and liberality with which you have granted the large supplies which the necessity of the public service has required."

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" His Majesty has not yet been enabled to communicate to you the result of the negociations in which he is engaged with powers on the continent ; but you may rest assured that no step will be omitted on His Majesty's part, for promoting such a concert as may afford the best prospect of restoring general and permanent tranquillity ; or may, if necessary, furnish the means of repelling with vigour the continued encroachments on the part of the French government, which threaten every day, more and more, the liberty and independence of all the nations of Europe."

Then a commission for proroguing the parliament was read. After which the Lord Chancellor said :—

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" By virtue of His Majesty's commission under the great seal, to us and other Lords directed, and now read, we do, in His Majesty's name, and in obedience to his commands, prorogue this parliament to Thursday the twenty-second day of August next, to be then here holden ; and this parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday the twenty-second day of August next."

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

The removal of Whitechapel Mount has commenced. It is said to be composed of the rubbish of the houses that were destroyed by the fire of London, in the year 1666. This spot at that time stood in the fields at some distance from town. A silver tankard, a watch, other metals, some coins, &c. have already been found.

Mr. Lindley, of Catton, Norfolk, has experimentally proved, that sowing salmon raddish seed with the Sweedish turnip, will draw the fly from the turnip to the raddish, and preserve the former.

FIRE AT THE ROYAL ARSENAL, WOOLWICH.—On Sunday night, the 30th of June, a dreadful fire took place in the Warren, Woolwich, which, from its situation (being only 100 yards from the magazine), excited the greatest consternation and alarm. There is reason to fear that it was intentionally set on fire. The long range of wood built store-houses full of ordnance stores, are totally destroyed. The greatest praise is due to the officers, cadets, &c. of the royal artillery, for their prompt exertions to stop the flames, and for the means adopted to prevent the magazine from taking fire; they covered all the roof and walls of the magazine with waggon tilts, and, by keeping the cloths constantly wet, farther mischief was prevented. Had the magazine taken fire, the consequences would have been dreadful, as it contained 8000 barrels of gunpowder. Some persons are in custody on suspicion, but nothing yet has been found out which it would be proper to communicate to the public. We are happy to announce that no lives were lost, and only a few trifling accidents happened. The two buildings consumed were full of what is called dead ammunition, such as grape and cannister shot in boxes, ready to be sent to different garrisons at home and abroad. The boxes are supposed to have amounted to nearly half a million in number. The buildings consumed were situated behind the moat, and were about the length of 160 or 170 feet, and two stories high, not a vestige of which remains. The buildings, with what they contained, were very valuable; the estimate of damages is not yet ascertained, but it is supposed to be from fifty to 100,000*l*. We understand great hopes are entertained of the villains who set the storehouses on fire being speedily brought to condign punishment. Sir Richard Ford, assisted by Mr. Stafford, the principal clerk at Bow-street, attended at the royal arsenal on Tuesday, and the whole of the day was spent in taking depositions, in consequence of which several persons have since been committed to the house of correction in Coldbath-fields. The dreadful act must have been premeditated for some time, and planned for the execution and prevention of extinguishing the flames, as when the engines belonging to the yard were brought out, they were rendered nearly useless by four of the brass screws belonging to the leather pipes being injured so much, that they would not screw together. A number of the fire buckets were likewise rendered useless, by being cut and holes made in them.

Mr. Phipps the oculist has introduced a gentleman to his Majesty, who had been afflicted with a similar disorder in his eyes to his Majesty's, who had undergone an operation, and had recovered. His Majesty conversed with him for a considerable time.

It appears by the journals of the House of Commons, that the expense of fitting up Westminster Hall for the impeachment of Mr. Hastings, was 3759*l*.

A gentleman of Lymington, Hampshire, has a cow which yielded 1336 gallons, 2 quarts, and half a pint of milk, in 10 calendar months and 20 days; and the produce of another cow of the same breed has been for some months together 16*lb*. of butter per week.

In the American papers we find it announced that Mr. Jefferson will not stand a candidate for re-election in 1808. The candidates who have already been named for the next presidential election, are the Hon. James Maddison, the present secretary of state; Mr. J. Randolph, the celebrated manager of impeachments; and the Hon. Robert R. Livingston, late minister in France.

ENGLISH PRISONERS IN FRANCE.—A letter has just been received from an English prisoner at Verdun. The writer is a young gentleman of considerable information, who had been travelling through France for his improvement, before the war broke out, and has ever since been kept in a state of cruel captivity. He says, that about the beginning of the present month, two captains of English merchantmen being on parole, had attempted to escape; but they were taken before they left the French territory, and were brought back to Verdun in chains. This circumstance threw the most melancholy gloom over all the English at that place. The unhappiness and misery they suffer is beyond what the writer of this letter is able to describe. Two gentlemen despairing of being ever released from this deplorable situation, a short time since put a period to their existence. The season was at that time very bad in France, the wine was execrable, and the place was unhealthy.

The celebrated Ismael Bassa, of Jean d'Acre, who had converted to his own use the treasures of Djezzar Bassa, arrived at Constantinople on the 20th of April, and, after a summary trial, was beheaded. On the 28th in the morning, his head was exhibited on a silver dish, on one of the outer gates of the Seraglio.

The number of men wanting to complete his Majesty's Regular European Cavalry and Infantry, on the 1st May, 1805, amount in Great Britain and the islands, to 25,923; in Ireland, 7,030; on foreign stations, 18,707; total, 51,660.

The new order of knighthood of the Iron Crown, is to consist of 500 knights, 100 commanders, and 60 great officers; 200 of the order of the knighthood, and 25 places of commanders, are to be conferred upon an equal number of those French officers and soldiers who have distinguished themselves in the battles by which the Italian kingdom has been established. The motto of the order of the Iron Crown will be, "God has given it unto me; woe be unto him who dares to attack it." It is to be suspended from an orange ribbon with a green border.

A young man and woman were married at a parish church in the West Riding of Yorkshire, during the last week, who proved, on enquiry, to be brother and sister by marriage. The officiating clergyman, apprehensive that he had acted improperly in uniting this pair, attempted to *unmarry* them. This novel ceremony he performed by taking the bride's bonnet from her head, and placing the church bible there; but the charm proved not sufficiently powerful; the loving couple insisted on the validity of the marriage, and firmly resisted the dangerous innovation of attempting to untie the hymenial knot.

EGYPTIAN BARLEY.—Mr. Snowler, of Reevesby, in Lincolnshire, three years ago, planted 25 grains of Egyptian barley; the second year's produce was 10 bushels, from which, last year, he reaped 40 quarters, a part of which he lately sold at Spilsby for five guineas per quarter.

The Ordnance Board have signified to General Lloyd, who commands the artillery at Woolwich, that the *Warren* at that place is no longer to bear that name, but to be from this time denominated the *Royal Arsenal*. The old name had its origin from the place having actually been a rabbit warren, and the name of one of the tamest animals, was certainly ill suited to the nature of the place. On the recent royal visit to what was called the Warren, where all ordnance

stores, ammunition, &c. are now lodged, his majesty noticed how little appropriate the name was to the place, &c. and suggested the propriety of changing it to that of Arsenal. The master-general admitted the justice of the idea, and instantly adopted it; and henceforward, in compliment to his majesty's suggestion, the warren is to be called the Royal Arsenal.

The Eugenie sloop of war, with the Crescent, of Hull, Captain Rustone, under convoy, arrived at Goree, on the coast of Africa, on the 28th of March. These vessels sailed with Mungo Park, Esq. the celebrated African traveller, who is about to penetrate, if possible, still further into the interior of that country. On their passage they touched at the island of St. Jago, where Mr. Park purchased 44 asses for his journey; and the Crescent was to sail on the 6th of April from Goree up the Gambia with that gentleman, and 40 soldiers who are to accompany him; after proceeding as far up that river as possible, the Crescent was to land Mr. Park and his suite, and return to Goree, whence she was expected to sail with the Eugenie the latter end of this month, for England.

In the late gallant affair off El Muros, the 14th of June, the Spanish bishop and his clergy, finding the church and town preserved from plunder, were so much overcome with gratitude, that they made an offer of a free gift of all the rich plate of the church to the captain of La Loire, for the humanity of the ship's company; which he politely refused, and nobly said, British sailors and royal marines never made war in, or distressed the peaceable inhabitants of, an enemy's town not found in arms.

SUICIDE IN AMERICA.—Mr. John Hilliard, of the Delaware State, a student of physic, having been rejected by the medical board, at the examination held in April, at Easton, attempted, on his way home, to blow out his brains with a pistol; but being prevented, he took, the same day, a quantity of laudanum, which put an end to his existence. The following letter was found on his table:—

Dear Parents and Relatives,

Forgive a son, a relative, whose inattention and dissipation have driven him to self-murder.—Never think of me more. I am unworthy of your love, affection, or esteem, much less sorrow and regard. Adieu—What Cato did, and Addison approved of, who can censure? If a father has any affection for his son, indemnify Doctor Elijah Barret, who has been a very near and dear friend to me.

P. S. I hope to meet you in the kingdom of Heaven—my last prayers are to the God of my existence. I shall experience the awful realities of eternity by the medium of laudanum.

J. H.

If you possibly can, pay all my debts. The embarrassed state of my affairs, the reprimand of a fond father, the sighs and reproaches of an indulgent mother, and the rebuke of an aged aunt, have so much hurt and distracted me, as to urge me on to the deliberate act of self-murder. My God! I shudder to relate it—but in my dying moments I will not deny the fact. Pardon me, O God! and excuse me, beloved parents and relatives, and do not bewail a son and connection unworthy of you. I can say no more! my heart is ready to burst, my tears cloud my eyes; I recommend myself to God. Dear father and mother, and J. R. C. if you love your son, indemnify Dr. Barret. Adieu.

JOHN HILLIARD.

On the 20th of May, at New York, James Eleanor, formerly a general in the revolutionary army, and latterly superintendent of the state prison, was found suspended by a silk handkerchief from his bed-post.

The office of prime serjeant, it is said, is abolished in Ireland; there will in future be three serjeants, to be called the first, second, and third. They will take precedence immediately after the solicitor-general.

MR. THELLUSSON'S WILL.—The chief baron, who attended the House of Lords on Tuesday, the 25th of June, with some of the other judges, delivered his opinion, as to the law, upon the late Mr. Thellusson's will. Our readers will recollect, that some years ago the late Mr. Thellusson directed, by his will, that his property should not go to any of his present representatives, but be left to accumulate, and be afterwards inherited by his remote posterity; and that, in case of such posterity not existing, it should, at a certain period, be applied towards the liquidation of the national debt. Application was afterwards made to the court of chancery to reverse this will; but the court decreed that the will was valid, in point of law. An appeal was made four years ago to the House of Lords, and the final decision has taken place. The chief baron advanced several arguments in support of his opinion, the result of which was, that the will could not, in point of law, be annulled. The lord chancellor then gave his opinion at some length. He stated generally the right which men had to dispose of their property, in whatever manner, and to whom they chose. In deciding on the present case, their lordships must lay out of their consideration all ideas of hardship which individuals might be supposed to suffer. They could not even act according to what their feelings, their wishes, or their inclinations, might dictate; but according to the strict meaning of the law. If they were to follow the dictates of their feelings, and declare that the property in question should not be disposed of in the manner directed by the testator, they would overturn all the principles on which the validity of wills had hitherto been established. After several other observations, his lordship concluded, with giving it as his opinion, that the will was perfectly legal. There could be no doubt on the subject. He therefore put the question, that the decree of the court of chancery be reversed, which was negatived. The decree of course stands good.

PARISIAN MANNERS.—We are indebted for the following remarks to an excellent pamphlet just published, called, "A Sketch of the present State of France," and written by an English gentleman who escaped from Paris last May.—"It is certain that much of the frivolity of the French metropolis arises out of the laxity of public attention to the proceedings of its rulers. How this frivolity shews itself is very various, but general examples will suffice; and those examples indicate the state of manners. For instance: one may see in the innumerable coffee-houses of Paris, groupes of old politicians surrounding the stove, which generally stands in the middle of the room; the orators ardently engaged in discussing the wars of Turenne or the ministry of Colbert, but not a single word escaping them on the measures of the day; the younger men talking of the merits of the actresses and actors, the plays, dress, and new books, and equally silent on the present affairs which ought to interest them. A habit of taking tea at a very late hour gains ground very much. Cards occupy the whole attention of their private parties, from which all rational and useful conversation, and all its spirit and energy, are banished; and this is their general mode of spending

the day. The people in business know no settled interval of remission ; they labour most irregularly, at all hours, at the tedious confusion of their affairs. The Parisians deal with each other in the ordinary concerns of life and business as if they were a nation of swindlers, and each man thought his neighbour intended to cheat him. All their transactions are rendered tiresome by a number of cautious formalities, which impede their progress ; and the universal remark is, "The revolution has done this." Every class of men and women frequent the public gaming tables in Paris."

The following is the arrangement for the summer encampments :—

At Weymouth—1 troop of horse artillery ; 1 car brigade ditto ; 15th light dragoons ; king's German light dragoons ; 21st foot, first battalion ; 31st foot, 1st battalion ; 35th foot, 2d battalion ; 1st Lancashire militia ; 1st and 2d Somerset militia ; and north York militia.

Fairlight Downs, near Hastings, Sussex—40th foot, 10th battalion ; and 38th foot, 1st battalion.

At Bexhill—4th battalion, king's German legion.

At Shorn Cliff—43d foot, 1st battalion ; and 52d foot, 1st battalion.

At Chatham Lines—Cambridge and Denbigh Militia.

At Cliff End, near the village of Pett, Sussex—east and west Middlesex militia.

The late incorporation of Genoa with France is a remarkable instance of the recurrence of similar events in distant periods. In 1353, having been pressed by John Visconti, Governor of Milan, the Genoese surrendered their territories to him, exactly as they now have done to Buonaparte. They did it in the same manner, and in the same place---by a deputation to Milan. Petrarch gives the words used by the deputation :---" We come by order of the people of Genoa to offer you the city of Genoa, its inhabitants, their sea and their land, their goods, their homes and estates, and every thing that belongs to them, both sacred and profane, from Corvo to Monaco, on certain conditions, that shall be agreed upon." Visconti accepted the offer, "not to extend his dominions, but out of compassion to an oppressed people !"

DUBLIN, JULY 1.---Mr. Hamilton Rowan was this day brought up by *Habeas Corpus* to the court of king's bench. Mr. Curran moved that the outlawry in this case should be reversed for error. Mr. Rowan then delivered the errors assigned, engrossed, which were---first, That the addition in the record was erroneous, Mr. Rowan being stated there *esquire*, when in fact he was not of that rank, but only a *yeoman* :---secondly, That the record averred, that Mr. Rowan was within the realm at the time of the proclamation, whereas he was then in parts beyond the seas. The attorney-general appeared, and confessed the errors. Mr. Rowan was then put to plead to an indictment for high treason. He pleaded his majesty's pardon, which was read and allowed. Mr. Rowan was then informed that he was at large.

According to annual custom, Fairlop fair was celebrated on Friday, 5th of July, round the immense oak in Hainault Forest, Essex. This venerable tree, which is supposed to be upwards of 1000 years old, and whose branches extend over an acre of ground, escaped in a great measure the fury of the flames, a few days since ; one branch, of an amazing size, became their victim ; but there are three left, each of which exceeds, in size, the largest tree in St. James's park.

Statement of the quantity of Strong Beer brewed in London by the first twelve houses, from the 5th July, 1804, to the 5th July 1805.

Barclay and Perkins	- - - - -	152,500 Barrels
Meux, Read, and Co.	- - - - -	136,700
Trueman, Hanbury, and Co.	- - - - -	126,400
Whitbread and Co.	- - - - -	103,600
Shum, Combe, and Co.	- - - - -	85,700
F. Calvert and Co.	- - - - -	71,900
Goodwyn and Co.	- - - - -	71,100
J. Calvert and Co.	- - - - -	46,900
Elliot and Co.	- - - - -	46,100
Cox and Co.	- - - - -	34,200
Clowes and Co.	- - - - -	34,200
Biley and Co.	- - - - -	32,000

The quantity of rain which fell during the last month was equal to three and a half inches in depth. The barometer, on the average was 30.047, being higher than during any given month for several years past; while the thermometer was only 56, being seven degrees lower than the preceding June, and six lower than June 1803.

On Friday July 5, after a consultation with the physician of his Majesty, Mr. Phipps, the oculist, communicated both to the King himself and to the Queen and family the afflicting intelligence, that a cataract was formed in one eye, and that there were the most unequivocal symptoms of its extending to the other. His Majesty received the information with a fortitude the most exemplary. He said that the deprivation of sight was an affliction he had long dreaded, and from which he had most fervently prayed to be relieved: but if doomed to endure the calamity, he would shew the resignation which was the duty of a christian: and if he was to undergo the operation, he trusted he should display the firmness of a man. His Majesty has been earnestly advised not to expose himself to fatigue nor to sudden changes; but he is anxious, he says (not for himself, but for the Princesses) to perform at least a part of his intended tour; but it is not yet certain that it will take place. The operation of extracting the cataract must be delayed for a considerable time, as it is dangerous to attempt it at an early stage of the malady.

Ketzue has, it is said, been arrested in Italy, as it is supposed, by the order of Buonaparte, in consequence of the freedom of his remarks upon the present state of France.

Dessalines was 22 days before Saint Domingo without attempting any enterprise of moment against it. His defeat, although proceeding in a great degree from a virulent fever in his army, has lessened his popularity with the troops, and increased that of Christophe, who had proposed more decided operations. They made considerable plunder by the expedition.

The splendid diadem, which the French emperor will present to the pope, has been exhibited to his Majesty at Milan, and cardinal Fesch is charged to offer it to his Holiness. The diadem, or tiara, was made at Paris, it is richly set with diamonds, rubies, &c. and there is an emerald at the top of it, supporting the cross, weighing an ounce and three quarters. This large emerald had been

preserved for several ages in the treasury of the Vatican, and is now given back to the pope by the emperor.

THE BRITISH NAVY.—The following is the present state of the British naval force. There are 682 ships in commission. Of these, 111 are of the line; 21 from 50 to 44 guns; 132 frigates; and 418 sloops and smaller vessels. The number of vessels in the British Channel amounts to 178; in the Downs and North Seas, 159; in the West Indies and the Passage, 65, among which are 17 of the line; and the Jamaica station 2 of the line; and 35 smaller vessels; in the East Indies and on passage 40, of which 8 are of the line; in the Mediterranean 26, of which only 1 is of the line.

FATAL DUEL.—On the 13th of February, a shocking event occurred in the town of Louisiana. A Mr. Sterry and a Mr. G. Lewis, both persons of a considerable degree of respectability, and the latter brother to the late lady of governor Clairborne, had a family dispute; in consequence of which Mr. Sterry inserted a satire in the Louisiana Gazette, applying to Mr. Lewis, who, calling with a friend at the office, obtained a knowledge of the author. A challenge immediately ensued; and the parties having met, it was agreed to count one, two, and three, and at the succeeding word "fire," to fire. Mr. Lewis's pistol flashed before the word was given, and he consequently lost his fire; on which Mr. Sterry immediately turned, and fired backwards in the air. No offer of accommodation being made, the parties again fired nearly at the same moment, when Mr. Lewis, who gave the challenge, received a ball which passed through his heart and out at his left side. He continued his attitude for an instant; then casting his eyes round to his friend, he could only utter, "I believe," and fell lifeless. His adversary and seconds immediately absconded, and have not since been heard of.

BIRTHS.

In Park-place, Camberwell, Madame Jerome Buonaparte, of a son. At St. James's-square, Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley, of a son. The Lady of the City Remembrancer, at Guildhall, of a son. The Hon. Mrs. Warnford, Lady of Lieut.-Col. Warnford, of a son. In Grosvenor-square, the Duchess of Montrose, of a daughter. At Speen-hill Cottage, near Newbury, the Lady of Sir W. Burdett, Bart. of a son. The Lady of G. H. Rose, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

Dr. Kidd, of Oxford, to Miss I. Savery. T. S. Horner, Esq. of Mell's Park, Somerset, to Miss Hipplesey, daughter of Sir J. G. Hipplesey.

DIED.

At Mazehill, Greenwich, Admiral R. Brathwaite, Esq. aged 80. Roger Blount, Esq. aged 96. At Clifton, near Bristol, Major-General Magan. T. Clutterbuck, Esq. aged 97. At Petersburg, the Princess Ganjarin. At Gratz, in Stiria, the Princess Maria Theresa. At Chelsea, Mr. Suett, late of Drury Lane Theatre. Colonel Teesdale, aged 82.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR AUGUST, 1805.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. WINSTON, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE
MINIATURE.

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1805.

CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 119 will be embellished with a Portrait of Mrs. H. JOHNSTON, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, from an original Painting by J. R. SMITH.

We are sorry we can only give a place to the concluding couplet of an Anacreontic.

Pass them round! we'll all agree in
Bacchus, Love, and *Anacreon*.

The *Murderer*, by F. E. C. The *May-Sprig*, &c. by F---e, and several other pieces in rhyme, are not worthy of insertion.

Our correspondent A. O. shall receive an answer to his favour per post.

Neither of the articles mentioned by E. D. came to hand. Will E. D. have the goodness to favour us with his address?

ALONZO cannot be accommodated in the way he wishes.

HIC ET UBIQUE, notwithstanding his signature and his defiance, cannot elude our vigilance. We know where to find him.

P. R. shall certainly appear, but we cannot fix the period.

The *Observations on the Toad* would not prove interesting to the majority of our readers.

The Remarks on *Macbeth* shall be enquired after. The *Shandean Chapter* shall be returned agreeably to our correspondent's request. We have no means of procuring the portrait of the French actor he mentions.

The letter from a *Young Physician* does not possess sufficient merit for insertion.

The *Tailor's Shopboard* would perhaps bring that "ancient and honourable fraternity" upon our backs.

✂ A review of the new edition of Massinger in our next.





Ridley sc

Mr. Winston.

Pub. by Verner & Hood, Poultry, 31, Aug^r 1805

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

AUGUST, 1805.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

M R. W I N S T O N.

(With a Portrait.)

MR. WINSTON, the subject of our biography, is a descendant of *Drugo de Balendon*, whose son *Hamlet* came over with *William the Conqueror*. The family, for their services, were created by him Lords of *Winston and Trewin*, in *Gloucestershire*. The gentleman, of whom we are now writing, was born in the year 1773. His parents dying while young, he was brought up under the kind care of his maternal grandfather, at whose death, he became possessed of a very handsome property, and in consequence of the same event, will shortly take possession of some extensive estates at Winston before-mentioned. From his infancy, his inclinations have bent towards the stage. A stronger instance of his attachment to that most rational of all amusements, cannot be better adduced, than by mentioning, (reverting to his school-days) that while other boys were employing their leisure hours in juvenile sports, his were devoted to carry into execution some project allied to his favourite amusement, and at ten years of age, he was proprietor of a Lilliputian theatre, of which he was architect, carpenter, machinist, scene-painter, and actor for his wooden groupe; and though the superstructure could not boast the taste of a *Holland*, or the scenery the beautiful effect which the brush of *Greenwood* would have left behind, yet it was far beyond what could have been expected from so juvenile an execution. In it might be found tolerably correct copies of most of the scenery of the London theatres in general use; particularly those of pantomimes, with their changes, and some ingenious moving figures in wood. From the strong partiality of his grandfather to theatrical representations, and his wish of affording every pleasure to the object of his care, Mr. *Winston*, had abundant opportunity of gratifying his inclinations, even at this early age, and did not fail to profit from his constant visits to the playhouses,

which enabled him, by a minute observation of the scenery of the evening, to add continually to his own stock at home.

In 1791, Mr. W. was principally concerned in establishing a *private theatre*, (unlike those seminaries of vice, at present in existence under similar titles) in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, called the "*Aspasian Theatre*." The members of this concern did not hold long together, not from any disagreement among themselves, but from the circumstance of having erected their standard under the same roof with that of the *Ebenezer Chapel*, separated only by a thin partition. The proprietor of the building perceiving, from the abovementioned circumstance, that two assemblies, each for the purpose of declamation, and so widely different in their nature, could not be continued, without the one annoying the other, made his choice which of the two he should get rid of, and succeeded in ejecting the sons of Thespis. In 1798, Mr. W. rented that unprofitable concern the Richmond theatre, under the assumed name of *Neville*. In the summer of the following year, he performed a few nights at various provincial theatres, and in 1802 made a tour of *Plymouth, Weymouth, Margate, and Cheltenham*. The following spring he became a purchaser of a part of the *Plymouth theatre*, for which he gave 500*l.* and continued there that and the succeeding summer. He has since parted with it. He not only indulged a penchant for the drama, but the specimens he has given of the performance of his pencil, have proved that his abilities at design are far from contemptible. A work entitled the *Theatric Tourist*, contains the drawings of every public country theatre worthy of observation, which owe their correctness to the execution of this gentleman.—Mr. Winston is not only one of the proprietors, but likewise sole acting manager of the Haymarket theatre, although nominally, for the present season, that office has been conceded to Mr. Elliston.—

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY would be a greater blessing to a people who have long been in servitude, if it could be given by degrees: when it is obtained too suddenly, instead of being salutary, it is sometimes noxious—like victuals served up in profusion to men half famished, the consequence of which is often surfeit, and sometimes death.

J. M.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

SIR,

I WISH to correct some Errors and make some Additions to the account of *musical Composers* and *Performers*.

For Corvetti r. CERVETTO.

HANDEL.—Instead of 96, this wonderful Composer and Performer of Music died at 75. There is no imagining what Music would have been, had he liv'd to cultivate it with the same learning, zeal, and Genius, the same perseverance and fertility of invention, for 21 years longer. Especially, as his late Compositions rank among his most perfect.

HAYDN is, I trust, still living : though the contrary Report was strongly credited. But whenever added to the List he will stand high in longevity ; and high indeed in Fame.

JACKSON of Exeter about 70.

ARNOLD I believe above 60. His Life is an excellent Article in the NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

CRAMER the elder ; I think 69, or 70.

GIARDINI, I believe, attain'd to a great Age.

ROUSSEAU : named here on account of his *Devin de Village*, and other Music of delightfully soothing sweetness. He has termed Music "*la Consolation des Miseries de ma Vie*." He died at 70.

ARNE above 60.

Those distinguish'd ornaments of their Profession MOZART and PURCEL, *Mozart*, did not attain to old Age ; and *Purcel* died young : at the Age of 37 in 1695. And BLOW not having attain'd to 60 cannot be inserted in the Catalogue of *Musical* longevity. GREENE also died in his 59th year. PERGOLESI, if Dates are correct in MORTIMER's *Pocket Dictionary*, died at 27, being born in 1706 and dying in 1733.

That charming Composer, GIORDANI, is I believe living in Dublin at the Age of 90 : but wanting the hand of considerate benevolence to pour oil into his sinking lamp.

GUGLIELMI died lately at ROME, 78.

STANLEY died at a very advanced Age. Such was the power of Music to prolong and give charms to Life under the calamity of blindness.

The name of TWINING also may be added as a musical Ama-

teur, who stood high in the List of CRITICS and SCHOLARS. And that of the late Mr. DAVY for the same reason. Both liv'd to be far advanc'd in life.

The same Remark has been made of POETS and PAINTERS. All Arts address to the *Imagination* may be expected to be favorable to the happiness and continuance of Life. But MUSIC particularly, which soothes more constantly than either, and wears less.

It is with regret that I add CARTER to the List of those who have excell'd in Music and yet have not been long liv'd.

I am

* Tues. 20 Aug. 1805.

Yours sincerely,

C. L.

If some Correspondent well acquainted with Music and with the Lives and Works of the best Composers would correct and enlarge the Catalogue of Musical Longevity,* it would be an interesting accession to the important branch of the *natural History* of Man, and an agreeable Act of Justice to this most delightful Art.

By the way may I remark that I naturally expected to see in the Mirror mention of the Marriage of so charming a vocal Performer as Miss Tennant; now Mrs. Vaughan.

SIR,

In my List of the longevity of musical Persons I had omitted Dr. RANDALL, many years *organist* of PETERHOUSE: and who died Professor of Music in the UNIVERSITY at the Age of more than 80. And I think in 1801.

I request too that the statement of ROUSSEAU's age may be made 66. He was born 1712; and died, 1778.

I am

Tues. 20 Aug. 1805.

Yours, &c.

C. L.

BEARD, the celebrated vocal Performer died at a great Age.

Signora GALLA; also at a great Age.

VERNON also very old. I wish I were able to state with more precision.

Perhaps some Friend to Music will supply these defective Dates.

* The short list which has occasioned us the honour of this letter from Mr. Lofft, was sent us by Mr. John Moorhead, a man of great literary as well as musical talent, who, unfortunately, must be ranked among those who died at an early period of life. He committed suicide a few months back, by forcibly strangling himself with a handkerchief tied to the lower bar of a gate, in a field near Deal.

SELECT SENTENCES.

A CERTAIN feeling of *modesty* prevents us from *treating* our *calumniators* with the *contempt* we feel for them. We regard them as beings so *vile* that we *dare* not venture to shew we know *all* their baseness. There are things which a *delicate* mind is ashamed to appear to know. To *perceive* them, or *conjecture* them, appears to be a *stain*. This delicacy, which few can comprehend, frequently gives to persons, *who think nobly*, the appearance of a *blindness*, a *credulity* which belongs not to them.

THERE are occasions when *nothing* can repair the effect of a *word* rashly uttered.—The lover can *pardon*—but not *forget*. An heart deeply wounded is never again completely restored. *Tenderness* and *sensibility* may preserve from *resentment*, but not from *suffering*.

GREAT errors are often connected with elevated sentiments; but in order to understand this, we must ourselves possess greatness of soul.

THOSE who outlive their incomes by splendour in dress, or equipage, are well said to resemble a *town on fire*—which *shines* by that which *destroys* it.

It is natural that females should be more tender, and more unfortunate than men in *all* their affections—even the most legitimate. As wives, as mothers, what have they not to suffer! Providence, in separating the two sexes, has placed on one side courage and dangers, and on the other, by a necessary consequence, fears, inquietude and sorrow!—He who must expose himself to every kind of danger should possess an heart more *firm* and *less* tender. But it is necessary that the being whom he protects and defends, be prompt to take alarm, and tremble for his safety: that she should view with terror and dread all the dangers which he braves and encounters for her sake: even her *weakness* is the *guarantee* of her *gratitude*. These serve to increase her admiration and attachment. She is timid and fearful—often trembling at chimeras;—but her love is augmented in proportion to her terrors.

ON the subject of *maxims*, lord Bolingbroke observes, “I have read in the golden verses of Pythagoras, that a man of business may *talk* of philosophy—a man who has none may *practise* it. I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all

correspond, and that one general position may be affirmed, as the result of them : this we affirm : and in consequence, this becomes a maxim amongst our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of Siam affirmed that *water was always* in a *fluid* state. He had never climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava : his observations were confined to the burning climate he inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the *conduct of men* : for there are other maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We *see* what the conduct is, and we *guess* what the motives are, of great numbers of men ; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium : we guess with much uncertainty, from a thousand reasons, concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent, as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a *small* number of observations (for such they are *comparatively*, how numerous soever they may be taken by themselves) which our own age, and our own country, chiefly, have presented to us.

Past time is frequently thought better of than the *present* ; though the one is neither more nor less fortunate than the other ; because the anxieties that embittered the days that are gone, are softened, if not forgotten : so that while we are alive to all the cares and inquietudes of the present, we remember only the enjoyments of the past : something like a weary traveller, who looks back upon the road that he has journeyed. Its fertile extent, and woods, and waters, are beautiful, and he remembers not with how many weary steps he traversed it.

Nothing ensures the success of a fine woman so much as the general acknowledgment of her charms. *Confidence*, thus secured, adds to her graces, by producing a *sort of tranquillity* which resembles gentleness, and even *modesty*. To employ *with ease*, all ones means of pleasing, it is necessary to have a *reliance* on a favourable prepossession. *Much* cannot be obtained without risking a little. But what do we hazard when we know that *nothing* will be judged rigorously ; and that *every* thing that *can* be approved will receive universal applause ? The timid, and the modest, see none in society but imposing observers, and enlightened and severe judges : but the confident, flattered by their self-love, never suppose they meet with any but inferiors, and admirers. If they have sufficient address to conceal this opinion, what great advantage they have over others !

Q. Z.

LITERARY ANECDOTES,

In a Letter to a Friend,

FROM SAMUEL PEGGE, ESQ. F. S. A.

LANGUAGE in general, modes of speech, or the particular application of words, Sir, were never held to be the manufacture of the mob; but to have been decided and established by the usage of the superior orders of mankind.* The consent, therefore, of men of every age, who speak and write with propriety, stamps the currency of words; and though such words may thereafter grow out of date, or be vitiated by habit and mis-pronunciation, there yet remains a trace of them to ascertain their intrinsic value. Fashion has long been the arbiter of language, as well as of dress, furniture, &c. all which have varied, nobody knows why, nor how the innovations have crept in, because the aggressors against the old fashions have never been detected.†

So vague was the state of the French language, when Mons. Vaugelas wrote, (between the years 1585 and 1650), that, during his translation of Quintus Curtius, which occupied him for thirty years, it had varied so much, that he was obliged to correct the former part of his work, to bring it to the standard of the latter. This occasioned Mons. Voiture to apply to it the epigram of Martial upon a barber, who was so slow in his operation, that the hair began to grow on the first half of the face, before he had trimmed the other.‡

It is no very easy matter to read and understand Chaucer, and the poets of that age, currently in their old-fashioned spelling (apart from their obsolete words) even when translated, as I may term it, into modern types; and much less so in their ancient garb of the gothic or black letter; till their language becomes familiarised by habit. I conceive farther, that the antiquated French tongue would
be

* *Consuetudinem sermonis vocabo consensum Eruditorum.* [Quintilian, lib. 1. cap. 12.]

† *Consuetudo vicit, quæ, cum omnium Domina rerum, tum maxime Verborum, est.* Aulus Gellius, lib. XII. cap. 13.

‡ *Anecdotes Littéraires.* Paris, 1750. 8vo. tom. I. p. 115.

"*Entrapelus tonsor, dum circuit ora Luperci,*

"*Expungitque genus; altera barba subit.*"

Martial, *Epig.* vii. 83.

be still more unintelligible to a Frenchman of the present age ; to evince which, it may be only necessary to compare the "Grand Coutumier de Normandie," or "Les Assizes de Jerusalem," with more modern writers ; or even Rabelais with Voltaire.

Orthography, therefore, is as the fashionable literary world, for the time being, shall have been pleased to make it ; but with this latitude, that formerly our English spelling was, for a long time, happily governed by the ear, without any solicitude about the position or number of letters in a word, so that there were plenty of them. Since orthography has been attempted to be curbed by rule, deviation from the ancient open practice has been studiously affected ; in consequence of which, the mode established as perfectly right at the commencement of a century, may perhaps be discarded as palpably wrong before it is half expired.

We need not recur to the case of Mons. Vangelas before given ; for such of us who can recal thirty or forty years to remembrance, may bear testimony to many variations in our own language, both in phrase and spelling.

It is no part of my plan or intention to trouble you, Sir, with a descant on orthography ; but give me leave to say (as it were in a parenthesis) that our language has undergone some considerable alterations very lately. *Honour, favour, &c.* are now cut down to *honor, favor, &c.* Dr. Johnson, however, our latest dictionarium, (if you will allow me to use the term) gives no instance of these words being written with such defalcations ; neither does he leave it at all doubtful, by indulging them with an *alias*.

Again, Sir, it is now the ton to write *physic, music, public, &c.* without the old final letter *k*, which no school-boy dared to have done with impunity forty years ago. But this is not the first time that these, and other such words, have lost a limb ; for *physick, musick, &c.* were written in older English, *physicke, musicke, &c.*

What a crime of *leze-antiquité* would it be, were I by a letter to invite you to view a very curious *antic* vase, now in my possession !—and yet I can support my spelling, on the modern principle, thus—*antique—anticke—antick—antic* ; and which is perfectly analogous to the words above given.

Mr. Nares* softens the matter, by observing that *two* letters can better be spared out of dissyllables, than *one* out of monosyllables ; which is so far true, that our monosyllables would make a very

* Orthoepey, p. 91, &c.

paltry appearance, were they to be curtailed of their final letters. We will contrast two sentences, consisting of the same words, the one written with the final *k*, and the other without it, and observe the effect they will have to the eye upon paper; though they are identically the same to the ear in point of sound.

"*Dick gave Jack a kick;—when Jack gave Dick a knock on the back with a thick stick.*"

Per contra, "*Dic gave Jac a kic;—when Jac gave Dic a knoc on the bac with a thic stic.*"

Dr. Johnson, however, decidedly avers that in English orthography no word whatsoever, long or short, ends with the letter *c*:—nor are the French, who eat so much of their language in speaking, hardy enough to abridge their spelling, by writing *physiq*, *musiq*, or *publiq*.

This our modern mode of writing is still more singular and eccentric, if we will observe that no other words ending with the consonants—*c k* have been deprived of their final letter *k*. For example, we do not write *attac*, *rausac*, &c.—*bedec*, &c.—nor *traffie*, *frolic*, &c.—nor *bulloc*, *hemloc*, &c.—nor *wild-duc*, *good-luc*, &c.

Innovations have been sometimes dangerous in supposed orthography, where established error has long prevailed. Dr. Fuller assures us, that an under-clerk in the culinary department of the royal household (in his own time) was threatened with a summons before the tribunal of the Board of Green-cloth, to answer for the crime of writing (in his official accounts) the term *Sinapi* (i. e. mustard) as it should be spelt, contrary to the established mode of the court, which had been, for time immemorial, to write it *Cinapi*.* In another case, which I have before me, the most serious consequences once actually followed a very trifling mistake in orthography, and by which the offending party lost no inconsiderable property. Mons. Varillas, a French author, well known among divines, had a nephew, whom he proposed to make his heir; but who, in a letter to his uncle, was unfortunate enough to close it with—"votre tres *kobeissant*," instead of "*obeissant*." This little error so exasperated Mons. Varillas, that he never forgave it,—set his nephew down for an egregious blockhead, unworthy to be the successor to the fortunes of a man of learning,—and left his estate to pious uses.† Thus much for orthography.

* Fuller's Church History, Book IV. p. 150.

† Anecdotes Litteraires, Paris, 1750, tom. II. p. 1

Idiom is the dress and fashion of expression, in which, I suppose, every language has its peculiarities. Let not, then, the inhabitants of a metropolis, who are conceived to be an order of men superior to the vassalage of the remoter parts of the kingdom, and whose manners have been expressly handed down to us in the words "politeness" and "urbanity," be denied a *few* singularities, new or old, while every other part of the island abounds with so *many*. All courts (and our own among the rest) have ever affected a *ton*, or refined dialect of their own, wishing, no doubt, to differ as much as possible from the *bourgeoisie*: but it does not follow that the language of the city is without a basis; though, like the foundation of the city itself, it may lie deep.

As to *ton*, Sir, be pleased to accept the following anecdote. In the reign of Louis XIV. a very alarming little revolution took place in the application of an epithet in the French language; for it had become a ruling fashion to give, to every thing *great*, the term *gros*, as—"un *gros* plaisir,"—"une *grosse* qualité,"—"une *grosse* beauté," &c. The king took an occasion to intimate a dislike to these expressions, because, in fact, he was frightened out of his wits, lest he, who had been for some time styled *Louis le grand*, should exchange his title for that of a second *Louis le gros*. Mons. Boileau, however, upon perceiving the king's alarm, had the address to observe how impossible it was for the world even to think of *Louis le gros* in the reign of *Louis le grand*;—when the royal mind was quieted, the *ton* had its course, and soon vanished.*

The French court, ever fond of novelty, once carried its innovations in language even to the subversion of grammar, in one notable instance, so far as to alter the gender of a substantive, in compliance to an infantine mistake of their grand monarch. This circumstance I have elucidated in a little memoir published in the Antiquarian Repertory,† which is in substance briefly this: the word *carosse* (a coach) was originally *feminine*, as its termination implies, and is so found in Cotgrave's dictionary;‡ but, when Mons. Menage published his Dictionnaire Etymologique,§ he gives it as avowedly *masculine*, but not without remarking that it had been formerly *feminine*—"du quel genre ce mot étoit autrefois." The revolution, as to the gender of this word, arose from the following trivial gramma-

* Menagiana. Amsterdam, 1716. 12mo. Vol. IV. p. 3.

† Vol. 3. p. 155.

‡ Edit. 1611.

§ 1650.

tical error. Louis XIV. came to the crown, A. D. 1643, at the age of about five years, and soon afterwards, on enquiring for his coach, happened to confound the sex of it, by calling out—"Ou est *mon carosse*?" This was sufficient to stamp the word (*carosse*) masculine, of which gender it has continued to the present moment. Such a trifling, puerile error is not to be wondered at; but that a whole nation should adopt a change of gender, in compliment to it, is a palpable absurdity, of no common magnitude.

"Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis"

used to be held as most courtly doctrine; but seldom more ridiculously than in the foregoing instance, except in that which follows. The former was a bagatelle; the latter gave so different a cast to the features of a whole nation; that, one may suppose it might be difficult for a moment to discriminate a man from his former self. When Louis XIII. succeeded Henry IV. at the age of nine years, the courtiers, because the new king *could* have no beard, resolved that they *would* have none themselves, and every wrinkled face appeared as beardless as possible, reserving only whiskers, and a small tuft of hair beneath the under lip. The honest Duke de Sully was the only courtier who was hardy enough to appear in the royal presence with his beard in the form of the late reign.*

Louis XIV. (as has been observed) acceded to the throne of France at five years of age; and his education was neglected, to give way to the intrigues of State, under the regency of his mother, Anne of Austria, and of the administration of cardinal Mazarin, during a long minority;—and I have been well assured that the illiterature of this grand monarch went so far, that, to the last, he could hardly write his name. He formed it out of six strait strokes, and a line of beauty, which first stood thus, | | | | | S; these he afterwards perfected, as well as he was able, and the result was LOUIS.

* Pogonologia, London, 1786, 12mo. p. 29. This is confirmed by existing portraits, which are in his majesty's collection, and now in the presence-chamber at St. James's, where Henry IV. appears with a portly beard, in the style of his ancestors, and Louis XIII. (an adult) with only the tuft on the lower lip and whiskers: this persecution, we are told, was carried by the courtiers even to the curtailing of horses' tails: which two circumstances occasioned the Mareschal Bassompierre, who having been imprisoned in the Bastille by Henry IV. where he continued twelve years, till the accession of Louis XIII. to observe on coming to the court again—that he saw no change in the world, since he had been secluded from it, but that *men* had lost their *beards*, and *horses* their *tails*.

Thus much for the endowments of that king in the art of writing;—how far they went in the art of reading I cannot ascertain; but to his honour be it said, that he was so sensible of a general defect in his own education, as to take all possible care to preclude every default in that of his son; circumstances which French writers themselves do not affect to conceal.*

It is matter of no great surprise that the constable du Guesclin, in the fourteenth century, though both a warrior and a statesman, should not be able either to *write* or *read* :†—but that the constable Montmorency, in the reign of Henry IV. of France, which terminated 1610, should be equally ignorant of both writing and reading, shews that scholastic accomplishments, even at that period, were not thought necessary to form any part of the character of those who were accounted great men.‡

But what is most extraordinary, and in cases where we should have expected rather more than the usual literary qualifications, we are told that, even among the bishops in the seventh century, there was so great a general want of even the meanest learning, that it was scarcely deemed opprobrious to acknowledge their ignorance: and that in the article of writing, several of them have been found who actually could not sign their names.

I rest my authority upon the Rev. Dr. Joseph White, Laudian Professor of Arabic in the university of Oxford, who gives two instances (from among many others which he could have produced) selected from the acts of the councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, where subscriptions of some bishops are to be found in the following terms:—"I, A. B. (bishop of —) have subscribed by the hand of C. D. *because I cannot write*." And again;—"Such a bishop having said that *he could not write*; I, whose name is under-written, have subscribed for him."§

Allow me another word concerning Louis XIV; for, to do him

* See Dictionnaire Historique, Littéraire, et Critique. Art. Louis XIV. where speaking of Louis, son of Louis XIV. the words are—"Son Père, qui sentoît tout le défaut de l'éducation qu'il avoit reçue, n'oublia rien pour en donner une meilleure à son fils, et mit auprès de lui tout ce que la France avoit de plus éclairé."

† St. Palaye, Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie, tom. II, p. 84. 4to; Paris, 1781.

‡ Horace Earl of Orford's note, in the life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 58.

§ See the notes and illustrations at the end of Dr. White's sermons, preached at Hampton Lectures, 1784, p. vi.

still more justice, though both he and his minister Colbert were illiterate, yet were they patrons of men of learning; and it is owing to the sense which Louis entertained and felt of the meanness of his own literary accomplishments, that the world received the Delphin edition of the Latin classics, which, by that king's order, was prepared for the more easy information of the Dauphin.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LOYALTY.

It will be acknowledged that no people ever displayed more attachment to the person, or more zeal for the glory of their monarchs, whether they were of worthless characters, like Henry III. or of benevolent ones, like Louis XVI. than the French have always done, as long as the monarch has had the address or good fortune to retain his power. While the power of the prince flourishes, the loyalty of the subject shines green as the laurel, and stands firm as a rock; but when his power is in decay, their loyalty withers with it, and shakes like the poplar leaf. The events of the late dreadful revolution in France afford cause of suspicion that the French loyalty was at no time in *reality* so much, as it was in *appearance*.

The people of England have been accused by their neighbours of possessing but a very moderate portion of loyalty; and what little they have is said to be of a very cold and phlegmatic nature. James II. however, was one of the most unpopular princes that ever sat on their throne: he provoked them to the highest degree, by perfidious designs against their liberty, and open attacks on their religion; yet when the sunshine of his prosperity was overcast with the blackest clouds of adversity; when his favourites, his relations, his very children forsook him; and when, endeavouring to fly from the storm, he was stopped, and brought back a prisoner to his capital; how was this ungracious king, thus overwhelmed with calamity, received by the English people? They were so much moved with compassion for his unhappy fate, so much affected with the sight of distressed royalty, that they forgot the king's misconduct by contemplating his misfortunes; the excess of his misery operated in his favour, as if it had been virtue: and the dying embers of loyalty began to revive within their breasts, and to glow with more fervour than ever.

* Huetiana.

Such was the impression which the misfortunes of James made on the hearts of the inhabitants of the southern parts of this island. As for those of the north, so far from the attachment of his friends there from depending on his prosperity, that their steady, though ill-placed, loyalty, never was more firm; nor were they ever more ready to shed their blood in his cause and that of his posterity, than after they were wretched exiles, abandoned by all the rest of the world.

It is an old observation, and what might be of use to sovereigns in estimating the sincerity of the attachment of those around their persons, that the same disposition which renders men obsequious to prosperity, and servile to power, is apt to make them neglectful of the unfortunate, and insolent to power. No nation ever pushed both extremes farther than the French in their behaviour to their kings in these opposite situations: at present, they deride other nations for their attachment to monarchy. Formerly, when they themselves displayed an abject servility to their kings, they described the English as barbarians for resisting the tyranny of the house of Stuart, and for claiming freedom. If France had not been distracted with internal as well as external commotions in the time of Charles I. he would have supported the cause of the monarch against the people of England. Boileau wrote an ode expressly against the English nation, of which the following are two stanzas.

Quoi ! ce peuple aveugle en son crime,
Qui prennant son Roi pour victime,
Fit du trône un theatre affreux,
Pense-t'il que le ciel, complice
D'un si funeste sacrifice,
N'a pour lui ni foudre ni feux ?

Armes-toi France, prends la foudre,
C'est à toi de réduire en poudre
Ces sanglans ennemis des loix,
Suis la victoire qui t'appelle
Et vas sur ce peuple rébelle
Venger la querelle des Rois.

If the restoration had not taken place, there is little reason to doubt but that the monarch would have followed the poet's advice.

J. M.

RAGE FOR HERALDRY.

AFTER having made a considerable fortune by the exercise of his profession in the capitol, a certain taylor retired to the province in which he had been born, on purpose, as he himself declared, to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; for this taylor had been several years at a grammar-school, and still remembered some sentences of Latin. He resolved that the coach, in which he and his family arrived at the place of his residence in the country, instead of a cypher, should have in future for its ornament a coat of arms. He chose for a crest a large pair of scissars expanded: gratitude, he said, dictated this; because they were the chief instruments of his fortune. For his motto he chose the words "*Vincere aut mori.*" On being told that those words might be thought more suitable to a soldier, than to a man of his profession; he said that he belonged to a military family; for his father had been hant-boy to a regiment, and that he, himself, in his youth, had felt some inclination for being a soldier, which he was prevented from indulging by the unexpected breaking out of a war. When his wife understood what had been decided, she declared that a mere crest and motto was little better than a cypher, and would look scandalously naked, which was what she could not bear. The husband consulted the curate respecting some additional device. The curate, who was somewhat of a wag, observed that although scissars were made of cold iron as well as swords, yet some people might think, that there was not a sufficient correspondence between the crest and the motto. It would be therefore of importance to contrive such ornaments, (supporters for instance) as would link them a little better together. "I have no particular objection to supporters," said the taylor, "and I am sure they would delight my wife." "Would you chose men or beasts?" said the curate. "I think one of each would be best;" answered the taylor:—"pray what beast would you advise me to?"—"A lion, by all means," said the curate; "because being the most powerful beast of the forest, he suits with *vincere* in your motto." "That it does to a hair!" exclaimed the taylor; "but I cannot conceive what kind of man will suit with *mori.*" "A dead man, to be sure," said the curate. "On my conscience, that is true," cried the taylor. The arms were ordered directly.—A pair of scissars expanded, with a lion and a dead man supporting them. The taylor's wife was de-

lighted.—Great was the importance which swelled his own heart, when he remarked the admiration with which the villagers contemplated the emblematic painting on his coach, or when the import of the motto was explained to the gazing multitude, by the school-master, or some other of equal learning.

Why that disdainful smile at the vanity of this poor taylor? The story is told of yourself, under another name. Let some who ridicule this motto and lion, recollect how little their own vain pretensions, low pursuits, debasing habits, and the whole despicable tenor of their lives, accord with the emblems or mottos of their coats of arms. Let them remember that, if truth and propriety were always observed in those articles, instead of lions, eagles and other noble animals, many of them would have asses, hogs, peacocks, or dung-hill-cocks, for their supporters: and let them also remember, that the respect which is still paid to some of them, proceeds entirely from a regard to the memory of men that are dead. J. M.

FASHIONABLE PARTIES.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are few articles in the public prints which afford me more amusement than those which relate to *high life*. "Tis from high life," says Pope, "high characters are drawn;" and, from the present mode of giving *routs*, we have, I think, acquired a more accurate estimate of *merit* than formerly, when the character of a *lady of fashion* depended on certain accomplishments or virtues, about which no two people in the world are agreed.

But now, Sir, when the prize of universal admiration, and all the honours of the highest *ton*, are adjudged to the fortunate fair one who gives the most crowded *rout*, we may truly be said to estimate the merit of a fine lady upon *mathematical* principles, and decide upon her virtues from the rules of *mensuration*. It is not the capacity of the *owner*, but of the *house*, which is the criterion of fashion; and friends are no longer determined by *quality*, but by *quantity*.

Hence, if I were desirous to form an opinion of any lady just started into high life, I would not, as formerly, consult those who are nearest her person, or who superintended her education, nor thrust myself into her confidential conversation: but I would, in a plain and workman-like manner, take the height, breadth, and length of her *rooms*, and calculate how many persons they are capable of receiving on her *nights*. Perhaps, in a case of rivalry, I might apply to

some learned member of the committee on the carrying bill, to know to a nicety whether the slaves of *fashion* might not be content with as few square inches as those of *trade*. By thus acquiring the dimensions of her *suite of rooms*, the exact place on the scale of fashion which every lady ought to occupy is ascertained with the utmost precision.

This mode, you will perceive, is of infinite service in adjusting the degree of respect to be paid to the givers of routs. A lady of thirty feet by twenty must not expect the same attention as one of fifty by thirty-five; and those who know how to measure *solid contents* will readily be able to distinguish the *etiquette* due to persons of different forms, and know precisely what is owing to a *square*, and what to an *oblong*, and wherein the bow in a *semicircle* ought to differ from the respect paid to *right angles*.

Should any doubts yet remain to whom the palm of fashionable celebrity is due, we may call in another aid, no less certain. If mensuration fail, we have the powers of arithmetic; and the merit of a person of the *haut ton* may be adjusted, like a parliamentary question, by *numbers*. Let the house be counted, and compared with its rival, and the majority will always determine what may be left doubtful when estimated according to *cubic* calculation.

Should any thing still be wanting to adjust points of rivalry, should the dimensions of Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. be the same to an inch—and should numbers be nearly equal, the quantity of *inconvenience* crowded together may be taken into the account; and this, I humbly propose, might be ascertained with great correctness by having a thermometer in the room—the degree of fashion to be consequently determined by that of *heat*. No lady could have any pretensions to even *city* gentility, who did not raise her guests above *temperate*; and, in the present season, a *Barbadoes broil* would certainly prove that—"all the world was there!"

Thus it is, Sir, that in matters of fashion, as well as in politics, we are getting into a *mechanical* train; that all our virtues, accomplishments, and whatever are the subjects of admiration, are neither more nor less than the *dimensions* of our houses; and that, in some cases, the *hammer* of the *carpenter* precedes that of the *auctioneer*.

I am, Sir, yours,

OLIVER OLD-STYLE.

ROUTS *versus* LIBRARIES.

MR. EDITOR,

As there seldom appears a foible in one sex which has not something to correspond with it in the other; and however different books may be from people of fashion, there is something in the construction of a modern library, which approaches very near to a modern rout. If there is an ambition among the ladies to have routs of visitors without friendship, the gentlemen are no less ambitious to be possessed of libraries which they do not read.

In neither case is any attention paid to intrinsic value. Visitors are esteemed for rank and equipage, as books are for binding and gilding; and there cannot be more respect shewn to right honourable friends in cut velvets and rich laces, than to books in Morocco leather with gilt leaves. As much affection is expected from the one as instruction from the other; for no farther acquaintance is cultivated, than with the external appearance of the visitor, and the title-page of the volume.

Now, Sir, surely the foibles of the sexes may be said to approximate, when the heart of the one is entirely set upon dress, and the other upon binding; when the one acquires an *edot* in the world from the labours of the taylor, the mantua-maker, and the milliner, and the other is indebted, for literary fame, to the printer, the hot-presser, and the book-binder. Both are guided by fashion, whose omnipotence hath declared, that the spirit of society lies entirely in *multitude*; and all the use of a library in the splendours of gold leaf, wire-wove paper, and Morocco leather. It is not of more consequence for a lady to be introduced by a foreign ambassador, than for a classic to be bound by Roger Payne. The name of the ambassador and of the book-binder is a sufficient passport to respect; no one enquires if the lady be a woman of character, and no one scruples the merit of an author, who makes his *entrée* "splendidly bound in green Morocco, with gilt leaves."

And, Sir, let me observe, that all the gradations of rank are observed in our libraries as well as in our routs. As it would be equally vulgar to try our friends as to read our books (both being intended for shew, and to get a name in the world), it is highly proper that such ideas of subordination should prevail, as serve in the arrangements of the ball-room by a master of the ceremonies.—Nothing under the rank of *Cor. Rose superb. compact.* can claim any rank. *Calf extra* may do for the city, but will not be received into the politer circles of *Cor. Mauritan. lin. rubris. fol. deaurat.*

And as to *plain calf*, if Homer, Virgil, Milton, or Shakspeare, were to appear in such dresses, they would be turned over to the house-keeper's room, as *poor relations*.

From *Russia leather*, which, like *Baronets' daughters*, is the lowest on the scale of precedence, we rise to Morocco, *red, blue*, and *green*, corresponding to the orders of knighthood, and in equal estimation. Yet, even among them there are gradations: *marble leaves* must not pretend to rank with *gilt*, nor must *gilt leaves* presume too much in the presence of *Etruscan ornaments*. Higher than either of these are a class esteemed for their gigantic size. These are the *large paper* quality, who, like persons of illustrious rank, are extremely scarce, and consequently extremely valuable. It is not of more consequence to have the princes of the blood at one's rout, than to be able to exhibit a shelf or two of the *Chart. max. splendidly bound, gilt leaves*, and *gold borders*; beyond which borders, the proprietor himself seldom attempts to pass.

There is yet one step higher, which, like our scale of ranks in the state, approaches to monarchy. This is the possession of a work, not because it is of intrinsic value, because it is much read, or worth reading, but because it is *unique*—not another copy in the kingdom! This of course takes precedence of all others; and should *another* appear, every connoisseur in *outsides* is up in arms; and unless the intruder is able to make out a good case, and prove his hereditary right, he is deemed a *pretender*, and treated accordingly. A little below the *uniques* rank a class well known by the titles of *rariss*, and "*not mentioned by Ames*." There are certain magical words, as *Caxton*, *Winkin de Worde*, *Richard Pinson*, &c. on the first or last leaf of these books, which are said to have so much virtue in them, as not to render it necessary to *read any farther*.

I might specify some other ranks and gradations, as the MSS. which have often the singular merit of being valued highly because they are illegible: but I have advanced enough to convince the ladies, that *we* are nearly as wise in our selection of books as they are in their choice of company; that there is a close resemblance between the *eclat* of a rout and that of a library; and that the same which, in the one case, is derived from splendid furniture, superb hangings, and coloured lamps most tastefully displayed, is in the other derived from rich bindings, gilded leaves, and variegated leather; nor let them be ashamed of productions of the *hot-house*, while we owe so much of our character for taste to the *hot-presser*.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

SECOND-HAND, NEAT,

THE CHARACTER OF A TRUE BRITON.

IN drawing the character of a True Briton, let us premise, that we shew him of no rank or class exclusively. For though our country, abhorring the dead level of equality, boasts the ornament and the utility of various ranks, by their gradation holding forth the fairest prize for emulation, the most lasting and least sordid recompence of merit; yet one character pervades the whole. It is the inheritance, not of any class of individuals, but of the nation. It adorns the palace and the cottage, and prevails throughout all intervening ranks. Depressed in one part, it would rise to notice in another: nor can it be extinct, till all (which Heaven avert!) shall be corrupted by foreign principles, or foreign manners.

The True Briton is the child of Virtue and of Reason. The one he loves by natural disposition; the other guides him in the practice of her dictates. From the strength of his reason, he is a zealous friend to order; by the virtuous ardour of his spirit, he is an adorer of liberty. Without the due restraint of law, he fears she might be vicious; without the energy of freedom, he feels he should be mean. He would neither have his evil tendencies indulged, nor his virtuous impulses repressed. So strong his hatred of vice, that he will bind himself to punish it, even in himself: so proud his jealousy of unjust force, that he will perish rather than obey it, even in a trifle. A child may shame him when he is guilty; the whole world cannot make him shrink when innocent. To admonition, he is a reed—to violence, a rock.

The virtues most congenial to his soul are, courage, integrity, generosity, compassion.

His courage, however, is neither irritable nor ambitious. He will bear even injuries, till well assured that they are so intended; and then at length he seeks for justice, not revenge—for compensation, not retaliation. Secure in native dignity, and conscious of it, he wastes no time in useless bustle to display his consequence. When the hour for action comes, he acts with vigour and effect; when that is over, he enjoys tranquillity as his reward, well-earned and welcome.

The integrity of the True Briton is inflexible. In all his dealings he is open, fair, ingenuous. He neither suspects others of mean artifice, nor will he ever stoop to it himself. To this characteristic he owes his great commercial credit, which even his unremitting indus-

try could never have extended to its present magnitude, had it not been sanctioned and supported by his probity. For the same reason, he is not a man of compliment. If he means to render service, he will do it without promising and without parade; if he means it not, or thinks it cannot be performed, he will be silent.—Nor is he at any time a boaster; for, knowing the deceptions of self-love, he fears lest they should lead him into falshood. When most he has deserved commendation, he can with patience bear to lose it; even envy and unjust reproach he can despise; the consciousness of having done his best, supports him; but praise unmerited is shame and torture to him.

His generosity and compassion are inseparable. A tale of sorrow never fails to melt him, and pity flows from him in showers of gold. Where gold cannot relieve, he tries such other means as seem more suited to the case; but his first movement is, to give.—The humanity of conquerors that save their enemies is more congenial to his soul than the desire of victory itself; and yet for victory no one has done more, or more successfully. The efforts of an Elliot amazed the continental nations; but Curtis, saving the lives of the enemy, at the imminent hazard of his own, was idolized in his native country. Without this trophy, the triumph would have lost its brightest ornament to Britons.

The religion of the True Briton is rational and firm—equally remote from the folly of superstition and the impudence of infidelity. He was among the first to see and to reject the gross corruptions of the Christian faith; he will be the last to countenance a worse corruption, on pretence of farther reformation. He will never leave religion for the emptiness of false and infidel philosophy. His strength of reason teaches him in what points human reason must be weak; and he will never boast his knowledge, where he feels his ignorance.

His intellectual qualities, like all the rest, are more for use than ostentation. Sagacity and wisdom are allowed him by all surrounding nations; nor can a name be mentioned to which all sciences have higher obligations, than to that of the True Briton. Others may excel him in invention; in profundity and accuracy of research he is unrivalled. Yet is he not deficient in true genius. It is his pride, that in the line of poetry his country stands the first of modern nations, and not unfrequently has rivalled the best models of antiquity. The tricks of false taste and ambitious ornament, in spite of temporary fashion, he despises. The writings that obtains

his praise must satisfy the judgment and affect the heart. By the same rule he values eloquence, and every other effort of the intellectual faculty.

At the present day, one striking feature not to be omitted in the character of the True Briton, is, veneration for the constitution of his country. He views it as the work of wisdom, tried and meliorated by experience. That there are imperfections in it, he may perhaps admit; for he is attached, not bigotted; but they are such only, as he hopes by time and prudent counsel to remove; or such as, being necessary concessions to the imperfections of mankind, cannot safely be removed till human nature is corrected. He is sensible of the value of that knowledge which is the result of experience—and in so important a point as the constitution of his country, he is least disposed to yield to the theories of speculative men. To this system he adheres, from strong conviction of its excellence. Innovation, proceeding from levity, he contemns; attended with injustice, cruelty, or public danger, he abhors. He loves his king with some restrictions, and his country without any; nor will he lightly rise against the one, or throw the other into discord and confusion. To politics he is addicted, and not, perhaps, sufficiently averse from parties. But when the public is in danger, he forgets all subdivisions, and knows no party but his country.

This is the True Briton, of which description a large majority exists in every class of social life throughout the nation: more or less perfect, indeed; but enough so to fix this as the public character, and thereby to deserve the respect and veneration of the world.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

POPULARITY.

IN Great Britain popularity is of more consequence to a gentleman or nobleman, than it was in France before the revolution, or is at present in Germany and other European countries. There are many, no doubt, who would shew attention and hospitality to their neighbours in the lower ranks of life, from the mere sentiments of benevolence and generosity; but it has been observed, that nothing has more influence in keeping those sentiments alive in the bosoms of the great, than their having something to ask or expect from the favour of the little. This is the case in England—at least once in seven years.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, appointed to enquire into the Nature and Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian. Drawn up, according to the Directions of the Committee, by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. its Convener, or Chairman. With a copious Appendix, containing some of the principal Documents on which the Report is founded. 8vo. pp. 343. 12s. A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh, and Longman and Co. London. 1805.

THE question respecting the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, and said by Mr. Macpherson to have been translated by him from the original Gaelic, collected in his Tour through the Western Highlands and Isles, has agitated the literary world, more or less, for about fifty years. Prose-writers and poets have alike touched on the subject. Thus Mason,* in his imitation of this passage in Horace—

*Quid foret Ilia
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli ?*

Say, Johnson ! where had been FINGAL,
But for MACPHERSON'S great assistance ?
The chieftain had been nought at all—
A non-existing non-existence.

And Churchill :—

Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's call,
That *old, new, epic pastoral*, FINGAL.

The Prophecy of Famine.

Hume, the historian, thus expresses himself, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair. “The absurd pride and caprice of Macpherson himself, who scorns, as he pretends, to satisfy any body that doubts his veracity, has tended much to confirm this general scepticism ; (which prevailed in 1763) and I must own, for my part, that though I have had many particular reasons to believe these genuine, *more than it is possible for any Englishman of letters to have*, yet I am not entirely without my scruples on that head.” He also

* See the poetical works of the author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, *Phillips's Edit.*

observes, that he was told by the great Burke, on the publication of Macpherson's book, that the Irish cried out—" *We know all those poems ; we have always heard them from our infancy.*" This might be, though it was not then clearly proved, since Ireland was in ancient times so much connected with the adjacent coast of Scotland, that they might almost be considered as one country, having a community of manners and of language, as well as the closest political connexion. The opinion of Dr. Johnson is well known. He was shut against conviction, even when he affected to seek the truth in the heart of the Hebrides. He went still further than a doubt of their being genuine, and endeavoured, by all possible means, to underrate their merit ; for, being asked who else could have written the poems attributed to Ossian ? He replied—" Many men, many women, and many children."

When Dr. Blair, in 1763, wrote his Dissertation on Ossian, he proposed to accompany it with certain documents in support of the authenticity of these poems. He previously applied to Mr. Hume, for his opinion, as to what should be the nature of the evidence which he should endeavour to obtain on that subject. In answer to his request, Mr. H. wrote a letter, from which this is an extract.

" You think that the internal proofs in favour of the poems are very convincing : so they are ; but there are also internal reasons against them, particularly from the manners, notwithstanding all the art with which you have endeavoured to throw a vernish* on that circumstance ; and the preservation of such long and such connected poems, by oral tradition alone, during a course of fourteen centuries, is so much out of the ordinary course of human affairs, that it requires the strongest reasons to make us believe it. My present purpose, therefore, is to apply to you, in the name of all the men of letters of this, and I may say of all other countries, to establish this capital point, and to give us proofs that these poems are, I do not say so ancient as the age of Severus, but that they were not forged within these five years, by James Macpherson. These proofs must not be arguments, but testimonies. People's ears are fortified against the former ; the latter may yet find their way, before the poems are consigned to total oblivion. Now the testimonies may, in my opinion, be of two kinds : Macpherson pretends that there is an ancient MS. of part of Fingal in the family, I think, of Clanronald. Get that fact ascertained by more than one person of credit let these persons be acquainted with the Gaelic ; let them compare

* So in MS.

the original and the translation ; and let them testify the fidelity of the latter. But the chief point in which it will be necessary for you to exert yourself will be, to get positive testimony, from many different hands, that such poems are vulgarly recited in the Highlands, and have there long been the entertainment of the people. *This testimony must be as particular as it is positive."*

This conduct the Committee have, in general, pursued, but, in the absence of *testimony*, have not refused to use *argument*. Their exertions have been great, and their success slightly satisfactory. Frequently, to their sanguine wishes, *trifles light as air seem confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ*. The evidence arising from the comparison made by the committee, p. 130 of the original (as it is termed) left by Mr. M. with his translation, is a sword that cuts both ways, and its execution depends on the hand that wields it. The publication of the whole of Mr. M.'s Gaelic MSS. might afford some light.

Mr. Hume has given us a lively picture of the character of Mr. Macpherson. He notices his scornful demeanour in a passage already quoted from a letter to Dr. Blair, and in a second on the same subject, he observes—" You need expect no assistance from Macpherson, who flew in a passion when I told him of the letter I had wrote to you : but you must not mind so strange and heteroclite a mortal, than whom I have scarce ever known a man more perverse and unamiable. He will probably depart for Florida with Governor Johnstone, and I would advise him to travel among the Chickasaws or Cherokees, in order to tame and civilize him."

Of Mr. Macpherson's proficiency in the Gaelic, we are in some measure informed in " Ewan Macpherson's declaration." Meeting in his tour with Mac Codrum, the poet, Mr. Macpherson asked him the question—" *A bheil dad agad air an Fhéinn ?*" by which he meant to enquire, whether or not he knew any of the poems of Ossian relative to the Fingalians ; but that the terms in which the question was asked, strictly imported whether or not the Fingalians owed him any thing ; and that Mac Codrum, being a man of humour, took advantage of the incorrectness or inelegance of the Gaelic in which the question was put, and answered, that really if they had owed him any thing, the bonds and obligations were lost, and he believed any attempt to recover them, at that time of the day, would be unavailing. Which sally of Mac Codrum's wit seemed to have hurt Mr. M. who cut short the conversation, and proceeded on to Benbecula. And the *declarant* being asked whe-

ther or not the late Mr. J. Macpherson was capable of composing such poems as those of Ossian? declares, most explicitly and positively, that he is certain Mr. M. was as unequal to such compositions as the declarant himself, who could no more make them than take wings and fly." P. 95—96.

The opinions of the traditionary preservers of these songs, and their enthusiastic admirers, whether Scotch or English, must be taken with a large grain of allowance. However, on the whole, from a consideration of all that has been laid before us, although we could have wished for *grounds more relative*,* we are inclined to believe that Mr. Macpherson in his tour collected orally and in MS. the foundation of what he calls *The Poems of Ossian*, but we strongly suspect that the exclamation which he used on perusing the MSS. found in Clanronald's family, the reader may very frequently apply with justice to his translations—"D—N THE SCOUNDREL, IT IS HE HIMSELF THAT NOW SPEAKS, AND NOT OSSIAN." *Gallie's Letter to Dr. Kemp*, p. 44.

The "Report" is drawn up with ability and *prudence*, and the committee gratefully acknowledge infinite obligations to the assistance of Dr. Donald Smith, one of the best Celtic scholars of his time. He is now no more. *Observations on the Gaelic poems collected by Mr. Hill, and on his remarks accompanying them*, p. 130, and *an account of the principal MSS. now in the possession of the Highland Society, relating to the subject of the committee's enquiries*, p. 285, by Dr. S. form the most valuable portions of this ponderous volume, and afford an abundance of learning and interesting information.

The History of the Manners, Landed Property, Government, Laws, Poetry, Literature, Religion, and Language of the Anglo-Saxons. By Sharon Turner, F. A. S. 8vo. pp. 520. Longman and Co. 1805.

MR. TURNER has already published *The History of the Anglo-Saxons, to the Norman Conquest*, in three volumes, and this, the fourth and last volume, completes his original undertaking. The great object of the work, as he professes, has always been to preserve those interesting particulars concerning our Anglo-Saxon ancestors which had been left unnoticed in their ancient MSS. and to throw light, where it was possible, on those parts of their history which had

* The Committee has not been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published by him.

been usually deemed confused and obscure. Not having the means or leisure to enquire, we must take for granted that to fulfil these purposes, he has examined every MS. and author within his reach, which promised to be useful.

Some of the subjects of this volume have been the object of zealous controversy. In these questions we are ready to allow that he has disregarded all theory and dispute, and seems to have confined himself to the task of stating, with care and truth, the facts which he has found recorded on such points in the Anglo-Saxon writers.

The pages now before us are divided into eight books. The first treats *Of the Saxons in their Pagan State*. 2nd, *Of the Manners of the Anglo-Saxons*. 3rd, *Of their Landed Property*. 4th, *Of the Government of the Anglo-Saxons*. 5th, *Of the History of their Laws*. 6th, *Of their Poetry, Literature, Arts and Sciences*. 7th, *Of their Religion*, and 8th, *Of their Language*.

After conceding so much generally, and having little space for large extracts, we shall merely make two or three remarks on the latter part of the work. Of the sixth book much is devoted to a review and translation of the Latin poetry of Aldhelm, Bede, Boniface, Alcuin and others; but for Mr. Turner's opinion of Latin verse, we have no great respect, and for his versions of it, still less admiration. We shall exhibit him as a translator of some simple, drunken *Barnaby-like* verses.

*Quando profectus fueram
Usque diram Domnoniam
Per carentem Cornubiam
Florulentis cespitibus
Et fecundis graminibus.*

This passage he thus turns into utter nonsense. "When I went to dismal Devonshire, through barren Cornwall, on the flowering turfs and fruitful grass." p. 357. So he travelled through a *barren country on flowering turfs and fruitful grass*. Would it not be something nearer the mark—through Cornwall, *barren of flowering turfs and fruitful grass*? These Latinists are not overburdened with sense, and it is pitiful indeed to rob the poor. If Mr. Turner were to be doomed for his sins to translate Horace, he would, in giving

1S—

Memphim carentem Sithoniâ nive.

Od. 26. lib. 3.

present *Venus* with a temple in "*barren Memphis on Sithonian snow.*" The snowless Memphis rising above the Delta, on the fertile banks of the Nile.

Mr. T. several times tells us of *rhymes* in the middle of verses where we find none. As for instance in the six at p. 365. beginning—

Vivendo felix Christi laurate triumphis

Vita tuis, Seclo specimen, charissime calo, &c.

We call this rhyming in the middle of a line :

Non hodie, nec heri, nec cras credas mulieri.

Crepundia Poëtica.

Or as, accidentally in the Bucolic poet :

Ὑστερον αὖ ζῶντι, καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φθοντι.

If even *Sanctas*, about the middle of an hexameter verse, agreeing in gender, number, and case with *Mandras* (p. 365)* at the end, is to be pronounced a *rhyme*, the practice of making such rhymes is by no means of monkish origin.

Mr. Turner's style is considerably improved in this volume ; but it is not, at present, entirely devoid of affectation, viz.—"the dress of Christianity"—"localizing idolatry"—and to "be an existence superior to man," p. 8, reminds us of a certain member who wished to assure his constituents that he would act in an upright way, but thinking the word *upright* too common, he told them that "it should be his delight always to act in a *perpendicular* manner."

Great praise is still due to our author, for his indefatigable research ; and his hope that the present work will add much original information to the first periods of our history, is a hope not founded in vanity or presumption.

Poems and Plays by William Richardson, A. M. Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow ; a new Edition in two Vols. 12mo ; Price 10s. 6d. Mundel and Son, Edinburgh. Verner and Hood, London. 1805.

BUT three of the numerous poems contained in these volumes are

* Who ever thought of a rhyme in such lines as this ?

Vixque datur longas mulorum vincere mandras.

Mart. Lib. v, Ep. 23.

Mr. Turner, commenting merely on this same little epigram of Martial, would doubtless find "a rhyme in the middle of each line," p. 365, and at once proclaim him a rhymster.

Mane domi si te merui, voluistique videre

Sint mihi, Paulte, tua longius Exquiliz,

Sed Tiburtinum sum proximus accola pilæ, &c.

are now for the first time before the public. The rest have all at different periods, and in various shapes, been previously published. "None," says he, "have a place in this edition, without such correction by himself, and others, as the author flatters himself may have contributed to their amendment." *Author's preface.*

Professor Richardson is not a poet *per extantum funem*. His poetry affords a tranquil pleasure, and never rises to astonish, or sinks to disgust. The greatest praise that we can bestow on him is that those readers who have time to waste in perusing the verses of the present day, will rarely find any which surpass the professor's in ease and correctness.

The three new pieces in this collection are *The Praise of Elgiva*—*The Vow of Elgiva*—and, *The Vengeance of Adelina*, all *legendary odes*. The first of these describes Ella, a Northumbrian chief, and the husband of Elgiva, rushing to battle against the Norwegian invader—she follows him to the field.

" Ella, with amazement, spied
Near him, his afflicted bride ;
Near him, the distracted maid,
By her anxious fear betray'd :
Swift his ruddy colour flies,
Strange suffusion dims his eyes ;
While th' uncertain vision swims,
Damps of terror drench his limbs ;
Terror for Elgiva's sake,
And his knees enervate shake.
Him aghast, of might bereav'd,
The Norwegian chief perceiv'd :
" Perish, ignominious foe !"
While he cry'd, and while the blow
Yet in air uplifted hung,
Forward swift Elgiva sprung,
Pierc'd him, sudden as she spied
Naked his unguarded side ;
Pierc'd him ; and he fell ! he lay !
Panted, throbb'd, and groan'd away.—
Norway fled ! their hero slain,
Ella drove them to the main.
Norway fled ! Elgiva gaz'd
At her deed, appall'd, amaz'd ;
Ey'd, with awe, the bloody spear :
Conscious horror, pallid fear,
Seiz'd and shook her tender frame,
Till victorious Ella came, _

Clasp'd her, weeping, to his breast,
And with fond endearment bless'd.

Who amid ten thousand fair
With Elgiva may compare?
Lovely as the loveliest rose
That in Derwent's valley blows;
Gentle as the dews of heaven,
Yet to her the power was given,
In that trying hour, to save
Ella from an early grave.
Raise the voice, exalt the song,
Ella's hills and dales among;
Let th' applausive strain arise,
Till it smite the golden skies."

Page 42-44. Vol. 1.

In *The Vow of Elgiva*, which succeeds in consequence of her horror at having slain a man, the reader will occasionally perceive phrases and thoughts that coincide with such as he has met with before. For instance—

" ' My hands, these female hands,' she cry'd
 ' Are stain'd with human blood !
 ' Give me, O give the copious tide,
 ' Give me the briny flood,
 ' To wash away the foul pollution ! ' "

St. III.

Must remind him of Shakespeare's—

" Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 " Clean from my hand ? " "

Macbeth.

Or Professor Richardson borrowed the thought from Æschylus, more probably than Shakespeare, with whom this passage has been quoted collaterally by Mr. Du Bois.

Ποροι τε παντες εν μιας οδω
βαινοντες τον χειρομυση*
Φορον καθαιρωντες ιεσαν ατην.†

* Χειρομυσε. Ed. prin. Turneb.

† De Pauw seems perfectly justified in reading this verse as an iambic, and the two last words with a necessary correction, thus: φορον καθαιριωντες ελλεσαν ματην. Except that it should be καθαιριωντες. Scaliger and Canterus had seen that λεσαν and ματην were wanting. And the antistrophe closing with an iambic, shews that an iambic was required here.

Mr. D.'s *Wreath* p. 75.

The learned author is indeed frequently indebted to the poets of antiquity. Sometimes he almost translates.—

“ To reason’s warning voice give heed ;
 Dispassionate rely
 On sober reason, and you need
 No angel from the sky.”

Albion. St. 30.

This is the *si sit prudentia* of Juvenal.

The Confessions of William Henry Ireland, containing the Particulars of his Fabrication of the Shakespeare Manuscripts; together with Anecdotes and Opinions (hitherto unpublished) of many distinguished Persons in the Literary, Political, and Theatrical World. 8vo. pp. 317. 7s. 6d. Ellerton and Byworth. 1805.

We are here presented with a more copious edition of Mr. W. H. Ireland’s insolent detail of the impudent forgery of Shakspeare’s name; together with “the life, character, and behaviour” of the notorious offender. “Where there is shame” says Dr. Johnson, “there may be hope;” but in this young man there is none—he boasts of his disgrace, and triumphs in his infamy. The futile and fallacious arguments which he uses in his vindication, are advanced under these seven heads, not one of which is tenable, or for a moment to be credited.

First. I did not intend injury to any one.

Secondly. I really injured no one.

Thirdly. I did not produce the papers from any pecuniary motives.

Fourthly. I was by no means benefited by the papers.

Fifthly. The gentlemen who came to inspect the papers, have themselves alone to blame for the variety of productions which came forth after the fictitious deed between Shakespeare and Fraser.

Sixthly. Being scarcely seventeen years and a half old, my boyhood should have in some measure screened me from the malice of my persecutors.

Seventhly. The reason why I have been so persecuted.”

p. 301.

Previously however he unnecessarily, but very truly observes, p. 200, that one lie invariably begets another and another. He is “all a lie”—from head to foot—and like the arch-fiend, now that he has in a degree succeeded in his deception, he mocks the deceived.

After prematurely sending his too fond and credulous father with sorrow to the grave, imposing on the public; by meditated fraud, and insulting at every turn, by the present publication, those men of letters to whom it looks up with becoming reverence, he tells us at

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p. 297 that he is "in

a great measure careless of its smiles." It is an observation of Rousseau, that *the being reconciled to disgrace, is the last, worst stage of the abandoned*; and at this stage Mr. I. now appears to have arrived. Smiles then he must look for none, but rather expect to hear,

On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.

Milton. B. X.

Poems suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia-Minor, Syria, and Greece, with Prefaces, extracted from the Author's Journal. Embellished with two Views of the Source of the Scamander, and the Aqueduct over the Simois. By the late J. D. Carlyle B. D. F. R. S. E. Chancellor of Carlisle, Vicar of Newcastle upon Tyne, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Durham. 4to. pp. 149. 1l. 1s. White. 1805.

When the earl of Elgin was sent ambassador to the Porte in 1799, it was thought desirable that his lordship should be accompanied by some person of eminent learning, who might improve the facilities then offered by the friendly disposition of that court, of ascertaining what treasures of literature were to be found in the public libraries of Constantinople. For this service Mr. Carlyle was particularly well qualified; and the unsolicited selection of him on the occasion, was in the highest degree honourable to his talents and character. His researches were not confined to Constantinople; he visited also Asia-Minor, and the islands and shores of the Archipelago, and the scenes which there engaged his attention suggested the subjects of the principal poems contained in this volume.

The death of Mr. Carlyle, almost immediately after his return to England in 1801, may from his profound erudition and excellent qualities, be considered as a public loss. The poems in this collection says his editor and sister, Miss Susanna Maria Carlyle, were by their author deemed not unworthy of the public notice; and in obedience to his express direction they now appear.

Of the principal pieces which were suggested by scenes in Asia-Minor, Syria, and Greece, we shall reserve our notice till a future time, and confine ourselves at present to some extracts from the translations from the Arabic, and originals which occupy the concluding pages. As this elegant publication is expensive and not on a level with the purse of every reader, we trust that we shall be excused for thus extending our review of it.

The following verses from *Motanebbi*, contain a point that finds its way immediately to the heart, and warms it with the most pleasing sensation.

UPON VISITING A FRIEND.

Yes, I can boast a friend is mine
Whom all the virtues grace,
The dearest of a kindred line,
The noblest of our race.

A scion from his friendship sprung
I planted in my breast---
How fondly to the soil it clung
Its blooming fruit confest.

Yet, by affection's touch inclin'd,
To Selim when I'd go,
My Selim's house I never find,
My friend I never know.

For when I reach his welcome dome,
His kind attentions share,
I always find that I'm at home,
Another self is there. p. 101.

Amongst the *original poems*, "*The Salted Cherry, a tale, to be written in Mrs. Woolstencroft's* Rights of Women*," is a very witty *jeu d'esprit*, but we shall prefer its neighbour; and as in the middle of the former its author humorously observes "*Here ninety-three stanzas are omitted*," we shall take the hint, and in our extract, for the sake of brevity, leave out a dozen. Previously to our making this quotation, we would advise the *Oxonians* not to be too ready to laugh at the *Cantabs* on this occasion, since a *mutato nomine* would make the story tell as well and as truly to their disgrace.

HOPUS, TROPUS, AND MOPUS,

A TALE.

Three learned friends, in days of yore
Set out from Granta's sedgey shore
Upon an expedition:
Tropus, the wonder of the Bar,
Mopus, a theologic star,
And *Hopus*, a physician.

Each foremost in the path he trac'd,
Display'd a brow with chaplets grac'd
That Glory's † hands had twisted---

* Rightly Wollstonecraft.

† Statue at the entrance of the Senate House, Cambridge.

Each glow'd with learning's genial flame,
But like all genuine sons of *Cam*,
They pedantry detested.

Just as the sinking orb of day
Diffus'd his last empurpled ray,
They reach'd a tangl'd dell :
'Twas dark and drear---the tempest howl'd,
The light'ning glar'd, the thunder growl'd,
The rain in torrents fell.

Fearful and faint, in vain they strove
To keep the path, or quit the grove,
Or shun the Welkin's ire---
At length a cheering light they spied---
" *Hurrah, hurrah!* " the parson cried,
" *I see a kitchen fire.* "

Knock, knock, knock, knock---the opening gate
Receiv'd our pilgrims tir'd and wet
Within its friendly shelter :---
Fair was the hall, and richly dight---
Sir *Hobbernob*, an elfin knight,
With *Gem* his lady dwelt there.

To welcome guests of such renown,
(For well I wot their fame was known)
The knight himself stood ready,
Call'd them to light, and life again,
And made them join the gallant train
That chatted with my lady.

Quoth *Hob* to *Tropus*, " Can it be
" When a remainder vests in fee---
" But let me put a case---
" A. makes a will "---quoth *Tropus*, " Hem "---
And turn'd about to lady *Gem*,
To look at Brussels lace.

The fairy knight, surpris'd and vext
Resolv'd to speak with *Mopus* next,
On fate, free-will, and sin---
But *Mopus* stopp'd him with---" I'll swear
" That match 'twixt madcap and the mare
" Was all a mere take-in ! "

Hopus came last---and whilst the knight
Look'd for discussion erudite
On stimulants, or air,

He talk'd of Humphries and the Jew---
 Harangu'd upon their grand set-too,
 And shew'd that he could spar.

p. 128.

The knight is vastly disappointed—supper is announced—every thing badly dressed—they retire to rest.

The pillows on the hearth were laid,
 The carpets on the tables spread,
 The beds---e'en made them shudder---
 This wanted sheets, and blankets that---
 The third in still more wretched state,
 Had neither one nor t'other. p. 131.

They expect to be murdered. Morning comes—they descend full of fear into the court-yard, and there find their unfed horses.—

Their saddles on their necks were flung,
 Their bridles at their tails were hung,
 And to the ground descended---
 Two white rob'd females, spruce and bland,
 With each a napkin in her hand,
 On every steed attended.

Just as the morn unveil'd the sun---
 The elfin knight exclaim'd---“ 'Tis done,”
 And sallied from the door---
 “Mercy! great Sir”---the travellers cried---
 “'Tis done---'Tis done”---the knight replied---
 “I mean the joke is o'er.”

“My servants, you must know, last night
 (Whatever they intended by 't)
 Would needs their places change---
 The grooms would cook and mind the table,
 The chambermaids attend the stable,
 The cooks the beds arrange.

“You might have better far'd and slept
 Had each their proper station kept
 Without such strange reverses;
 The grooms, who drest your meat so ill,
 I trust had shewn superior skill
 In dressing up your horses.

“Yon nymphs that thus in masquerade
 Have deck'd your steeds, your beds had made
 And cheer'd your grates with firing---
 My cooks had charm'd, not scar'd your heart
 With bloody hands and terms of art,
 And groans of pigs expiring.

"Farewell! I'm disappointed too---
 I suffer'd yesterday like you---
 We both have been unlucky---
 I hop'd to meet *three scholars* here,
 And only found a *milliner*,
 A *bruiser*, and a *jockey!*" p. 13
 [To be continued.]

*The Nuns of the Desert; or the Woodland Witches, in 2 Vols. By
 Eugenia De Acton. Lane and Co. 1805.*

MISS EUGENIA is doubtless considered by Mr. Lane as one of his first rate female performers, for, in a preface written with the most unblushing front, she talks of assisting to effect, by her performances, "the reformation of the moral world." "I employ," says she, "to the utmost, my *delegated power*." Pref. p. vii.—The fruits of which are *The Nuns of the Desert, or the Woodland Witches*; and the characters that attract most notice here are *Hindo*, an ape, which, being asked by one of the witches, or fortune-tellers, "how the wind appeared," replies, "blue, checked with scarlet, and spotted with black." Vol I. p. 313*. *Brimo*, a talking dog, and *Zotto*, a parrot, that holds conversations, and sings these instructive verses:

"The sound of the drum
 Will strike the 'squire dumb;
 The tower will shake,
 And Dicky will quake;
 The morning will dawn,
 And shine o'er the lawn;
 Then Justice will judge,
 And Dicky must budge." P. 112.

The parrot excepted, this is all bunglingly attempted, at the end, to be ascribed to ventriloquism; we, however, can ascribe it to nothing but "a native weakness of intellect" in the writer, who, after deceiving *men and women* in her story, with this, and much even more miserable artifice, composes a preface, saying, "I am actuated by a *blended design of instructing and entertaining*," and adds—"It is indispensibly necessary that I likewise *blend* a short but *consistent* system of morality with *probable story*." P. xi.

In this age of crops, it may not be amiss to observe, that, by "a biped whose tail is pendant from his head," v. i. p. 75, Miss Eugenia means a man with a queue; and this is her refined senti-

* Our grandmother, who studied the same learned book of natural history as Miss Eugenia, used to say that *no animals but pigs saw the wind*.

ment of perpetual virginity :—" I think it is the sweetest thing in the world, and it is *so delicate too*, to die an oldmaid." P. 315.

To crown the whole, Miss De Acton assures us, (Pref. p. x.) that it is totally unnecessary to refute what has been said (but by what good judges we are not told) that she has *imitated* Fielding!!

Times past ; or Sketches of the Manners in the last Century, a romantic Melange. In three Volumes. Lane and Co. 1805.

ON our author's excusing himself for not polishing his work, his friend expostulated with him. " But really," said the writer, " I have so many irons in the fire, that—" Here his friend judiciously interrupted him, with " Poh! poh! make no excuses! be in no hurry! Clap it in the same place with your irons: it will do, I warrant." Advertisement.

The man who will not take the advice of a person of judgment, and his well-meaning friend, is unworthy of our notice!

Literary Hours, or critical, narrative, and poetical. By Nathan Drake, M. D. in three Volumes. Volume the third. 8vo. pp. 552. Cadell and Davies. 1804.

LITERATO otio quid dulcius? What, says Cicero, is more sweet than literary ease? We know of nothing; and when men of taste, judgment, learning, genius, and piety, can find time to indulge in *literary hours*, that produce such fruits as Dr. Drake's have been fertile in, we are not aware of any thing that could arise, in the world of letters, combining more profit, pleasure, and instruction to the public.

Delightful hours! O thus for ever flow.

Langhorne.

If this be really our author's wish, as it would appear from the first line of his motto, why seek to stop them? The title-page informs us that the work is in three volumes;—this, then, is the third and last, which we sincerely regret.

Its contents are, 1. *On the Limits of Imitation, as applied to Poetical Expression. Ode to Laura. Ode to Pity. Epitaph.* 2. *On the Life, Writings, and Genius of Robert Herrick.* 3. *Sir Egbert, a Gothic Tale.* 4. *Poetry—Ode to Fancy—On Content—Lines to Zephyr.* 5. *Observations on the Merits and Defects of Sylvester's Du Bartas, with Selections from his Version.* 6. *Legendary Tale.* 7. *On the Scandinavian Mythology—Character of Odin—Outline of the Scandinavian Mythology.* 8. *On the Passion of the Scandinavians for War.* 9. *On their Love for Poetry.* 10. *On their Gallantry and Deference towards Women.* 11. *On their Religious*

Rites and Ceremonies, &c. 12. *The same, concluded.* 13. *The Spectre, a Legendary Tale.* 14. *On the Life, Writings, and Genius of Michael Bruce.*

Whether we consider Dr. Drake as a man of correct taste, sound judgment, elegant learning, happy genius, or well-regulated piety, he is alike the object of our esteem, and we hope that shortly resuming his polished labours, he will long continue to direct, illustrate, and embellish the literature of the country.

The Young Rosciad, an admonitory Poem, well seasoned with Attic Salt, cum Notis variorum. By Peter Pangloss, Esq. L. L. D. and A. S. S. pp. 35. 2s. Gordon. 1805.

WHERE the author of this poem recommends, at p. 33, the retirement of *Master Betty* from public life, and a devotion of a few, at least of his early years, to the improvement of his mind (now lamentably barren) the advice is wholesome, and contains much good sense; but when the Doctor tells us that his poem is "well seasoned with attic salt," we find him "false as dicers' oaths." Shakspeare—hem! Nor do we think that he travels the right road into Master Betty's good opinion, when, in proposing himself as his tutor, he uses such language as this:

"I've a wond'rous rod in pickle,

"Your pretty little bum to tickle." P. 32.

The Doctor's sentiment with respect to the young hero's exorbitantly expensive engagement at the theatres, may be gathered from this passage in his *Epistle Dedicatory* to the two managers.

"Partiality to children is amiable, when discreet—Æsop himself played with boys, and Socrates diverted himself with the youth of Athens—but, '*tempora mutantur.*' Boys condescend to play with you, and upon you, and consequently with the public at large." P. v.

There is some humour in this note, where a green-room conversation is supposed to take place. Their respective manners must be imagined.

"KEMBLE.—I certainly had a voice in engaging the boy for Covent Garden, as I thought the novelty might bring grist to the mill, wherein I have a share; otherwise I should have strongly opposed any such innovation—he is certainly clever—but *Hamlet* he should not have attempted.

"COOKE.—I deny that, Mr. Kemble; his *Hamlet* is excellent, so is he in every other character but *Richard*—I am astonished at his temerity in undertaking it.

"JOHNSTON.—In my humble opinion, gentlemen, he does ample justice to every part but *Young Norval*. The author seems, however, to think otherwise—he says 'he is the only Young Norval he ever saw.' The venerable gentleman has forgot, no doubt, that he passed the very same compliment to me

some very few years back; but he is now in his 86th or 87th year—that accounts for it.

“POPE.—Psha! sheer-envy, by the gods! The very parts, Gentlemen, you object to are, in my mind, what he is most adapted for; but to attempt *Frederick*, in *Lovers' Vows*, was the height of *folly*—call it by no worse a name—He has not *one* requisite for that arduous character.”

We have the Doctor's own authority, and his works, to prove that he is an A. S. S. but we have none to affirm that he is either a wit or a poet. He is, however, by no means illiberal in treating of Master Betty's talents, considering how other authors have written on his side of the question.

Thoughts on the Trinity. By George Isaac Huntingford, D. D. F. R. S. Warden of Winchester College, and Bishop of Gloucester. 8vo. pp. 116. 3s. Cadell and Davies. 1804.

It is incongruous with the nature of our work to go deeply into subjects of this description, but it would ill consist with our duty and inclination to neglect to recommend any publication that tends to corroborate the pious dispositions of the meek, and to promote the best interests of mankind in general. Such is, in the highest degree, the quality of the treatise before us. The learned prelate controverts all heterodox opinions with a brevity and conclusiveness altogether admirable. We shall produce two instances of the last importance. In opposing the affirmation that *where mystery begins, religion ends*, he observes—

“The assertion is erroneous. For nothing can be so mysterious as the existence of God. Yet to believe that God exists, is the foundation of all religion.” Clause 2.

The weakness of the *Unitarian* doctrine, when preferred to the *Trinitarian*, is forcibly shewn at p. 95.

“Men,” says his lordship, “good, and acting on the most pure intention, have indeed imagined they could comprehend God's essential nature and eternal existence better in unity than in trinity. Their thought, however, could be but imaginary. For, provided they maintained, (what most have maintained) not any materiality, but the spirituality of God, they could then no more form an accurate idea of God's essential nature and eternal existence in unity, than they could in trinity. They could precisely and distinctly know nothing in one, or in the other case. And wherefore? For the same reason that a man born blind knows nothing of light in the solar orb. We have no power of mind commensurate to any particle of such a subject as divine essential nature and eternal existence.”

Whatever the human intellect can do to set this point in a clear light, is here done. Here is every thing short of *demonstration*, which, in our finite state, we must not hope to reach.

Scenes of Life, a Novel. By T. Harral, Esq. 3 Vols. Crosby and Co. 1805.

SQUIRE HARRAL has some cleverness, and is not wholly without presumption. Of these volumes he says, "Whatsoever reception they may experience—I stand self-acquitted." Where is the author that don't?

Amongst other good scenes, the *Debating Society*, p. 155, vol. 1. is well conceived, and a very fair piece of satire. If the gods had not made Harry Maitland so poetical, it would have been more comfortable to the reader.

The conductor of the *Oracle* will find, by this work, vol. 1. p. 5: that he has done more mischief than he imagines—Lady Stanley's dead!! O thou wicked editor—*Patrasti factum vile*. Glasse's Miss Bailey.

Sonnets and other Poems: to which are added, Tales in Prose. By Mrs. Finch. 8vo. 4s. Blacks and Parry. 1805.

On reading Mrs. Finch's lamentable Sonnets, we could not but exclaim with *Tilburina*:

"Now, too, the feather'd warblers tune their notes
 "Around—————The lark!
 "The linnet! chafinch! bullfinch! goldfinch! greenfinch!
 "——But O to me, no joy can they afford,
 "—————Nor lark,
 "Linnet, nor all the *Finches* of the grove!"

The Critic.

Though we cannot admire Mrs. Finch when she attempts to soar, we think respectably of her when she descends, and hops about in simple prose.

Harry Dee; or the Scotchman detected, a Poem, in four Parts. By Edward Longshanks. 8vo. 1s. Jordan and Co. 1805.

I SHOULD think it cruel, says the Rambler, to crush an insect who had provoked me only by buzzing in my ear; and would not willingly interrupt the dream of harmless stupidity, or destroy the jest which makes its author laugh. We shall exercise all the moralist's humanity towards Mr. Longshanks.

The unexpected Legacy. By Mrs. Hunter, of Norwich. 2 Vols. 9s. Longman and Co.

THE title of these sheets is best made out by their forming a

good novel. It is the character of Mrs. Hunter's pen, ever to recommend virtue, and to mingle a large portion of sweets with the wholesome drugs of reproof. Where nothing else but novels will be read, this is the description in which there is most safety.

An Imitation of the Eighth Satire of Juvenal, addressed to the rising Nobility and Gentry of the United Kingdom. pp. 168. Cadell and Davies. 1804.

WE are here indulged with a most furious contest between a plentiful lack of wit, and an abundant store of profound ignorance. We leave it to others to determine which prevails—our judgment is suspended. Were the *Imitator* so too, the admirers of Juvenal and of justice would probably think him but equitably rewarded, for his barbarous murder of the Roman satirist.

Tobias, a Poem, in three Parts. By the Rev. Luke Brooker, L. L. D. 8vo. pp. 87. T. Brooker. 1805.

DOCTOR BROOKER ventures this little work, with a promise of great additions to it, if it return safe out of jeopardy, or, in other words, if it escape the lash of criticism. He appears to have addressed his book as a poet did before him :

—When thou art past jeopardy,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee

Spenser to his Booke.

In passing our jeopardy, we have merely time to say, that we have read worse things, in point of matter, but rarely with respect to poetry, and humbly to request the Doctor not to trouble himself to send any more.

Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess. 8vo. 2 Vols. 12s. Cadell and Davies. 1805.

BOOKS are the only monitors that have the courage or honesty to speak truth to kings ;—none other dare to address them without flattery. These *Hints* are as void of sycophancy, as they are replete with excellent advice and sound instruction. The physic is of a most pure quality, but will it be taken?

It is prepared, we hear, by Mrs. Hannah More.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.

The Imitation of Life--The Mirror of Manners--The Representation of Truth.

ANIMADVERSIONS

ON

THE CONDUCT OF THE MODERN STAGE.

Successit-----his Comœdia non sine multâ
Laude; sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi. *Horat.*

THE principal argument in support of the stage has always been, that it furnishes us with an useful epitome of life, and that by justly and forcibly depicting different instances of human conduct and their different effects, it impresses upon the mind the numerous and important advantages of virtue, and the complicated miseries which vice eventually produces. Such certainly appears to have been its original design; and as far as that design is successfully carried into effect, it has a claim upon the active support of every judicious friend to the best interests of society.

It is, however, to be feared, that at the present day this laudable design is not always preserved in its pristine purity. A few trite morsels of morality are indeed generally interwoven in the productions of the modern theatre, but too often without merit and without advantage; tricked out in the gawdy trappings of bombast, they dazzle but do not improve the illiterate, whilst they disgust the man of education, who, stripping off the disguise, in a flowery and pompous sentence recognizes a flimsy and hackneyed sentiment.

But the absence of moral instruction is not all; in many cases the stage is not merely without advantage in inciting us to virtue, but has a positive tendency to betray us into vice. A man of serious reflection cannot but be shocked at the ease and freedom with which performers are made to curse themselves upon the most frivolous occasions, to invoke the deity without reverence, and to appeal to him without sincerity. When a character of fashion wishes to attach importance to a preposterous falsehood, he is made to swear it by his Maker with considerable effect; and when a passage in a comedy is heavy, a modern actor knows how to enliven it

by adding, "*Damn me*" with the air and coolness of a coxcomb. The chief point and humour of the very last play produced (*The Village*) consisted in the habitual perjury of a blacksmith, who, having offered to every one near him the most gross and palpable insults, always wound up the whole by adding that he "hoped no offence, meant none *upon his soul*!" This combination of wit and elegance, too happy to be trusted to a repetition of two or three times, regularly concluded his addresses, and was as regularly accompanied and recommended (if any recommendation could be wanting to so masterly a stroke) by a well-timed and expressive distortion of the actor's features. The other characters of the play were equally fashionable, that is, loose and prophane in their language.—Had the play unhappily succeeded, many thoughtless and uninstructed youths, and perhaps even persons of mature age, captivated by the prevailing phrase of the day, would have learned to adopt and imitate this species of wit, and to have pledged their souls too in common conversation upon incidents equally ridiculous, and assertions equally untrue. *The Village*, however, is not singular in these respects: many, if not most, modern plays are open to the same serious objection; and this in particular is selected merely because it is the last.

Are these the virtuous effects of the stage? Is this the public and well-regulated school of morality and taste? Is it to learn blasphemy and acquire a familiarity with perjury, that we waste our time, and spend the overflowings of our purse, whilst we complain of the shortness of life, and disregard the supplications of penury and sickness? Alas! it is too true; it is a fact, an alarming fact, to which nothing but habit, and a thoughtlessness approaching to infatuation could render us indifferent.

The success of some plays, in which these faults are conspicuous, is no argument in favour of their merit. The infirmity of human nature is but too frequently and too easily imposed upon; when the fancy is pleased, the judgment and the conscience are not often consulted. It is fortunate, when a piece, which wants morality, wants also those attractions, which seem now to be an object of more especial regard: on the other hand, nothing is more dangerous than a production of an exceptionable tendency from the pen of a man of genius. This indeed is not often the case; as men of superior endowments are generally found to have too much true taste to be fashionable, too much good sense to be vicious.

If these observations are without novelty, they are not, however, without importance. This evil, with which the stage is charged, may, perhaps, have existed for some time, but that is no reason why it should exist any longer. An attempt to correct it is at any time sufficiently excused by its enormity; but particularly at present, when it appears to be increasing, rather than wearing away.

To be useful, the stage should always recommend and reward virtue and prudence, and should be cautious not to lead us into an admiration of the principles of libertinism, and the habits of fashionable irregularity, by introducing them in a bewitching way into the characters of men of polished and fascinating manners, and sparkling wit, easy in themselves and agreeable to others. This reform must take place in the conduct of the modern stage, before it can be eulogised as instructive, or even defended as innocent.

August the 15th, 1805.

PUBLIUS.

A WIFE FOR MASTER BETTY.

A MRS MUDIE, has lately started up at *Belfast* to rival, if not eclipse the *Young Roscius*, who is a very *Nestor* to her—for she is yet *not seven years of age!!* We shall give the accounts of her as we have received them, without vouching for the justness of the criticism, and not even absolutely crediting the report that she is engaged next season at *Drury-Lane*, at *TWO HUNDRED GUINEAS* a night! The parents, it is said, having insisted on *double* the allowance made to *Master Betty*, because *their* little wonder is not *half so old!* To increase the miracle, she introduced herself by speaking some lines written by a poet of the age of twelve.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

“This young lady made her appearance in the character of *Young Norval*, on Wednesday night. A more extraordinary spectacle never was exhibited in any theatre. Though the expectations of the public had been heightened far beyond what any past experience could warrant, her performance fully justified them, and even surpassed the most sanguine anticipations that could have been formed. Before the curtain drew up, every part of the house was crowded,

from curiosity to hear her recite the address written for the occasion by Master Romney Robinson. A child, not seven years old, reciting the verses of a boy of twelve, and each of them exhibiting talents that would do credit to any age, inspired feelings of the most lively interest in every breast, and excited the most rapturous applause.

THE ADDRESS.

More news from Lilliput!—Yes, more I own;
Though critics, fir'd with jealous anger, frown.
What, though th' indignant voice of age exclaim,
And proudly scorn my young attempts at fame;
And while my longing eyes your smiles pursue,
Think, I had better learn—to knit and sew;
Or, while my prattle your attention draws,
A Rod—would better tell your just applause!—

Shall infant genius, then, in earliest bloom,
Expire by your irrevocable doom?
No—let the precious bud, expanding, smile,
And shed its influence o'er this favour'd isle:
*Here** let it bloom once more—by Heav'n's command,
More precious than Golconda's golden sand.
And when the tragic scene unfolds its charms,
And Randolph's sorrow ev'ry breast alarms,
As mothers feel—as sisters fondly dear,
As brothers—hail your infant sister here.

And let not Prejudice despotic reign,
Or bind your senses in his rigorous chain.—
But let proud Judgment Fancy's spells obey,
And, 'midst her wilds, enthusiastic stray:
Nor bind the wand'rer with a stern command,
But raise young merit with a parent's hand.

Yours is the power, to bid the infant mind
Soar, with a flight resistless, unconfin'd—
Unless your kind applause our bosoms warms,
Mute is the poet's strain—the muse resigns her charms.
For I will tell you (if you needs must know it)
That I am prompted by a youthful poet.

* Alluding to the Young Roscius, who commenced his theatrical career at Belfast.

"Her performance of the character of Young Norval was such as to call forth the loudest bursts of acclamation, to excite the greatest astonishment, and to bid defiance to criticism, whether we consider her look, her emphasis, her gesture, her attitudes, or her accurate expression of the author's meaning.—It may be conceived by those who were not present, or by strangers at a distance, that this unqualified praise has been elicited by a consideration of the young lady's infancy; but the numerous audience who filled our theatre, among whom we observed many of the first respectability, will fully coincide with us in our opinion concerning the merit of this theatrical phenomenon. Nor let the world be incredulous, but reflect that infidelity with respect to the merits of the Young Roscius was universally prevalent, and that the evidence of their senses alone, could convince the bulk of those who admire him now, that a child may be born—a *genius*."

"May 23, 1805."

A. B.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

"It certainly has an air of ridicule to offer to the public a female infant in its sixth or seventh year, as a performer of any character in the drama, particularly one in which various contending passions are personified, as in Young Norval. The incongruity of the attempt was heightened by the tiny figure of a child, contrasted with the towering Glenalvon, his supposed rival both in love and arms. Such were the first impressions on an audience nearly as crowded as any of those attracted to the same theatre by the matured genius of Mrs. Siddons.—On the other hand, we never witnessed nor heard of an exhibition, which, as it advanced, produced greater surprise. At that period, when infancy is learning its letters, and, in the present case, the child is yet to be taught to spell—it would be deemed bordering on impossibility, that it could, by any means, be instructed to perform a long part without the slightest embarrassment—to give true emphasis to every word, and mark impressive passages with correctness; to use just action, and walk the stage with fairy steps, but perfect propriety.—Had the performance of this infant been such as to require much allowance, the present observations would not have been hazarded. At the same time that we cannot suffer ourselves to imagine, that the mind, in such an early stage comprehends the force of a sentiment, or almost enters at all into the conceptions of the poet—that, with the exception of two characters in Douglas, the effect in Young Norval was not inferior to that in the

rest of the dramatis personæ, and that this child could not appear before a London audience, without exciting interest and astonishment.—How far its present talent is indicative of *future* excellence; whether it is a *lusus nature* that shall be shortly heard no more, being born to share the same fate which our immortal bard so beautifully ascribes to love—"momentary as sound; swift as a shadow; short as any dream; brief as the lightning in the collied night," only time can determine. Certain it is, that some who saw the attempts of the Young Roscius of the day, on these very boards, question, whether at the age of fourteen he was much superior to this infant of six. Still we pretend not to augur its after abilities by present appearances; and in confining ourselves to the latter, the best proof is given that our commendation is sincere, unconnected with the theatre or theatrical finesse."

Belfast, May 23, 1805.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MOSSOP, THE TRAGEDIAN.

(Continued from Page 55.)

Mossop's friends now made another effort to get an engagement for him at Drury-Lane—but he would make no application himself, though ready to receive one. None, however, being made, his friends thought to *force* him on the manager, by the publication of a pamphlet, wherein the author not only took infinite pains to set Mossop's powers in the most striking point of view, but took equal pains to degrade the excellencies of a man (Garrick) who was most capable of serving him, by an invidious delineation of the decaying faculties of his mind. "The lustre of his eye," 'twas stated, "was greatly diminished, and the strong expression of his countenance was every day wearing out; his voice was husky, broken, and inarticulate; and, in short, he was so reduced in all his powers, that he could not now tread the stage with any thing like that vigour, with which it was owned he had *formerly* been the greatest ornament."

The malevolence of such a pamphlet, our readers will readily see, could only be equalled by its folly. Admitting the facts stated to be true, is it to be supposed that Garrick (who of all men was most alive to fame) would bring his own defects more glaringly be-

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fore the public, by shewing them the comparison? Or, sensible of the full vigour of his powers, and in no fear of a rival, would he let his enemies see he was trapped, or dragooned, by so shallow an artifice? The attempt was ridiculous in the extreme; and is another proof, out of many, how absurd it is for *one man*, or a *particular party*, to lead or force the general voice of the public.

The attempt of restoring Mossop to Drury-Lane theatre through the aid of a party, and the publication of an ill-judged pamphlet, failing, he had recourse to the managers of Covent-Garden, who seemed, at first, very willing to engage a man of his merit, and one who, by performing with Barry, could, by their joint weight, give new vigour and variety to many tragedies.

But in the arrangement of this business, it was said, that a celebrated actress at that theatre (Mrs. Barry) positively refused to act in any play with this unfortunate man. What could be her reason for this resolution it is now difficult to tell! Perhaps she might have received some supposed affront from him in Ireland—never to be forgiven—or perhaps she might have dreaded a rival in Mossop to her husband, who was then visibly in the decline of his powers, and principally engaged through the ascendancy of her abilities—or perhaps *caprice*, which has its influence on some of the heroines of the stage, more than any other influence whatsoever. Let the cause be what it will, its effects greatly depressed a man under Mossop's circumstances. His friends, however, advised him to waive this circumstance, and to play with any other actress the managers might think proper to assort him with: but their answer was, "that their business was already settled, and it was not in their power to employ him."

We have related the above circumstances as the state of Mossop's conduct relative to his theatrical engagements after his return from Ireland. But from whatever principle he acted upon, in regard to his apparent readiness to engage as a performer, we speak from *positive knowledge*, that it was not *physically* in his power to fill any part of tragedy, or comedy, to any advantage at that time, as his power of voice was not only considerably diminished, but his whole person emaciated, and in an apparent state of decay. His mind suffered with his bodily powers, and he moved and talked very like a man approaching to melancholy madness. In this state, it was impossible for him to fulfil the expectations either of the managers, or the town; though he suffered his name to be made use of

by his friends in the negotiation. A few weeks after proved the truth of this assertion, as he fell a victim to a broken heart in the month of November, 1773.

He saw his own dissolution approaching fast, but concealed it, and the extreme poverty of his purse, from his most intimate friends. When his voice was so hollow as to be scarce audible, he used to say, "he was better;" and when asked about the state of his pecuniary matters, his answer was, "he wanted nothing." In this lingering state of person and of purse, he was found dead in his bed one morning, at his lodgings in the Strand, with only *fourpence-half-penny* in his pocket.

After his death, his remains met with the fate of many men of genius and talents, viz. that of finding *posthumous patrons*. Garrick, who, by engaging him in the beginning, might have saved him from his fate, now lamented his forlorn condition, and offered to bury him at his own expence; and Mossop's uncle, who was a man of some fortune, and a benchman of the Inner Temple, (and who, it is said, refused him the means of subsistence during life,) now made the same offer. The last was, through decency, accepted; and Mossop was carried to his grave, attended by a few old friends, in the forty-ninth year of his age. Another sad example of the insufficiency of talents without the aid of discretion.

Mossop was in his person of the middle size, tolerably well formed, with a face of much expression, and an eye that evidently marked a proud and independent mind. His voice was deep and loud, when at the extent; and though he could not accommodate his tones to the soft and tender passions, his level speaking had great force and dignity.

He was, no doubt, born to be an actor, but not in the universal sense which he conceived, and which the early and continued flattery of some friends supported. His outset was in *Zanga*, as we have before noticed; and his applause was so deservedly great in this character, that he for some years afterwards never attempted to move from this line of performance: it was Barry's fame for *lovers* that first roused his emulation, and diverted his talents from their natural source; and though he failed on the very *threshold* of the attempt, his vanity forced him on, even at the expence of those powers which his natural and acquired talents had so liberally bestowed upon him.

However strong this bias was on him, he had not a full opportunity of indulging it till he became manager of Smock-Alley theatre. Previously to this time, we find him both here, and on the Dublin theatre, engaged in such business as was suitable to his figure and real talents. In his *Zanga* he has never been *equalled*; and the haughty pride, and deep revenge, which he discovered in the first speech of this tragedy,

"I like this rocking of the battlements,

"It suits the gloomy horror of my soul,"

he supported with progressive force and feeling, till he bestrides the unfortunate Alonzo in the last act; and here the animated glow of revenge appeared so forcible as would render all description languid: like a powerful shock of electricity, it carried the impression home to every breast.

Caled, in "The Siege of Damascus," was nearly of equal excellence with his *Zanga*, as he gave to this wild, savage, and enthusiastic Arabian, all the fury and fire which the character demanded; and yet so little did he know his own strength, or, rather, so apt was he to flatter his own vanity, that, when complimented on his performance of this part, he frequently exclaimed, "I wish you could have seen my *Phocias*."

Pierre, in "Venice Preserved," was another of his capital parts: the rough, high-spirited, disappointed soldier, was perfectly in unison with his talents; and in the scene with the conspirators, always obtained, and deserved, unbounded applause.

His *Richard the Third* would have likewise stood in the first line of performance, was it not for Garrick, who excelled him in the love scene with Lady Anne, as well as in all the quick animated passages of the play: but to be *second* to such an actor as Garrick, was to stand in no inconsiderable line of praise; and that Mossop did so, was evident from his performing the part alternately with this great original for some seasons.

To the fine sentiments of the *Duke*, in "Measure for Measure," he gave full force and dignity. And in "The Ambitious Stepmother" of Rowe, his *Memnon* was venerable and intrepid; particularly his scene with the Priest of the Sun in the first act, which he spoke with such an honest glow of animation, as totally overpowered the subtleties and frauds of superstition and priestcraft.

(To be concluded in our next,)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET,

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

BLEST be that hand that lifted from the ground,
 The weeping child of genius: blest the tongue
 That whispered hope, while in despair he strung
 His lyre, and soothed his grief on whom fate frown'd,
 And clouds ungenial circled darkly round—
 He hail'd the voice! and as from earth he sprung,
 Where late he sunk depressed, exulting sung!
 And stronger hopes and greater pleasures found!
 But never shall the Muse forget that friend,
 Whatever wealth or honors yet may wait
 To try her virtue in this transient state.
 Though some have the example set to blend
 Ingratitude with fame; the youth disdains
 To wound that breast, where purest friendship reigns.

J. B.

THE BAD ACTOR.

A PARODY OF CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH IN HENRY VIII.

----- "A poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more."

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my acting.
 This is an actor's state. To night he puts forth
 The diffident words of hope; the next night bellows,
 And bears his friends, applauses loud upon him—
 The third night comes a hiss, a killing hiss,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His fortune is a ripening—nips his fame,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
 Like brainless wanton bards, who swim with th' tide,
 These several evenings in a dream of glory,
 In parts beyond my power: my high strained rant
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,
 Weary and tired with speeches, to the mercy

Of a just pit, that will for ever damn me,
 Vain pomp and glory of the stage, I hate ye !
 I feel my mouth new opened—O ! how wretched
 Is that poor man who hangs on critic's favours.
 There is betwixt the applause we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of faces and loud hands,
 More pangs and terrors than Newspapers have :
 And when he falls—he falls as dead men do,
 Never to act again !!

J. B.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

BY JOHN MAYNE, AUTHOR OF THE POEM OF "GLASGOW."

AH, me ! how mournful, wan, and slow,
 With arms revers'd, the soldiars come—
 Dirge-sounding trumpets, full of woe,
 And, sad to hear, the muffled drum !

Advancing to the house of pray'r,
 Still sadder flows the dolesome strain :
 E'en Industry forgets her care,
 And joins the melancholy train !

O ! after all the toils of war,
 How blest the brave man lays him down !
 His bier is a triumphal car—
 His grave is glory and renown !

What tho' nor friends, nor kindred dear,
 To grace his obsequies attend ?
 His com'rades are his brothers here,
 And ev'ry hero is his friend !

See, Love and Truth, all woe-begone,
 And Beauty, drooping in the croud—
 Their thoughts intent on him alone
 Who sleeps forever in his shroud !

Again the trumpet slowly sounds,
 The soldier's last funeral hymn—
 Again the muffled drum rebounds,
 And ev'ry eye with grief is dim !

The gen'rous steed, which late he rode,
 Seems, too, its master to deplore;
 And follows, to his last abode,
 The warrior who returns no more!

For him, far hence, a mother sighs,
 And fancies comforts yet to come!
 He'll never bless her longing eyes—
 She'll only hear the muffled drum!
July, 1805.

~~STANZAS ON THE MENACED INVASION.~~
 STANZAS ON THE MENACED INVASION.

ARM, arm, ye brave! on land or main
 Haste, and preserve your dearest rights,
 Your country's noble call invites
 Her sacred bulwarks to maintain;
 Nor breathe, nor pause, while death or gain
 Your fell insatiate foe delights;
 'Tis his in lawless pride to reign,
 Where, gloomy, thro' his fitful hour
 He doats upon Ambition's pow'r.

His bands, like wolves, scent fierce their food,
 By furious deeds of rapine led
 To quit their erst enervate bed,
 And tempt awhile the foamy flood,
 And stain our fields with British blood,
 (That stream so oft for freedom shed)
 Our hearts are bold, our cause is good,
 The monarch on our throne is pure, august,
 And sways the steady sceptre of the just.

In Albion's vales of peace and truth
 Must Hell disgorge her scorpions dire?
 Here plunge the sword, and spread the fire,
 And fill our land with men uncouth,
 To swerve the principles of youth,
 And taint fair Virtue with unchaste desire?
 Now, rather with indignant ire,
 Repel the monsters in their purpose foul,
 Nor heed of war the angry tempest howl.

Aug. 14th, 1805.

MARCIVS.

THE VINTAGE FEAST.

TO THE MELODY OF THE RANZ DES VACHES.

WHILE every eye with rapture sparkles,
Must grief o'ercloud that angel mien?

Oh! no.

With vine-leaves braid the hair, that darkles

Round thy fair brow, my Geraldine;

Take from my basket sweetly blushing,

These grapes beneath the foliage flushing,

Press their rich tears, like Nectar, gushing

And beam with smiles of love :

Then float among the vintage train

To the soft flute's enlivening strain ;

O'er mountain, lake, and forest dell,

Wild echo wafts the choral swell.

PARODY,

ON A SONG IN THE WATERMAN,

Written to a Friend when returning from a Journey.

1.

Soon farewell my trim built whiskey,

Whip, and coat, and boots farewell,

Then no more for orders friskey,

I at home shall take a spell.

2.

Then to drinking joys a stranger,

Peaceful to my nest I'll go ;

Frolic bouts will not endanger,

Nor the scrapes that tiplers know.

3.

G—— mayhap, when homewards steering,

Seeing my book few orders fill,

Even you, if within hearing,

With a sigh may cry Poor Will.

W. AUSTIN.

A THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

THEY who aspire to Fame's abode,
Must often take a dirty road.

An actor,* now of comic fame,
Ere he could gain an actor's name
To strollers went, his tale recounted;
The manager, on lauder mounted,
Was swearing, and then nail'd by fits,
"The tomb of all the Capulets."
(Upon the floor his daughter sat,
Nursing a little suckling brat.)
By an unlucky stroke of fate,
While talking with our candidate
He bruise'd his finger with the hammer,
Fair Juliet grin'd, he 'gan to d—n her,
"My finger bleeds, you b— do you see?"
"Yes, snivel, and what's that to me?"
Regardless of her situation
Down came the father from his station;
With tears she mourn'd his fell abuse,
And thus complain'd *the tragic muse*:
"See here's a *brute*, as mad dog wild,
To lick a woman with a child."
Our youth, aghast, prepar'd to fly,
Yet stay'd, he scarcely can tell why,
In fine, perform'd, and pleas'd the town,
And shar'd the first night—*half a crown*!

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

HIS Royal Highness expired at his house in Upper Grosvenor-Street, on Sunday evening, Aug. 25, after a long and severe illness. He was born November 25, 1743, and married September 6, 1766, to Maria, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, K. B. This marriage occasioned the celebrated marriage act, by which every member of the Royal Family are precluded from marrying with a subject. His Royal Highness was Duke of Edinburgh as well as Gloucester, and Earl of Connaught in Ireland, Field-Marshal, Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, Chancellor of the University of Dublin, Ranger and Keeper of Cranbourn Chace, Ranger of Hampton Court Park, Warden and Keeper of the New Forest, Hampshire, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

* Mr. Q—k.

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MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

HAYMARKET.

LITTLE novelty, worthy of notice, has been presented at this theatre since our last report. TOM THUMB has been revived with an attraction so great, as to have constituted the chief profit of the season. To shew what a *weathercock* is public favour, it is to be observed that when this famous burlesque tragedy was last acted at Covent-Garden, by the most popular comedians of the day, it was absolutely hooted from the stage. *Hisses* are now converted into *shouts*, and little Tyrer, in *Dollalolla*, and Taylor's "*Doodle-do*," are nightly saluted with thunders of applause from box, pit, and gallery. The THREE AND THE DEUCE, another performance which could scarcely obtain an audience at this house when first produced, and afterwards in vain attempted to establish itself at Drury-Lane, has also become a special favourite. So true it is, with respect to dramatic as well as to political affairs, that *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*! Mrs. Young, late of Drury-Lane, performed *Angela*, in the *Castle Spectre*, for the benefit of Messrs. Grove and Chapman; and Mrs. Jordan the *Widow Cheerly*, for that of Mrs. Harlowe.

The following are the particulars of the disturbance on Mr. Dowton's night, in consequence of his announcing the *The Tailors; a Tragedy for warm Weather*.

Aug. 15.—A very singular *fracas* occurred this evening. Mr. Dowton, a very deserving character, both privately and professionally, conceived, from the great success of the burletta of *Tom Thumb*, that the revival of *The Tailors, or a Tragedy for warm Weather*, for his benefit, would prove a source of entertainment to the town, and emolument to himself. The piece was originally brought forward by the laughter-loving Foote,* with an intention of ridiculing the bombast of the buskin; and to render the effect more ludicrous, the principal scenes in our favourite tragedies were parodied by tailors. After it was announced for representation, the tailors with one voice cried out against it, declaring that if the piece was brought forward, they would go in a body to the house, and exercise their vengeance on the managers, and on Mr. Dowton in particular. This threat was communicated to the proprietors by anonymous letters, but they declared, with spirit, that they had gone to great expence in getting up the piece, and should bring it forward. Mr. Dowton also received several letters, one of which was as follows:

"SIR,

"August 12, 1805.

"We Understand you have Chosen a Afterpiece to Scandalize the Trade and If you persist in It, It is likely to be Attended with Bad Consequences, therefore I Would Advise you to Withdraw It, and Substute Some Other, and you may depend on a Full House. Your Humble Servant,

"To Mr. Dowton No. 7, Charing-Cross."

"A TAYLOR AND CITIZEN.

* At the Haymarket theatre in the summer of 1767. The author of the *Tailors* remains unknown. The manuscript was sent to Mr. Foote, who was requested to bring it forward at his theatre, if he thought its merits were such as to give it a chance of success; if not, it was to be returned.—Foote approved highly of the piece, and took a part in it. Its reception in every respect justified his good opinion, for the audience received it with applause, as at that time disputes about wages between the journey-men and master tailors ran so high, as to render them the subject of general notice and conversation.

At an early hour on Thursday afternoon, a considerable number of persons, (about 700) mostly tailors, were waiting to gain admittance to the theatre, at the opening of the doors. They chiefly went into the galleries, although some took their station in the pit, and the very moment they got in they commenced a riot, shouting and knocking their sticks against the floor and walls, in the most turbulent manner.

The utmost noise and confusion prevailed in the house. Few persons in the boxes knew the cause of this behaviour, and supposing that they wished the performance to begin, there was a general cry of *Go on, go on*. The curtain then rose, but that only tended to enflame the courage of the tailors. There was a general cry of *Dowton, Dowton*. Mr. Dowton then came forward, and there was a general cry of *No Dowton, no Dowton*. He attempted to speak, but could not be heard; the greatest confusion now prevailed. A pair of scissors were thrown from the shilling gallery on the stage; they passed very near to Mr. Dowton, and he took them up, and said "I would give twenty guineas to know who threw these scissors."

The noise continuing with increased violence, the managers despaired of obtaining a hearing in the usual way, they had, therefore, recourse to the mode sometimes made use of in pantomime; a large board was brought out, desiring to know the gentlemen's pleasure. Papers were then handed up to the galleries, and every possible intimation was given that the piece, which was so offensive to the knights of the thimble, should be withdrawn, and that the farce of the *Village Lawyer* would be substituted. This, however, did not satisfy *Snip*; he had waxed exceedingly wrath against Mr. Dowton, considering him the adviser of this revived attack upon their *cabbage and cucumbers*. The universal cry was then "No Dowton! No Dowton!" But, however, Mr. Dowton performed his part in *The Birth Day*, and in the after-pieces as advertised, with the repeated plaudits of the pit and boxes.

Notwithstanding this applause, *Snip* having come for a *rose*, was resolved not to be disappointed. The general signal seemed to be a flourish of the hats in the air, and after it a most tremendous burst. It was extremely fortunate for the proprietors that the foe they had to deal with was but the *ninth part of a man*, for had he been but an *eighth*, and so well inclined for sport, the little theatre would have soon exhibited nothing but shreds and patches. The fact was, the *merry stitchers* only wanted a little spirit to emulate the late achievements at the Opera-house, being resolved to be in the fashion, cost what it might.

About nine o'clock, the managers finding it perfectly impossible to make peace, determined to carry on a vigorous and decisive war. For this purpose they dispatched a messenger to Mr. Graham, the magistrate at Bow-street, who soon arrived with some officers, and having sworn in several extra constables, proceeded to the galleries, and instantly seizing on the rioters, took ten or twelve of the principal ringleaders into custody, and carried them off to St. Martin's watch-house. This *rencontre* instantly restored quietness; except that now and then an unfortunate tailor was heard to protest, that the Bow-street officers were the *coarsest* fellows he ever met with in the course of his life, and had nothing *fine* or *superfine* about them. One journeyman tailor having *measured* his length upon a bench, claimed to be a cousin of the police officer by the *button* hole, but

the latter, who was as sharp as a *needle*, denied the relationship, and went clean] *stitch* through his business.

A considerable mob stopped the passage to the theatre, until a detachment of the horse guards arrived, who kept order in the street, while constables were placed in different parts of the house, which damped the spirits of the offenders.

Catherine and Petruchio was performed without any appearance of ill-humour or discontent, and every person supposed that the remainder of the night was to pass in peace and quietness. However, many enquiries were making in the rebellious districts of the house, concerning the after-piece, and many called for *The Tailors*. Some were of opinion, that notwithstanding the hostile movements on behalf of the tailors, and the faith, as they termed it, of the managers, that the detested tragedy would be brought forward; others thought they would not dare to perform it; while some, but by far the least numerous, entertained an idea that the managers were not bound to keep it back, as their proposals were not willingly acceded to. They were in the greatest suspense; and many legs of mutton and *trimmings* were betted on the event.

The piece being finished, all was anxiety for another attempt at *The Tailors*, and on the curtain being drawn up, the stage exhibited *three tailors upon a board*. The uproar became universal—greater confusion was never witnessed in any theatre. Loud vociferations of every kind were heard, and a very strong opposition was again manifested: the ladies were in the greatest terror, expecting something serious. However, in a very short time, the Bow-street officers made their appearance a second time. A feeble resistance was made, and, eventually, several were dragged out of the house. The piece then proceeded, but, at intervals, when any thing affected the honour of the trade, particularly of the journeymen, there was some discontent manifested by the *flints*, while the *dungs* remained silent behind. These repeated and uncivil inroads cooled the courage of most of the heroes, and several of them, unable to behold the evil which they could not cure, departed, cursing their stars for not being more propitious.

The party of horse patrolled up and down the Haymarket, and when the entertainments were over, were drawn up before the theatre, and remained so until the crowd had dispersed. In consequence of these interruptions, it was nearly one o'clock before the performance was over.

The next morning the rioters were examined at Bow-Street, and most of them discharged on giving bail.

The theatre is closed for the present, in consequence of the death of the Duke of Gloucester.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

COVENT-GARDEN.---Mrs. Siddons is engaged for about twenty nights at 301. the night. Miss Tyrer from the Haymarket and the Byrnes from Drury-Lane are enlisted into this corps. Mr. Taylor returns to his situation. A melo-drama by Mr. Lewis from his own *Bravo of Venice*, with Dr. Busby's music, will be one of the first novelties. Reynolds, Morton, Dibdin, and probably Mr. Colman, will likewise have each a play.

At DRURY-LANE the *Hue and Cry* is still after the *Forty Thieves*, and with the exertions of Mr. Graham, the *magistrate*, there is every prospect of their being brought to trial at the bar of the public. We sincerely wish them a *happy deliverance*.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

"Actors, as actors, are lawful game." *Churchill*.

Theatre Royal MANCHESTER.—SIR,—I have to acknowledge my obligation to you, for the manner in which you introduced into your Mirror for December last, my remarks on the performance of the Young Roscius, when here in November, and on the unjust criticism of our "Argus, or Theatrical Observer," whose first, not worst performance in that line, I then handed you—

And as our theatre is now closed, after (take the season all in all) a very successful run of near forty weeks—I shall give you some account of our performers, and of the management of our theatricals in general.—Your Mirror for March 1804 detailed something of the manner in which our managers were greeted on the opening of the theatre, owing to the very weak state of their corps at that time—and at the commencement of the last season we had a little "raising of wind" on the subject. The house opened with "King Henry the IV." and "Rosina," before a crowded audience. On Mr. Ward's appearing in character (Prince of Wales) the hiss against him was loud and general: he stepped forward and asked "*What the ladies and gentlemen pleased to want.*" "*A better company for Manchester*" was the reply. He then asserted, and called Mr. Stephen Kemble (the Falstaff of the evening) to bear witness to his veracity, that "he had travelled near *seven hundred miles* in quest of performers, but that *better than his company were not to be found.*" This declaration called forth a thundering peal of laughter from all parts of the house, which was renewed by a gentleman in the pit asking our manager, if he had travelled *on foot*? The play was then proceeded with, but little from the Prince could be heard, for he was assailed, front and rear, as he made his "exits, and his entrances:" however, "he bore it calmly with a patient shrug," and did not chuse to come to any further explanation. The after piece introduced Miss Blomgreen from (I believe) the Haymarket, as Rosina, of whom as a performer little can be said: she is accounted a first-rate singer, but has very seldom appeared. On Mr. Bellamy's appearance, the hiss was revived, and after some time, he came to an explanation with the audience. His *deposition* was similar to that of Mr. Ward, the *seven hundred miles excepted*. Several gentlemen in the house interrogated him on the propriety of neglecting to engage performers in whose particular line of character they were nearly deficient of any representative; Mrs. Stewart (late Miss Griffiths, from whom they had had an offer) and Mr. Young, in particular? His reply was, that the *benefits* would not bring any first-rate performer to *Manchester*: *salary* to the performer was no object; if he could be insured a good benefit, he would come without salary! This, though a little wonderful, was suffered to

pass, on being followed by a *promise* to engage and bring to Manchester, several first-rate performers, *if possible*. Since when, we have neither seen nor heard of them—so much for promises!

In justice to the feeble popularity of our manager, I cannot but say, we have had great variety since the opening of the theatre; several new pieces, at least *one or two year old ones*, never before performed *here*, have been brought forward with success, and as much satisfaction to the manager, as to the public, who are ever ready to fill the house on the least sign of liberality, or novelty, being shewn.

As I said before, our theatricals have had a very successful run, and the benefits in general good. We have had Mr. Bannister and Miss De Camp, who drew crowded houses, and had each a good benefit. Mrs. Mountain failed in hers, as indeed was likely, after having performed to nearly "empty benches." One night I am informed there was but about £.26 in the house, which holds from £.120 to £.130 and some of the performers benefits have been upwards of £.140. Mr. Johnstone, and Mr. Cherry have also been here, but did not succeed so well as might have been expected from the abilities of the former, but indeed the weather was at that time so hot, and the theatre, from its smallness, so uncomfortable when tolerably filled, that many people rather chose to forego the pleasure of seeing a good performance, than be so much incommoded. Cherry was greeted as an old acquaintance, but an apprehension being raised that he was, next season, to supply the place of Mr. Penson, our low comedian, he had very little applause for his exertions. The next, and last engagement for this season, was Mr. Cooke, who played his old characters, Richard, Sir Pertinax, Macbeth, Shylock, and Sir Archy—and Rolla for his benefit, the first time of his performing the character on this stage.

I shall now give you some account of the performers we have had for the last season, but who we may hereafter have, or possibly procure in hopes of a good benefit, I am not able to judge, but am informed that most of the principal props of the company are engaged elsewhere.

Mr. Ward (manager) Mr. Huddart, Mr. Swendall, Mr. Bengough, Mr. Penson, Mr. Bellamy (late manager,) Mr. Gordon, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Mills, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Davies, Mr. S. Davies, Mr. Benwell, Mr. Bland, Mr. J. Bland, Signior Cipriani,—Mrs. Ward, Miss Ward, Mrs. Bellamy, Mrs. Bland, Miss Bland, Mrs. Hatton, Miss Blomgreen, Miss Jackson, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Huddart, Mrs. Swendall, Mrs. Bengough, Mrs. Penson, and a long list of walking gentlemen, &c. too tedious to mention.

Mr. Ward, in Mr. Lewis's cast of characters, is very great; he is always pleasing, as a performer, but very seldom seen: his judgment in this (not laying the whole of the blame on the *gout*) is to be condemned, for he would still command a good house. Mr. Huddart has for some time been our first-rate tragedian, and is a good actor, but we understand he is now leaving the company. Mr. Swendall plays both tragedy and comedy, and is an excellent performer; his abilities are well known in many parts of the kingdom. Mr. Bellamy is a first-rate singer, and also well known, but, owing to an uncommon irritability of temper, has not, for some time, been on good terms with the town. He has sold his share to Mr. Ward, and, with Mr. Gordon, takes the management of the

Belfast, and some other Irish theatres. The loss of Mrs. Bellamy (formerly Miss Grist) will be severely felt, being a charming actress in both tragedy and comedy. Mr. Bengough is a most useful performer; there is scarcely a tragedy, comedy, or farce, in which he does not appear, but does but play second-rate tragedy, and though he has many faults, he is much liked. Mr. Penson is a low comedian, not to be equalled by any performer out of London; his comic humour seems easy, and, though still known as Mr. Penson, he is still the character he assumes, and has as little rest as Mr. Bengough; the town has been apprehensive of losing him, but I believe he remains in the company at present. Mr. Ward's *gout* has, these two seasons, disappointed this gentleman of giving his friends so good a treat, on his benefit night, as he could have wished; but they put up with it; he treats them every time he appears.

Mr. Gordon has always been a great favourite, he has been thrust into genteel comedy, which he performs pretty well, but his forte is in country boys, characters like "Spatterdash," &c. He joins Mr. Bellamy. Mr. Richardson is musical, and in many characters, both tragedy and comedy, may be seen with pleasure; but lately we have seldom seen him to advantage; he is not so much to be blamed for this as the manager—He too, I understand, is engaged elsewhere. Mr. Mills was engaged at our theatre as dancer and harlequin, but Mr. Ward has found him a very ready substitute, when he (as is frequently the case) is taken ill as soon as his name appears in the bills of the day. He has performed "Young Sadboy," "George Howard," "Sir Andrew Ague-cheek," "Slender," and several other characters with tolerable credit; and next to his unrivalled performance of "Tike," in "the School of Reform," stands his "Colin McLeod," in "the Fashionable Lover, or true-born Scotchman;" it is the best performance of a Scotch character I ever witnessed; it is true he is frequently very inanimate, and this is, perhaps, his greatest fault; he is successful in clowns and countrymen, and is a useful performer. I understand he is engaged, for one night, at Birmingham, and several other places, to perform "Tike" and "Solomon Lob." I am sorry this gentleman's dancing should be laid aside. Mr. Chambers sings a very good song, but as a performer he is but moderate. Mr. Davies has something very disagreeable in his manner, voice, and every thing about him, yet has lately been thrust into the character of Lord Lumbercourt, Lord Duberly, &c. Mr. S. Davies has not any thing to recommend him but a good figure. Mr. Benwell is an industrious performer, and seldom displeases; he performs low characters, and is a tolerable singer, and has exhibited his son, a boy about eleven years of age, in Tom Thumb, and several other boy's characters: he played Petruchio for his father's benefit in a very able manner. Mr. Bland, Mr. J. Bland, and Signior Cipriani, are excellent dancers; and, with Miss Bland, have, for two seasons, largely contributed to the entertainment of the public: they perform the parts of servants, &c. when unemployed in dance or pantomime. Cipriani is an excellent clown, and Mr. Bland a good harlequin.

Mrs. Ward is an excellent performer in Mrs. Siddons' line, and Mrs. Bellamy in Mrs. Jordan's, except that she is not musical; at least, she never sings on the stage, though, I understand, she sings tolerably well. Her figure on the stage is beautiful, and her loss to the company will be almost irreparable; as, according

to the present rules of the management, no performer of equal merit could be procured for double the *largest salary given*. Miss Ward is an agreeable performer in comedy, but, like her sire, is very seldom to be seen. She has played Letitia Hardy, the Widow Cheerly, Amelia Wildenhaim, &c. and has been much praised in Cinderella. Mrs. Bland is a performer in the old woman's line, and generally succeeds so far as to get *laughed at*. Her performance is tolerably good. Mrs. Hatton is an actress of great ability and versatility, and a tolerable singer; and, however some of your correspondents may have ridiculed our "Townsmen," his remarks and admonitions to this lady have not been lost; they were given gently, and taken "in good part." She is extremely nice in *dressing* her characters, and but for her being so very lusty, would always *look* them well. She is of great value to the company. Miss Jackson, I understand, vainly supposes herself a better singer than the above lady, but it is but vanity! She is seldom seen, *as an actress*, but with dislike, and her songs are tiresome, yet she is thrust into genteel and sentimental comedy, and even tragedy. Of Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Chambers little need be said; the former appears but seldom, and the seldomer the latter appears will be quite as satisfactory to the town as her playing, (especially if she must play Cora, and other characters of this description). Mrs. Huddart and Mrs. Swendall seldom perform. Mrs. Penson and Mrs. Bengough do but perform servants and other trifling characters, and are (the former especially) tolerable.

Next season we may expect Mr. Young, (mentioned in my former paper) to take the management with Mr. Ward; and it is sincerely wished he may have more authority respecting the business of the theatre than Mr. Bellamy had, otherwise we shall be little bettered by his coming.

Our theatre is very much too small, and a *new one*, much larger, is spoken of being erected, but is not yet begun. If we had a larger theatre, certainly *the benefits* would induce performers of the first professional merit to our town, that is ever ready to encourage ability in performers, and common liberality, on the part of the managers, who, it is positively asserted, lay by near £.1560 a year, out of the *poor receipts* of the house!

I have (Mr. Editor) been very full in my account of our theatricals, but hope you will excuse it. As our critics "Townsmen," "Argues," and "Observers," are all lulled to rest, the readers of your magazine, and lovers of theatricals in this part of the country, must be in want of information, and, by inserting the above in your magazine, you will oblige,

Yours, respectfully,

Manchester, 21st August, 1805.

A CONSTANT READER.

Theatre BIRMINGHAM.—Miss MUDIE, the little girl who has been so much encouraged in Ireland, played a few nights here, but she was by many pronounced a *counterfeit*. Cooke, who is assuredly *no counterfeit*, has returned from Manchester, and is playing among other things, *Lord Hastings*, *Mr. Oakley*, and *Petruchio*. Mrs. Glover is engaged for the remainder of the season.

Theatre-Royal GLASGOW.—In consequence of a prior engagement at Belfast, Mrs. Siddons could only perform three nights. The characters she assumed were *Jane Shore*, *Belvidera*, and (for her own benefit) *Lady Macbeth*. I need scarcely add she filled the house; it was uniformly crowded to the ceiling. But on the night of her benefit, such was the anxiety to gain admission, that many forced their way, or were rather carried by the crowd, into the pit and boxes, in spite of the door-keepers. From this circumstance the receipts fell short of what the house contained. The money taken was £.207:17; but had all those paid who were in the theatre, it must have amounted at least to £240. Her *Lady Macbeth* was so classically correct, that hypercriticism itself could find nothing to cavil at; there was not "a loop to hang a doubt on."

Immediately after this lady's departure, the benefits of the regular performers commenced, and, in general, with indifferent success. The following is an accurate statement of the various plays, sums, and order in which they took place. With the exception of Mr. Rock, each shared his small modicum with the manager.

Messrs. Evans and Berry (School of Reform) - - - - - £.
These gentlemen had a weak night, and, being immediately after Mrs. Siddons, we could scarcely expect them to succeed.

Mr. Toms (Mountaineers) - - - - - 47

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre (Way to get married) - - - - - 20

Mr. Rock (She stoops to conquer, Miss *Hardcastle* by Miss Duncan, the only night of her performing) - - - - - 205

Mr. Dwyer (West Indian, the last night of the company's performance) - - - - - 29

Our theatre closed on July 26, the company leaving this town to perform in Edinburgh during the race-week. They will return here, however, in a short time, reinforced by Mr. Henry Johnston, and after him by that histrionic wonder, the *Young Rascia*. The campaign, upon the whole, has been very unproductive for the manager. It being the first season of the new theatre, the pulse of public expectation beat high—We expected first-rate performers, and exertions on the part of Mr. Jackson corresponding to the extent of the undertaking; but unfortunately the company has been only very inferior, and alas!

"These old fellows—"

"Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,

"And nature, as it grows again toward earth,

"Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy."

The inconvenient construction of the house, too, has operated much against the interest of the manager. The internal arrangement, in the opinion of many, is most egregiously blundered by the architect. The performers cannot pitch their voice so as to be heard distinctly in the galleries, in consequence of echo. On the other hand, the audience in the galleries can scarcely see the stage, even when seated in the second rows from the front; and a place where one can neither hear nor see is but ill adapted for amusement. But I hope the committee of management will lose no time in rectifying errors so obvious, and prejudicial to the interests of both Mr. Jackson and the subscribers. In making necessary al-

terations, they may rely on being liberally supported. Glasgow is the second commercial city in the British empire, and its manufacturers and merchants have ever shewn themselves able and ready to execute any measure that has a tendency to promote the convenience of their fellow citizens, or the prosperity of their country. I am &c.

Glasgow, 16th August, 1805.

MERCUTIO.

Theatre Royal NORWICH.—Our company usually musters here in the assize week; during their stay this time, we have had several new pieces performed. *The Honey Moon* is very well got up. Bowles, in the *Duke*, and Mrs. Aickin, in *Juliana*, played in very capital style. We have also had Colman's new comedy, *Who wants a Guinea?* Fitzgerald's *Sir Larry*, and Noble's *Solomon Gundy*, were two of the best supported characters in the play, which, by the bye, I think not the best of Colman's productions. Since the company left us, a Mr. and Mrs. Tayleure, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Vernon, have joined us. From the short time of their stay, it is impossible to say much as to their respective merits. As I can add nothing more at all interesting respecting our company, I shall fill up the rest of my paper with a few brief remarks on a letter which appeared in the Mirror for April, signed *Veritas*, who, at the request of several "judicious persons," was induced to scrutinise my remarks. If Mr. *Veritas* knew the meaning of the signature he adopted, I think he would be rather more cautious in his observations, as he seems sometimes rather to "miss the mark" of truth. To go no farther than his first paragraph: Bowles, he asserts, does not possess great merit as an actor; and, to prove this assertion, affirms that "Shakspeare's soul-inspiring language issues from his lips without effect." It is rather singular, therefore, that, out of three characters, which he says Bowles plays the best, two of them should be Shakspeare's. But it is still more singular, that out of the three characters which he confesses Bowles performs well, one of them he never played at all, at least in Norwich, and another of them never but once. So far for the correctness of *Veritas*! He ventures to draw a most sagacious inference in the next sentence, viz. that "want of animation and heaviness of figure," do not in general "suit light and airy parts." I don't know how *Veritas*, or any of his "judicious friends," could so accurately estimate Fulkner's abilities from a performance of three nights only, nor do I know in what characters he was to render himself so eminently useful; certainly in none of those he played at Norwich. *Veritas* admits Bennet to be "a useful actor," yet tells us that he cannot sing, and that, "when he attempts other business, it is forced and unnatural," in plain English, that he can neither act nor sing; yet he says Bennet "generally understands what he is about." So far for the consistency of *Veritas*! Whence the elegant expression of "a wiry strut" was derived, or what is meant by it, I really am quite at a loss to imagine. *Veritas* and Co. cannot conceive how Noble and Jackson come to be compared. I believe there is nothing so very unusual in comparing two actors who perform precisely the same cast of characters, nor can I think it *presumption*, in any one who understands what good acting is, to find fault with Noble's buffoonery.

With regard to what I said about Hindes, if *Veritas* will or can disprove any one of the observations which I made on his management, let him: till he can do this, let him not say that the manager has been undeservedly censured.

Veritas seemed to expect that I should immediately reply to his letter. From such an antagonist I certainly had not much to dread, let him not therefore attribute my silence to fear, but to the true cause, which was my unwillingness to occupy a page in the Mirror solely in replying to what in fact needed no answer.

August 12th, 1805.

W. C.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

A machine has been constructed by an ingenious farmer at Newtown Cunningham (Ireland), which, with the assistance of a horse and two men, will in seven hours thrash upwards of 150 stooks of Barley or beetle; 50 stooks of flax in a day. The expence of the apparatus does not amount to more than six guineas.

Sir John Anstruther, has signified his intention of resigning the chief justiceship of India; and Sir Wm. Russell, senior puisne judge, is expected to succeed him.

The following curious paragraph is taken from an American paper:—"At a court of Oyer and Terminer, held at the city hall of the city of New York, on the 15th of June last, a Frenchman, named Louis Hardi Le Blanc, was tried and found *guilty of forging notes* of the bank of the United States. A Philadelphia paper affirms—"that the prisoner professed himself to be a near relation (first cousin we believe) to his Imperial Majesty Napoleon, Emperor of the French; and that he had remonstrated in a letter to one of the magistrates against the jurisdiction of the court; threatening, at the same time, to appeal for redress to the affection and magnanimity of his illustrious relation!"—*True American*.

INDUSTRY.—On Monday, the 8th July, two lads of Limerick, Cornelius Dogherty and Edmond Dalton, apprentices to ladies' shoemakers, commenced to work the entire week for a wager, no part to be done by candle light, the work to be inspected by their respective employers, and none to be accepted but fair, saleable work; when, after the week's contest, ending Saturday evening, Dogherty proved victorious, having made forty-four pair, and Dalton forty-three. Dogherty's wages, at 20d. a pair, would amount to £3 13s. 4d.

The patrons of boxing matches, without whose encouragement these violations of the peace would seldom occur, have much more mischief to answer for than appears at first sight. It is not in the waste of their own fortunes—it is not in the wounds, or even in the deaths of the fellows they maintain, that the calamity ends. The great evil of them is the attraction of thousands of the middle and lower classes from their occupations, who lose, together with their money and their time, their respect for all lawful industry, and their disposition to useful employment. The match appointed for Saturday, July 20, drew many hundreds from London, during Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. At this time their minds were occupied upon an infringement of the laws, and their admiration excited by the mere prevalence of brutal force. What a very short step

is it from such *amusements to occupations* the most dangerous to society and to themselves!

A publican near High Wycomb, Bucks, who not long since exhibited the sign of the weathercock, took it down, and replaced it by a daub likeness of the late Marquis of Lansdown, whose tenant he then was; but, lest he should lose any of his customers by their missing his former sign, he had painted underneath, "This is the old weathercock," which excited the risibility of the political *egomoscanti* who beheld it. This sign has lately been taken down.

A variety of valuable antiquities have been discovered in Thessaly. Among them are the busts of Aristotle and Anacreon, a large statue of Ceres, with a coin of Sosimachus, and some remarkable pillars. A Greek MS. containing a commentary of Nicephorus on the ancients, and the ancient Greek church, was discovered at the same time. Another building has been dug out from the lava which buried the city of Pompeii. In it have been found, in good preservation, vases, coins, musical instruments, a beautiful bronze statue, representing Hercules killing the hind on Mount Mænalus, and several paintings in fresco. At the town of Piesole, near Florence, a beautiful amphitheatre has been discovered, and the greatest part of it cleared from the rubbish. It is supposed that it would contain at least 30,000 persons.

The poor Queen of Etruria, persecuted with the odious addresses of Prince Eugene Beauharnois, is in a situation the most melancholy that any queen has found herself in, since the days of queen Penelope. Indeed her situation very much resembles that of this knitting queen of Ithaca; for though she has but one detestable wooer, he is backed by a power which renders him equal to a *multitude*, whose retainers *menace the life*, and *devour the inheritance* of her son. Her husband is still more hopelessly absent than Ulysses, for he is gone *to the bourne from which no traveller returns*; and her son is in a state of more *helpless minority*. We are sure this poor lady regrets that the times are no more, when, if all other resources failed, she might have avoided the detested union by taking the veil.

There are now in the county gaol at Chester, three unfortunate debtors, whose united ages are 213 years, and their united debts £.38 3s. Grey hairs and a prison are melancholy associates!

A fellow at Tuxford lately sold his wife in a halter, with a child, to one of his comrades, for 5s. This infamous transfer was made in the public market-place, and it is to be regretted that nobody present had the courage to take the rope from the wife's neck, and lay it on the husband's back, till he was glad to take her again "for better and for worse."

The journalists from Brighton and Margate are very minute this year. They send up the number of drops of rain that have fallen, with the dimensions of every breeze.

When Baddeley bequeathed a plum-cake to the actors of Drury-lane theatre, he probably foresaw that the stage would one day or other be occupied by *children*, who would contend for sweetmeats as others do for salaries.

Government, it is reported, have at length determined to improve the external appearance of the two houses of parliament, and to give to the present

shapeless pile of building a regular appearance. The alterations and improvements will be upon a very extensive scale, and it will probably be some years before they are completed. It is intended, in the first instance, to take down all the private houses and buildings in Palace-yard, which join Westminster-hall and the Exchequer. The great north front of Westminster-hall is to be restored as nearly as possible to its original state, and the court of Exchequer on the west, and Exchequer offices on the east side of it, will have new gothic fronts. In the interior of Westminster hall, the screen, which now divides the court of chancery and King's Bench from the rest of the hall, is to be removed, and the hall restored to its original dimensions, and new courts are to be constructed in the same manner as the common Pleas. The private houses which adjoin the house of lords in Old Palace yard will immediately be taken down, and the house of lords will be new fronted, to correspond with the rest of the building. When these improvements shall have been completed, it is proposed to pull down all the houses in St. Margaret's-street, so as to throw the abbey completely open, and it is said that the houses which now form the terrace in Palace-yard, and the whole of the south side of Bridge-street will be taken down.

A reconciliation is said to have taken place between Buonaparte and his brother Jerome, on condition that the latter renounces his wife, and serves at sea for a certain number of years, in expiation of his offence.

It was generally reported and credited on the Continent, that on a late occasion the Austrian minister was grossly insulted by the emperor of the French. In his diplomatic character, some question respecting late proceedings was put by him to the French government. The answer of Buonaparte was in the following laconic terms:—"Tell your master, the Emperor of Germany, that I desire to have satisfactory explanations from him respecting his connexions and views relating to certain other powers. If I do not receive an explicit answer by the 25th of this month (July), let him look to his dominions."

FIRE AT THE ROYAL CIRCUS.—On Monday morning, the 12th of August, between one and two o'clock, a most alarming fire broke out at the Royal Circus, in St. George's Fields. The flames burnt so furiously, that in twenty minutes from the time they first appeared, the whole of the roof of that extensive pile of building fell in with a dreadful crash. The equestrian coffee-house, kept by Mr. Johnson, and the Circus coffee-house, adjoining, also fell a prey to the devouring element, as well as the manager's dwelling-house, in the rear of the theatre. The printing-house adjoining was likewise totally destroyed. When the engines arrived, some time elapsed before water could be procured. About three o'clock there was an abundant supply, when the utmost exertions were made by the firemen, assisted by the volunteers and the spectators, to prevent further devastation, it being then impossible to save any part of the property belonging to the theatre. Soon after four o'clock the flames were got under, to the great joy of the neighbouring residents, who all expected their habitations would have fallen a prey to its destructive ravages. The cause of this melancholy accident has not yet been discovered, but it is conjectured to have arisen from some fire works which were used at the rehearsal of a new pantomime, which took place the preceding evening. Mr. Cross, who was in bed and asleep

when the fire broke out, was obliged to escape in his shirt, and so rapid was the progress of the flames, that he had not time to take the Saturday night's receipts of the theatre out of his secretaire, amounting to seventy pounds. Every performer has suffered very materially, for independent of their salaries for the residue of the season, and their benefits; they have lost all their stage property. The proprietors of the theatre have likewise suffered considerably, the premises being only insured for £.6000, not a third of the actual value. The owners of the coffee-houses have lost every thing they possessed, being both uninsured. The upper stories of houses in London; standing on elevated situations; were illuminated in a way awfully grand and terrific. Drury-Lane theatre, in particular, appeared to be enveloped in flames. The banks of the river, for a considerable distance leading down from the Strand to the Thames, were illuminated as if it had been noon day. The greatest consternation was caused in the neighbourhood of the Circus; in consequence of the rapidity and threatening aspect of the flames. The drums beat to arms, and a great number of volunteers were soon assembled near the spot, who were of the greatest service in keeping the avenues clear of the mob. By the active exertions of the firemen, the neighbouring houses, which were at first in imminent danger, have been saved. We are happy to hear that no lives were lost.

The *taylors* have rendered themselves a most formidable body of *dramatic critics*, by their recent attack upon the farce at the Haymarket. In future, they say, it will *not* be for the *benefit* of the children of Thespis to meddle impertinently with their "profession." They are determined to criticise theatrical productions minutely, and to *cut up* every absurdity. They will allow of no *cabbaging* from other authors, and will admit only of *sheer wit*. The cross-legged heroes of the *shop-boards*, on Thursday, cut the *thread* of the entertainment provided by the strutters of the *dramatic boards*. They are henceforth to look as sharp as *needles* after any offending performer; and if he repeats his provocation, they threaten not to be content with *cuffing* and *collaring* him, but to make his quietus with a *bare bodkin*. They maintain their right of interfering, by a reference to our great dramatic poet, who considered them as persons of such *intelligence* and *information*, that he speaks of a *smith*,

"The while his iron did on his anvil cool,

With open mouth, swallowing a *taylor's* news."

Even Richard the Third thought a "score or two of *taylors*" necessary to deck out his person, when he aspired at great things. Besides, the *corps* of *taylors* are as essential to the equipment of a *company* of comedians, as the theatre itself. The players, therefore, must take warning to be more *measured* in their conduct, and to *cut* their *coat* according to their *cloth*.

General Moreau, with his family, sailed from Cadiz for New York at the commencement of July.

YORK.—Mary Atkinson, wife of James Atkinson, of Bishop Thornton, was indicted at the last assizes, and charged by the Coroner's inquest with the murder of Thomas Atkinson, her son, an infant of two years of age.

Nathan Andrews deposed, that on going up stairs he found Mary Atkinson lying upon the chamber floor bleeding; and that the little boy was laid in the mid-

dle of the bed with his throat cut. He also stated that he found a razor on the floor, bloody.

Enoch Cobby stated, that he was a constable, and on the 19th of May he took the prisoner into custody at her own house, where she remained until the 16th of June, when he conveyed her to York Castle: for some time the prisoner did not speak at all, and for two or three days after she began to speak, she appeared quite deranged. The witness added, that though he had used his utmost influence to induce her to make no confession, yet she persisted in her intention of doing so, saying, "that she could not rest till she had unburdened her mind." The unhappy mother then proceeded to say, that before she had executed the dreadful deed upon her child, she had formed the resolution of destroying her other children also; for this purpose she meant to set off for Ripon, and take them with her, and throw them into a pond, and then plunge into it herself; but when she got up to proceed to put this resolution into practice, she found her feet would not support her; her next resolution was to kill her little boy, and afterwards herself: then again she thought she would not kill him, but at last temptation came upon her with a force that was irresistible; she then took her dear child in her arms,—kissed—embraced—and destroyed him.—Again she pressed the child to her bosom, and then laid him, mangled as he was, upon the bed; in this state of distraction she proceeded to cut her own throat with the razor which had inflicted the mortal wound upon her infant.

During the whole of this horrid recital the court appeared deeply affected; nor is it possible to depict the anguish which was visible in the countenance of the ill-fated mother.

Her insanity was already proved, and the jury, without retiring from the box, pronounced a verdict of Not Guilty. His lordship enquired whether they acquitted the prisoner on the ground of *insanity*? to which they replied in the affirmative. The judge thereupon ordered the unfortunate woman to be detained.

A shepherd of Mr. Mounsey's, in looking after his sheep upon the summit of the stupendous mountain of Kelvellyn, was alarmed by the barking of a dog; and, upon going to the spot from whence it proceeded, found the arms, thighs, and some other bones of a man, robbed of their flesh, and bleached as white as snow. The arm-bones were covered by a pair of tattered black coat sleeves; upon examining further, he found a gold watch and a pocket-book, in which were papers, that led to the discovery of his name, which is Gough. He was a gentleman of fortune, in Manchester; and used, every year, to ramble on these mountains, fishing among the fells. He has never been seen since last April; so that he must have lain at the foot of the precipice, down which he had fallen, since the time. There is no appearance of his little dog having any other subsistence than grass, for it undoubtedly would not feed upon its master; but the flesh has been consumed by maggots. What is extraordinary, the poor little animal had pupped during this time; one pup was dead by its side, the others have probably been carried off by birds of prey.

An unparalleled instance of the power of a horse, when assisted by art, was shewn near Croydon, on Wednesday, July 31st. The Surrey iron railway being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods all the way from Wands-

worth to Merstham, a bet was made between two gentlemen, that a common horse could draw *thirty-six tons* for six miles along the road, and that he should draw this weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road. Wednesday was fixed on for the trial; and a number of gentlemen assembled near Merstham, to see this extraordinary triumph of art. Twelve waggons loaded with stones, each waggon weighing above three tons, were chained together, and a horse, taken promiscuously from the timber cart of Mr. Harwood, was yoked into the team. He started from near the Fox public house, and drew the immense chain of waggons, with apparent ease, to near the turnpike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-one minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In this period he stopped four times, to shew that it was not by the impetus of the descent, that the power was acquired; and after each stoppage, he drew off the chain of waggons from a dead rest. Having gained his wager, Mr. Bankes, the gentleman who laid the bet, directed four more loaded waggons to be added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power; and still further to shew the effect of the railway in facilitating motion, he directed the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, to mount on the waggons, and the horse proceeded without the least distress; and in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial the waggons were taken to the weighing machine and it appeared that the whole weight was as follows:

	T.	C.	Q.
12 Waggons, first linked together, weighed	38	4	2
4 ditto, afterwards attached, - -	13	2	0
Supposed weight of fifty labourers, -	4	0	0
	<hr/>		
	Tons,	55	6 2

BIRTHS,

The Lady of G. Windham, Esq. of Cromer-hall, Norfolk, of a son. The Hon. Mrs. Coventry, of Lambeth-road, of a daughter. The Lady of Lord F. G. Osborne, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

Earl Cowper, to the Hon Miss Lambe. Lord Grantham, to Lady Henrietta Frances Cole. The Duc de Castries, to Miss Coughlan. The Hon. Colonel Acheson, to Miss Sparrow. Henry Sansom, Esq. of Finsbury-square, to Miss Magniac. Richard Addams, Esq. of Doctor's Commons, to the daughter of Nathaniel Bishop, Esq.

DIED,

In Grosvenor-square, Viscountess Sidney. In Stanhope-street, May-fair, the Dowager Marchioness of Stafford. At Kensington Terrace, Dr. J. Snipe. At Walmer Castle, Major Sabine, of the First Guards, who shot himself.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1805.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. H. JOHNSTON, OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE,
ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE PAINTING BY J. R. SMITH.

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1805.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Biographical Sketch of Mrs. H. JOHNSTON in our next.

MERCUTIO is informed that he may safely pursue the method he has hitherto adopted.

It is not our practice to revoke the criticism we have felt it our duty to pass on books noticed in the review. E. F. will observe that the editors of this work are not connected with the other publication he mentions.

The remarks on the *History of Egypt*, which did not reach us early enough for this number, shall certainly appear next month.

SABLE's lines on the general mourning, are, as SCRUB says, "very dolorous indeed."

The IDLER is an illegitimate offspring. There is not one of Dr. Johnson's gigantic features in the hickety babe presented to us; and we shall therefore decline the honour of being its foster-father.

We do not question the veracity of our *Canterbury* correspondent, but we deny the position he has advanced respecting the monastery of St. Augustin. It is a mere *Canterbury Tale*.

The *Goose for a low Comedian*, by a FLINT, must be administered through another channel. The ODE which accompanies it has been cabbaged from a deceased poet. Though some pains have been taken to *botch it up*, it is after all only "a thing of shreds and patches."

CASTALIO, in some future number, may find that his hints have not been lost upon us.

P. L. R. is welcome to take the measures he has proposed.

If the *Lines to the Forest Oak* possessed any of the vigour and luxuriance which distinguish the subject he has chosen, we would readily have obliged M. T. SÆVS by their insertion.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1805.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA TO THE SULTAN SHAHROKH, THE SON OF TIMUR.

From the Annals of the Hijerah, Year 822 (commencing 27 January, 1419.).

IN the annals of the year 820 it was mentioned that Day-Ming Khan, Emperor of China, sent ambassadors *that year* to the court of his majesty at his capital of Herat, who dispatched Ardasher Tavadry with them *when they went back to China*. Ardasher at this time returned from thence, and gave his majesty an account of that country, and of the approach of a new embassy. About the end of *Ramazan* (October 1419) the ambassadors Bimachin and Janmachin arrived at Herat, and presented to the king the presents and rarities they had brought, and a letter from the Emperor of China, a copy of which is here subjoined, written in their manner, which is this; they write the name of their monarch on the first line, and begin the others at some distance below, and when, in the course of the letter, they come to the name of God, they leave off and begin a new line with that, and they follow the same method in writing the name of a sovereign prince. The letter therefore, which was sent on the present occasion, is here inserted, having been copied word for word from the original, in the manner above described.

“The great Emperor Day-Ming sends this letter to——
Sultan Shahroth. We conceive that——The Most High
has made you knowing and wise, and perfect, that the kingdom of
the *Islamites* may be well governed, and it is owing to this that the
men of that kingdom are become prosperous.

“Your Majesty is of an enlightened mind, skilful, accomplished,
and judicious, and superior to all the *Islamites*. You honour and obey
the commands of——The Most High, and you reverence
the things that relate to him, which is the way to enjoy his protection.

“We, on a former occasion, sent Amir Seyra-Lido with others
as our ambassadors, who arrived at——Your Majesty’s

court, and you were pleased to receive them with much honour and ceremony, which Lido and the rest represented to us, so that it has all been made clear and manifest, and fully known to us. Your ambassadors Beg Buko and the others also arrived here with Lido and the rest, on their return, and delivered at this court all the presents of tigers, Arabian horses, lynxes, and other things which you sent to us. We viewed them all. You have on this occasion displayed the sincerity of your affection, and we are exceedingly sensible of your kindness. The western country, which is the seat of *Islamism*, has from old time been famous for producing wise and good men, but it is probable that none have been superior to———Your Majesty. Well may we afford protection and encouragement to the men of that country, for we deem it consonant to the will of Heaven that we should do so. Indeed, how should not———The Most High be well pleased with those men who practise mutual affection, where one heart reflects the sentiments of another, as mirror opposed to mirror, and that though at a distance! In the eye of friendship, generosity and civility are precious above all things, but even in these also there is somewhat more particularly so. We now send Uchangku and others, in company with your ambassadors Beg-Buka and the rest, who will deliver to———Your Majesty our presents, consisting of seven Sungkurs, each of which we have flown with our own hands, and Kimkhas &c. Though Sungkurs are not produced in this our empire of *China*, they are constantly brought us as rarities from the sea-coasts, so that we have always enow; but in that country of yours, it seems they are scarce. We have sent you choice ones, such as might be deemed worthy the great soul of———Your Majesty. In themselves, to be sure, they are of little value, but as they are tokens of our affection, we trust they will be acceptable to———Your Majesty. Henceforth it is requisite that the sincerity of our friendship be increased, and that ambassadors and merchants be always passing and re-passing between us without interruption, to the end that our subjects may all live in plenty, ease, and security. We may then assuredly hope that———The Most High will make us experience more of his goodness and mercy.

“This is what we have thought proper to write to you.”

Each time that letters from the *Emperor of China* were thus brought to his majesty, there were three; and each was written in three different sorts of characters; that is to say, first, in the vulgar character in which we now write, and in the *Persian* language; se-

condly, in the *Mogul* character, which is that of the *Yegurs*, and in the *Turkish* language; and thirdly in the *Chinese* character and language: but the purport was exactly the same in all. There was another, which contained a particular account of the things sent, whether living creatures or other rarities, and was written in like manner in these three languages and characters. And there was likewise a letter to answer the purpose of a pass, which was written like the rest in these three languages and characters. The dates of months and years inserted in each, were those of the emperor's reign.

ANECDOTES OF CHURCHILL.

Extracted from Cook's entertaining Memoirs of FOOTE, recently published.

OF this poet,—who has *flourished*, and *almost faded*, in our day,—the following particulars are but very little known, and, I believe, never before published.

Soon after the publication of his *Rosciad* (a poem which, however meritorious in some particulars, contains many illiberal and partial criticisms), he was sitting one night at the Rose tavern, in company with the late Mat. Clarke, of Covent-Garden theatre: when Churchill, who was intoxicated with the applause given him by his flatterers, was repeating with great energy some parts of this poem. "Ah!" said Clarke, "this may be sport to you, but you should consider it is death to a great many of my brother-performers."—"Pooh! pooh!" cried the other; "they are fair game for a satirist!"—"You may think so," said Clarke; "but if you mentioned me in the manner you have some of them, I would have shown you the difference."—"Why, what would you do?"—"Only knock you down," said Clarke, "the very first place I saw you in." Here Churchill retired a few paces, and put himself into a pugilistic attitude; which Clarke perceiving, he snatched up a case-knife in one hand, and a corner of the cloth which was laid for supper in the other, and then exclaimed, "Come, come; none of your bullying tricks with me: if you have a mind to see what I can do, take that knife and the other end of the cloth, and let us fairly see who is the best man, the player or the libeller." Terrified at this fierce and very unexpected onset, Churchill paused for some time; then taking him by the hand, said, "he was a manly fellow, and the last person in the world to whom he would willingly give offence."

Churchill evidently took Dryden for his model in poetry; and his genius seemed to incline more to the strong and energetic, than to the correct and harmonious style. But his defect was, that he did not sufficiently blend them to give perfection to the former.—His usual manner of composing was this, as I have often heard it from his first publisher:—After he had finally resolved upon a subject, he rambled about the fields alone for some hours, till he had accumulated as many ideas relative to the matter as he could: he then retired to his study, threw the whole upon paper, and, after a very few corrections, offered his work to the bookseller. Some of his lighter works were published in this careless manner; but his friend Wilkes soon put a stop to such a proceeding; which, he justly observed, would soon ruin him in his reputation, both with his party and with the public at large. The hasty temper of Churchill did not like to be sent back so often to the *anvil*, (as he called it) but Wilkes was peremptory, and the other acquiesced.

His *Prophecy of Famine*, which is, undoubtedly, one of his most finished productions, Wilkes made him correct three different times; and when he brought it in its last improved state, "Yes," said he, "Charles: now, you may depend upon it, it will do; as it is at once personal, poetical, and political."

The following anecdote of Churchill, told by himself in a mixed company at the table of Flexney, his bookseller, will show at once the very great imprudence and dissipation of his character:—

Having occasion to settle with his publisher, from whom he received above sixty pounds, he staid so late, and got so completely drunk,

"His usual custom in the afternoon,"

that he could not be persuaded to take a coach, or suffer any one to see him home. In this condition he staggered down to Charing-cross; where he fell in company with an unhappy female of the lowest description, and from that moment forgot every other circumstance which occurred till the next morning,—when he found himself awakened by a very strong and unusual heat playing upon his face and eyes. Not knowing where he was, he stretched out his hand to feel whether any chair was near him, but, instead of a chair, he grasped a root with some fresh earth loosely attached to it.—This alarmed him; suddenly starting up, he found himself in an asparagus-bed at Battersea, with a wretched trull fast asleep beside him.

His first recollection was about his money, when he exclaimed

to her with an oath, "You have picked my pockets, and I suppose brought me here to murder me!" The woman, awaking at this instant, denied the charge, and requested he would count his money, and he would find it all right. Upon examination it proved so: his companion then recounted the adventures of the preceding night, which were as follows:—"that after he had picked her up at Charing-cross, she had knocked at several doors in order to get a bed; but the people, seeing him so drunk and herself so miserable in her appearance, refused them admittance. She then, as her last resource, (it being a fine harvest moon,) took him to Battersea-fields; where she often, from her necessities, had been obliged to make use of the same lodging."—"I was so struck with the fidelity and disinterestedness of this woman's conduct," added Churchill, "that I immediately gave her three guineas, took down her name, and directed her to call on me in a week's time, when I got her admitted into the Magdalen."

When Lloyd was confined in the Fleet, Churchill commissioned his publisher (Kearsley) to allow him a guinea a week, which was punctually paid till the death of Churchill, when Kearsley suffered in common with the other creditors.

The death of this very eccentric man was as unaccountable as his life. He set out, in 1763, on a visit to his friend Wilkes, who was then in Paris, but stopping at Boulogne, he contracted a military fever, which every day growing worse and worse, his friends persuaded him to make a will. This, with great formality, he set up in his bed to do, and bequeathed annuities to the amount of a hundred and ten pounds; though at the same time, if he gave himself the trouble to consider, he would have known that he had not a single guinea (independent of the future sale of his works) that he could call his own.

In this state he had a wish to return to England, which his friends imprudently indulged; but the removal from a warm bed to the inclemencies of a sea voyage, terminated his life a few hours after he had landed at Dover.

Among his manuscripts was found the commencement of a violent satire against three of his most intimate friends, Lloyd, Thornton, and Colman. Wilkes, who had the inspection of his papers, (and who told this circumstance to a literary friend of mine) very properly burnt them. This fragment consisted of about a hundred lines.

His few books, furniture, &c. sold most extravagantly dear.—

Party, and the popularity of his name as a writer, had stamped a kind of visionary value upon them, which my readers will best judge of, when they are informed that a common steel pen sold for *five pounds*, and a pair of plated spurs for *sixteen guineas* !

SKAITING.

A young, but experienced skaiter, with the graceful rapidity of the *feathered Mercury*, was gliding over the ice, when he saw at a distance some confusion, and heard an exclamation that a young lord would certainly be drowned. He immediately checked his course, and then moved towards the youth, whom he beheld holding by the edge of the ice, struggling to extricate himself, and crying loudly and incessantly for assistance. As the skaiter approached, he begged the young lord to be silent, and then holding his handkerchief by one corner, he threw the other to him, at the same time extending his arm to the utmost, that he might keep the weight of his own body as far as possible from the broken part of the ice, and that the squad might have the better chance of sustaining the youth, when he should get upon it. At that instant, a sailor, who viewed the scene from the shore, run to the benevolent skaiter, calling "avast, avast, brother; the sliders on which you stand have no hold; that squalling lubber, is more likely to draw you to the bottom, than you to heave him above board, or tow him ashore; catch fast hold of this here, with your larboard hand." So saying, he jerked the end of a piece of rope to the skaiter, while he himself stood firm on the ice, holding the other end. "Now, boys, bear a hand," cried he; "hilloa, pull away." Thus the young lord was pulled to a safe part of the ice. The sailor, after contemplating him with a look of contempt, said, "Zounds, what a squalling did you make, friend; d——n me, if I have not seen a whole ship's crew go to the bottom with less noise than came from your jaw-port."

Whether it was the shivering condition in which the young lord was that deprived him of recollection, or his being offended at the sailor's speech, cannot be known, but he certainly went away with all the expedition he could, and without saying a word.

The generous skaiter, then shaking the sailor by the hand, offered him a guinea for his assistance in saving the young lord from being drowned.

"He is not worth the money, by G—d," said the sailor. "Well, since you insist upon it, master, I'll accept your guinea; but on my conscience, you have a hard bargain."

J. M.

COWPERIANA.

No. XII.

“ If every human being upon earth could think for one quarter of an hour, as I have done for many years, there might, perhaps, be many miserable men among them, but not an unawakened one could be found from the arctic to the antarctic circle. At present the difference between them and me, is greatly to their advantage. I delight in baubles, and know them to be so; for rested in, and viewed without a reference to their author, what is the earth, what are the planets, what is the sun itself, but a bauble? Better for a man never to have seen them, or to see them with the eyes of a brute, stupid and unconscious of what he beholds, than not to be able to say, ‘ The MAKER of all these wonders is my friend !’—Their eyes have never been opened, to see that they are trifles; mine have been, and will be, till they are closed for ever. They think a fine estate, a large conservatory, a hot-house, rich as a West India garden, things of consequence; visit them with pleasure, and muse upon them with ten times more. I am pleased with a frame of four lights, doubtful whether the few pines it contains will ever be worth a farthing; amuse myself with a green-house, which Lord Bute’s gardener could take upon his back, and walk away with, and when I have paid it the accustomed visit, and watered it, and given it air, I say to myself—‘ This is not mine, ’tis a play-thing lent me for the present, I must leave it soon.’

Affectation of every sort is odious, especially in a minister,* and more especially an affectation that betrays him into expressions fit only for the mouths of the illiterate. Truth indeed needs no ornament, neither does a beautiful person; but to clothe it therefore in rags, when a decent habit was at hand, would be esteemed preposterous and absurd. The best proportioned figure may be made offensive by beggary and filth, and even truths which came down from Heaven, though they cannot forego their nature, may be disguised and disgraced by unsuitable language.

* See also the Task, Book II.

“ In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loath
All affectation. ’Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.”

U—VOL. XX.

I never was a friend to pluralities, they are generally found in the hands of the avaricious, whose insatiable hunger after preferment, proves them unworthy of any at all. They attend much to the regular payment of their dues, but not at all to the spiritual interest of their parishioners. Having forgot their duty, or never known it, they differ in nothing from the laity, except their outward garb, and their exclusive right to the desk and the pulpit. But when pluralities seek the man, instead of being sought by him, and when the man is honest, conscientious, and pious, careful to employ a substitute in those respects like himself, and not contented with this, will see with his own eyes that the concerns of his parishes are decently and diligently administered: in that case, considering the dearth of such characters in the ministry, I think it an event advantageous to the people, and much to be desired by all who regret the great and apparent want of sobriety and earnestness among the clergy. A man who does not seek a living merely as a pecuniary emolument, has no need (in my judgment) to refuse one because it is so. He means to do his duty, and by doing it, he earns his wages.

The sabbath may be considered—First, as a commandment, no less binding upon modern Christians than upon ancient Jews, because the spiritual people amongst them did not think it enough to abstain from manual occupations upon that day, but entering more deeply into the meaning of the precept, allotted those hours they took from the world in the cultivation of holiness in their own souls; which ever was and ever will be, a duty incumbent upon all who ever heard of a sabbath, and is of perpetual obligation both upon Jews and Christians. Secondly, as a privilege. Thirdly, as a sign of that covenant, by which believers are entitled to a rest that yet remaineth. Fourthly, as the sine-quâ-non of the Christian character: and upon this head, I should guard against being misunderstood to mean no more than two attendances upon public worship, which is a form complied with by thousands who never kept a sabbath in their lives. Consistence is necessary to give substance and solidity to the whole. To sanctify the day at church, and to trifle it away out of church, is profanation, and vitiates all. After all, I could ask my catechismen one short question—‘Do you love the day, or do you not?’ If you love it, you will never enquire how far you may safely deprive yourself of the enjoyment of it. If you do not love it, and you find yourself obliged in conscience to acknowledge it, that is an alarming symptom, and ought to make you trem-

ble. If you do not love it, then it is a weariness to you, and you wish it over. The ideas of labour and rest are not more opposite to each other than the idea of a sabbath, and that dislike and disgust, with which it fills the souls of thousands, to be obliged to keep it. It is worse than bodily labour."

CURSORY REMARKS
ON
DR. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY:

By the late Samuel Pegge, F. S. A.

It is not my purpose to comment upon Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. Thus much, however, may be allowed, that when he engaged in this laborious and voluminous work (for I will not call it otherwise *great*) it is acknowledged that he wrote for bread, and was paid by the sheet. It was not a task to which his refulgent genius ever prompted him; his thoughts were too elevated to have selected such an office; and, therefore, it was submitted to as an infliction necessary for the supply of his immediate occasions. Thus he *devoured* his dictionary; as it grew faster than he wrote it: for at the close of it the balance was against him. He was honest, and did his best, I make no doubt; and therefore peace to his shade! He did not wilfully, like Baretti, secrete 4000 words for a second edition.

I do not think lexicography was his *forte*. He submitted to it; and we are at present highly obliged to his labours, painful as they must have been to him. This branch of erudition is enough for one man, however qualified.

Criticism is equally out of Dr. Johnson's line. His notes on Shakspeare are trifling and unsatisfactory, compared with those of Mr. Steevens; for which it may be said, and I hope without offence, that Dr. Johnson had every thing else to do; while Mr. Steevens was absorbed in the subject, and was *totus in illo*.

Dr. Johnson's work, great as it is, cannot be called a perfect, or even a satisfactory work. He built on old foundations, some of which he pulled down, which should have remained; and left others standing, which he was able to have demolished. He worked for a body of booksellers, called *the trade*; was paid generally in ad-

vance—and it is very discernible in many cases wherein he was diligent, and wherein he was indolent and inattentive. When money was wanting, sheets were written apace; when money was in his pocket, he was more deliberate and investigative. He had too much *vis inertia*, and a want of enthusiastic zeal, founded on an independent love of his subject; and passed things over, because he was not in a humour to examine them thoroughly, or when some other object called him from this laborious work to more pleasing and flattering subjects, better suited to the bent of his great and unbounded faculties.

Dr. Johnson was not at all aware of the authenticity of dialectical expressions, and therefore seldom attends to them, or considers them as natives, but as outcasts; whereas they contain more originality than most words, &c. in common use at this day, which are begotten by *Absurdity* on its fantastical mistress *Refinement*. The languages of our ancestors, preserved in our provinces, are not all by one common parent; for, if you would seek for the terms and expressions of the northern people, it will be in vain to ransack the British tongue; for it is all Saxon, as is the Scotch. On the other hand, it will be as fruitless to hunt for the language of the west of England, which is entirely British, in the Anglo-Saxon mine of the north.

A word more on this dictionary, and I have done. It professes to be an English dictionary, and is too much so; for, though I do not wish such a work to contain *expressions* borrowed from other languages, though daily in use, yet there are technical *words*, which often have started, though compounded or borrowed even from the Greek, which by naturalization ought to have a place in a national dictionary. How otherwise is the next generation to understand what is meant by the *Lyceum*, the *Eidophusicon*, Sir Ashton Lever's *Holophusicon*, Walker's *Eidورانion*, or the *Panorama*?—*Ranelagh*, the *Pantheon*, *Vauxhall*, may perhaps survive some time longer; but, of the others, some are already gone, and the rest will probably die with their sponsors.

To these may be added the new-fangled terms for various articles in dress, both male and female,* in furniture, and general domestic use.†

* *Shawl*—*Galoches*—*Spencer*, &c. &c.

† *Doyley*, *Epargne*, *Turin*, &c. &c. &c.

Many of these terms were well known in Doctor Johnson's time; and many have arisen since: but I would make the observation general, by saying that such words, as denizens, ought to have a place in an English dictionary.

As to words newly coined, we see many very justifiable in the newspapers of every day.

I have no right to arraign Dr. Johnson's dictionary, but because it frequently disappoints me; it is, however, to be lamented that we of this country, which possesses a language strong and energetic enough to convey to us every thing worth knowing, must be dragged headlong through the Latin and Greek tongues, without the least attention to the common grammatical construction of our own. The consequence is, that in a course of years we forget the two former, when it is too late to study the latter, unless perchance some inquisitive peculiarity of reading conducts us to it. The drudgery, the discipline, the fears, and flagellations of the early stages of education are intolerable inflictions; when after all these, and the subsequent academic progresses from a Freshman to a Bachelor of Arts, the *Toga Virilis*, where tasks and impositions end, and the party thinks himself a man of the world, he finds that he can scarcely write English, and that what he writes is not always the most correctly spelt. Let us, who are Englishmen, begin and end our education naturally in our vernacular language, and through the medium of that learn what is necessary to be known of the history of the ancient world, its mythology, and its revolutions. Something of what are termed the learned languages is necessary to understand the sciences; our ancestors having thought proper to retain terms which are technically Latin or Greek, instead of rendering them into our own language: and thus is science, like the scripture of old, locked up from the people. One great absurdity in school learning is, that we are taught the first language (Latin) by a grammar in that very language, and the gibberish of "*Propria quæ maribus!*"—*Ignotum per ignotius!* It follows next, that we read scraps of books, and understand nothing. Little language, and less history, remains upon the memory; and it is in fact all to be read over again with different ideas, if a man of education chance to have the curiosity or wish to know what happened in the old world, after he quitted school; so that at forty years of age, one out of a thousand may perhaps arrive at the whole story of Virgil's *Æneid*, Homer's *Iliad*, Livy's *History*, and Suetonius's *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*, which were left unfinished when

he went to college. The History of the Lower Empire of Rome is seldom if ever attended to, though it is the basis of our own early establishment; and the English story, since the conquest, is to be picked up piece-meal by casual reading, without regard to chronology, or accurate arrangement of events, and gives place to every nonsensical novel that disgraces the understanding of the purchaser.

It is natural to suppose, that all boys are averse to their books, and learn nothing upon principle; and it is as certain that nobody can be more idle than boys—except their masters. Stated hours are daily to be passed in the school, equally unpalatable to both; and each party is glad of a holiday. The master is paid for his time and confinement quarterly or half-yearly, whether the scholar improve or not; while the boy looks forward impatiently for emancipation, after rubbing through examinations as well as he can without actual punishment or personal disgrace; and thus that account is closed. The young man then goes to the university, and commences pupil, or a bigger school-boy; but there he finds stimulatives to excite his ardour. The liberal sciences open upon him; he is to apply his languages to the acquisition of knowledge: and he has objects before him which he had not before. The previous exercises for a degree confront him; a fellowship is next in succession; and the prospect of an establishment in future life discloses itself, to awaken him to some share of industry, to enable him to pursue the hints of ambition and emulation.

Etymology has been called *Scientia ad libitum*: and well it may; for where the derivation is tolerably remote, every man has his favourite hypothesis to support, which he does *vi et armis*, and with all the absurd and strained arguments of an advocate in a weak cause. Some probability and much plausibility gives encouragement to conjecture; and there are many cases wherein the best guess carries the day: but I have higher notions of this branch of literary science. Etymology I consider as *the History of Words*, from their primary ancestor to their descendants, as well illegitimate as legitimate: comprehending their parentage, their intermarriages, their collateral family connections, &c. and upon the first principle, the etymology is left open to every man to guess as he pleases.

BURKE'S FIRST THOUGHTS OF LONDON.

In a Letter to a School-Fellow in Ireland.

[MR. EDITOR,

To the lovers of literature, the two letters which I have sent you will prove an intellectual feast: the first written by the comprehensive Burke who unfortunately 'to party gave what was meant for mankind' in the latter by an Irish school-master of the name of SMITH, who had been Burke's class-fellow, and whose name ought to be remembered as having been thought worthy of the sincere (not political) affections of the Modern Cicero.

J. S.]

MY DEAR MICHAEL,

Mr. Balf was so very kind as to deliver me your friendly epistle about half an hour ago. I read it over, blest the first inventor of letters, and as I have plenty of ink, pens, and paper, and as this is one of my holidays, I intend to dedicate it to friendship. Balzac having once escaped from a company where he found it necessary to weigh every word that he uttered, chanced to meet a friend: "Come," said he to him, "let us retire to some place where we can converse freely together, and commit as many solecisms as we please." I need not tell you the application. You'll expect some short account of my journey to this great city. To tell you the truth, I made very few remarks as I rolled along, for my mind was occupied with many thoughts, and my eyes often filled with tears, when I reflected on all the dear friends I left behind: yet the prospects could not fail to attract the attention of the most indifferent: country seats sprinkled round on every side, some in the modern taste, others in the style of old de Coverley Hall, all smiling on the neat, but humble cottage; every village as gay and compact as a bee-hive, resounding with the busy hum of industry, and inns like palaces. What a contrast between our poor country, where you'll scarce find a cottage ornamented with a chimney! But what pleased me most of all was the progress of agriculture, my favourite study, and my favourite pursuit, if Providence had blessed me with a few paternal acres. A description of London and its natives would fill a volume. The buildings are very fine: it may be called the sink of vice: but her hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies, like so many electrical conductors, avert the very wrath of

heaven. The inhabitants may be divided into two classes, the *undoers* and the *undone*; generally so, I say, for I am persuaded there are many men of honesty, and women of virtue, in every street. An Englishman is cold and distant at first; he is very cautious even in forming an acquaintance; he must know you well before he enters into friendship with you; but if he does, he is not the first to dissolve that sacred band: in short, a real Englishman is one that performs more than he promises; in company he is rather silent, extremely prudent in his expressions, even in politics, his favourite topic. The women are not quite so reserved; they consult their glasses to the greatest advantage, and as nature is very liberal in her gifts to their persons, and even mind, it is not easy for a young man to escape their glances, or to shut his ears to their softly flowing accents. As to the state of learning in this city, you know I have not been long enough in it to form a proper judgment of that subject. I don't think, however, there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side the water as you imagine. I don't find that genius, the "rath primrose, which forsaken dies," is patronised by any of the nobility; so that writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public. Notwithstanding this discouragement, literature is cultivated in a high degree. Poetry raises her enchanting voice to heaven. History arrests the wings of Time in his flight to the gulph of oblivion. Philosophy, the queen of arts, and the daughter of heaven, is daily extending her intellectual empire. Fancy sports on airy wing, like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud, and even Metaphysic spins her cobwebs, and catches some flies. The House of Commons not unfrequently exhibits explosions of eloquence, that rise superior to those of Greece and Rome, even in their proudest days. Yet, after all, a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than by the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade wind, and then he may sail secure over Pactolean sands. As to the stage, it is sunk, in my opinion, into the lowest degree; I mean with regard to the trash that is exhibited on it; but I don't attribute this to the taste of the audience, for when Shakspeare warbles his "native wood-notes," the boxes, pit, and gallery are crowded—and the gods are true to every word, if properly winged to the heart.

Soon after my arrival in town, I visited Westminster Abbey; the moment I entered, I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind, which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. Henry the seventh's chapel is a very fine piece of gothic architecture, particularly

the roof; but I am told that it is exceeded by a chapel in the university of Cambridge. Mrs. Nightingale's monument has not been praised beyond its merit. The attitude and expression of the husband, in endeavouring to shield his wife from the dart of death, is natural and affecting. But I always thought that the image of death would be much better represented with an extinguished torch, inverted, than with a dart. Some would imagine that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly—I don't think so; what useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit? When the high-born beauty surveys her face in the polished Parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form and as fair a face as her own. They shew, besides, how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendship beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion—such is our natural love of immortality; but it is here that letters obtain the noblest triumphs; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high, for when all the pride of the chissel, and the pomp of heraldry, yield to the silent touches of time, a single line, a half worn out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man that first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or merit! I have not the least doubt that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton's *Il Penseroso*, was composed in the long resounding isle of a mouldering cloister or ivied abbey. Yet after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country church-yard, than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, "family burying-ground," has something pleasing in it, at least to me. I am glad that Dr. Sheridan is returned, and determined to spend the rest of his days in your quarter. I should send him some botanic writings which I have in view, if I were not certain that the Irish Hippocrates would rather read nature in her own works. With what pleasure I have seen him trace the delicate texture of a lily, and exclaim that "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of those;" and you know that our lilies are fairer than new fallen snow.*** You are quite mistaken when you think I don't admire Plutarch, I prefer his writings to those of any other. *Sacra semper excipio, quo in summa arce locare fus est & aquum nun quam non in manibus habenda.****

I expect, in a day or two, to be introduced to Miss Woffington, our countrywoman. She is rapidly rising into theatric fame; I could wish to publish a few anecdotes of her. She is of low origin it is true, but talents and nature often avenge themselves on fortune in this respect. The roses of Florida spring out of the finest soil; they are the fairest in the universe, but they emit no fragrance. I recollect that she read her recantation in a little country church, somewhere in the county of Cavan. Mr. Fleming of Stahalmuck wrote some verses on that occasion. I wish you could procure a copy of them for me as soon as possible. I also wish that you could procure some anecdotes of Mr. Brooke, author of the justly celebrated tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa*.

I am, &c.

EDMUND BURKE.

* * *The Answer to this Letter in our next.*

ANECDOTES.

TABARD, CHAUCER'S INN.

As the *Borough High Street* was formerly the great passage into a great part of the kingdom, to and from the capital, it was particularly well furnished with inns. One has been immortalized by Chaucer. The sign is now perverted into the Talbot. It originally was the Tabard, so called from the sign—a sleeveless coat, open on both sides, with a square collar, and winged at the shoulders; worn by persons of rank in the wars, with their arms painted on them, that they might be known. The use is now transferred to the heralds.—This was the rendezvous of the jolly pilgrims, which formed the troop which our father of poetry describes sallying out to pay their devotions to the great St. Thomas Becket, who for a long time superseded almost every other saint.

Befelle that in that season, on a day,
In *Southwerck*, at the *Tabard*, as I lay,
Redy to wender on my pilgrimage
To *Canterbury*, with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostellerie
Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie,
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle,
In felowship, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward *Canterbury* wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.

The memory of our great poet's pilgrimage is perpetuated by an inscription over the gateway: "This is the inn where *Sir Jeffrey Chaucer*, and nine and twenty pilgrims, lodged, in their journey to *Canterbury*, in 1383."

J. S.

ROMAN CATHOLIC FISH-DAYS.

In the archives of a little place called St. Claude, situate in a remote corner of the most mountainous part of the county of Burgundy, are preserved the particulars of the sentence, &c. of a poor gentleman, who was beheaded on the 28th of July, 1629. Being reduced to the utmost poverty, and urged by the most intolerable hunger, he eat, on a fish day, a morsel of horse-flesh, which had been killed in a neighbouring field. The following is a copy of his sentence.—"Having seen all the papers of the process, and heard the opinions of the doctors learned in the law, we declare the said Claude Guillon to be truly attainted and convicted of having taken away part of the flesh of a horse, killed in the meadow of the town; of causing the said flesh to be dressed, and of eating the same on Saturday the 31st of March, &c." It concludes with this observation, "SUCH DEEDS ARE ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN'S HAIR BRISTLE WITH HORROR!"

LOTTERY TICKETS.

In the early part of the reign of King George the Second, the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life, in two tickets, which proving blanks, after a few melancholy days, he put an end to his life.

In his box was found a plan of the manner in which he would spend the five thousand pound prize, which his mistress preserved as a curiosity.

"As soon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant.

"Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it; then I will sleep till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset.

"My dinner shall be on table by one, and never without a good pudding; I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in; about five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten a hot supper of two dishes; if I'm in good humour, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me; to bed about twelve."

INTOXICATION

Is reckoned among the causes of fever. The general bad effect of this upon the constitution is obvious. Wherever a predisposition to any particular disease lurks in the constitution, intemperance in drinking seldom fails to rouse it into action. Repeated excesses of this kind sometimes produce the epilepsy in those never before subject to it, and always hasten the return, and augment the violence of the fits in those who are.

To increase good humour, gaiety, and wit, and prolong the pleasures of conversation, is the usual apology for such excesses. But if it were a general rule to leave the company as soon as our taste and talents for sensible or witty conversation began to diminish, few would injure their constitutions by drinking.

There are indeed examples of people who support long and repeated excesses, without much apparent injury. There are also instances of people who have swallowed poison with impunity. But tell those who are acquainted with such tough and well-seasoned veterans, to recal to memory the numbers of their companions, who, yielding to importunity, have fallen victims to this easiness of temper, and they will not be much encouraged by the example.

Although intoxication never fails, when first indulged, to produce most of the symptoms which attend fever, as heat, drought, headache, and nausea, it must be confessed that these wear away by habit; so that those who indulge every day in the bottle, if they survive the excesses of their youth, and escape consumptions, dropsies, and paralytic complaints in more advanced life, are in little danger of being cut off suddenly by a fever from drinking; they will have the comfort of out-living not only their friends, but very probably their own understanding.

In some instances where people have fallen down insensible by extraordinary excess in drinking, a supervening fever has been considered as the only thing that saved them from a fatal apoplexy. It must be allowed that a disease must be of a very desperate nature for which a fever is the only remedy, and this remedy not always effectual; for it sometime happens, particularly to young persons of a sanguine habit, that, in consequence of great excess in drinking, a fever of such violence is raised, that the patient dies after a few days of high delirium.

J. M.

 THE REFORMER OF MESSINA.

[MR. EDITOR.]

I SEND you the following article extracted from an amusing collection of pieces* lately published. The reflections drawn from the narrative by the writer are useful and important. We have all at times fallen into the same reveries when we have seen "Vice lord-ing it," and, apparently to our imperfect conceptions, Virtue unjustly suffering beneath the rod of Oppression. But we must not vindicate the *Reformer of Messina*, however upright might have been his intentions. *Deus super omnia*, is the exclamation I use when I hear or read of prosperous and triumphant villany. At any rate we are assured from divine authority that we must not *do evil that good may come*.

I transmit you this interesting paper on another account. The *Reformer of Messina* is, doubtless, the original from which are derived the *Bravo of Venice*; the *Venetian Outlaw*; and the melo-drama now in preparation at Covent-Garden theatre. ††]

REFORMER OF MESSINA; a singular character, delineated by the industrious compilation, or *created* by the lively imagination of a miscellaneous writer, who *flourished* thirty years since; he introduces the story, as an instance of the *heroic lunacy of public spirit*, produced by flagrant depravity, and universal corruption.

This severe corrector is described as an industrious mechanic, whose daily occupation did not prevent his noticing the scenes which passed before him.

He saw, with indignation, a general absence of public virtue, and private principle; honesty oppressed, and vice rewarded; the sword of justice evaded by corruption; an universal degeneracy of manners, and a want of power or inclination in government, to chastise offenders.

Under the impulse of such convictions, and stimulated by a zeal, which individuals cannot be too cautious how they indulge; he boldly resolved to take on himself the arduous task of a reformer.

Having previously determined in his own mind, that the disease was spread too widely, and too deeply rooted to admit of palliative remedies, and conscious that the *verbal* remonstrances of a man in his obscure rank, would not only be ridiculed and disregarded, but draw down destruction on his head, he resolved to work on the fears

* The Lounger's Common-Place-Book.

of the wicked, and those who were inattentive to the voice of conscience, and fearless of *future* punishment; to terrify by *instant visitation*, and signal destruction, from a quarter unknown, unseen, and which it would be out of their power to guard against or avoid.

Providing himself with a short gun, which he loaded and concealed under his cloak, he sallied forth in dark evenings, and, as safe opportunities offered, dispatched incorrigible offenders, of various ranks, whose notorious enormities had long condemned them in the public opinion.

In different parts of Messina, and in the course of a few months, many individuals were found shot, but their property untouched; usurers who had ruined thousands by extortion; unjust, oppressive magistrates, who converted the laws of their country into instruments for gratifying avarice or revenge; bad ministers, who had involved their countrymen in unnecessary war; pretended patriots, who indiscriminately opposed and censured every measure of government, for the corrupt purpose of forwarding the interest of themselves and partizans, and ultimately succeeding to the places of those they abused; adulterers and debauchees; husbands who blushed not to live on the price of nuptial prostitution; and wives who considered beauty as a fair resource for repairing the fortunes they had dissipated at the gaming table.

The general astonishment was considerable; no consummate villain of consequence dared to walk the streets; it was in vain that gaards and spies were employed to discover the murderer; his systematic caution eluded all the arts of the police; perhaps the great mass of people were not wholly displeased at the judicial and exemplary dispatch he made.

After more than fifty of the worst men of the city had been put to death, without a single circumstance arising, which could enable any one to guess by whom they were assassinated; the viceroy, thinking it necessary to exert himself in every possible way to discover the author, published a proclamation, in which, after enlarging on the general terror, and the melancholy catastrophes which had taken place, he offered a reward of ten thousand crowns, to any man who should apprehend, or be instrumental in apprehending the offender or offenders; the same sum, and a free pardon were also offered to the person who actually committed the murders in question, if he would confess them, and the motives by which he was actuated.

To render his sincerity unquestionable, the viceroy went publicly, in procession, and with great pomp and splendor, to the cathedral; received the sacrament, and solemnly repeated his promise at the altar, that he would strictly, and without mental reservation, perform his vow in every particular.

The assassin having satisfied his zeal for justice, and being willing to secure safety, as well as that independence, which he thought he deserved, immediately repaired to the palace; demanded an audience, and after strong assurances from the prince, that he would religiously observe his oath, confessed himself the murderer of the persons, who, at different times, had been found in the streets.

The viceroy paused, and suppressing, as far as he was able, the strong emotions of horror and surprise which struggled in his breast, proceeded to argue with the reformer, on the unjustifiable cruelty and irregularity of his proceeding, in thus putting to death so many persons, without judicial process.

The mechanic defended his conduct on the plea of justice, and the interests of morality and virtue; insisted, that the characters of those he had destroyed, were too notorious to require any legal trial, and concluded, with severely reprimanding the chief magistrate, for suffering so many bad men to live.

The royal representative, whatever might be his inclination, religiously kept his word, paid the stipulated sum, and as it was judged that Messina might not, in every respect, be a proper residence for the mechanic, after what had happened, he embarked, with his family and effects, in a merchant ship, bound to Genoa, and passed the remainder of his life in the territory of that republic.

However dangerous and unwarrantable it may be to encourage such a species of active zeal, his fellow citizens confessed, that, for many years, they felt the advantage of his severe, but impartial justice.

It is well for the governors of the world, and for the peace of mankind, that this Minos of Messina is not more frequently imitated; for, if every man were to consider himself as authorized to wield the sword of justice, it would be a productive source of bloodshed, anarchy and distress.

Few of us are qualified for the office he undertook; he possessed, it is true, several essential and indispensable requisites for a reformer; integrity, disinterestedness, and personal intrepidity; but he was deficient in omniscience, to render his decisions unerring;

he was not able to dive, like him, to whom all hearts are open, into the deep-seated motives of human action.

It is not probable, that he had entirely banished from his heart, those malignant and base passions, which are sometimes concealed under the mask of patriotism and public spirit; passions which, with all our efforts, we find it extremely difficult to shake off, whilst we continue in these tenements of clay.

In an hour of splenetic despondency, or unjustifiable irritation, I have sometimes wished that a celestial, unerring, but invisible spirit, at different ages, and in different parts of the world, had been commissioned by the Almighty, to interfere *more immediately* in punishing, or rather, checking and preventing atrocious offenders, and yet not to *apparently* interrupt the free agency of man.

Without being aware that my reverie was incompatible with the system of a *general* Providence, and without considering its impiety, I have sometimes thus given way to the impulse of predominating imagination.

What reasonable man could have repined, had Eve sunk to the ground, never to rise again, as she was conveying the fatal apple to her lips? Who would not have exulted, in reading that Cain's arm had dropped palsied to his side, while he was raising it, in order to murder his brother? What mischief would have been prevented, had blindness seized on David, while he was casting adulterous looks at the wife of Uriah? How many dangers, and how many difficulties would the Egyptians have escaped, had Pharaoh been removed from the book of life?—The flagrant enormities of a long list of Roman emperors, under whose vices the world, deluged with blood, groaned for so many ages, might have been put an end to, by a slight twist, or the gentle pressure of a nervous fibre.

The hand which signed the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and gave the fiat to the bloody St. Bartholomew tragedy, by one of these invisible agents, might have been rendered harmless and inert.

Thirteen colonies would still have remained in the possession of Great Britain, had the man, who shut the door of the council chamber in Dr. Franklin's face, been previously thrown to the ground by an apoplectic fit. Louis XVI. would still have sat on the throne of France, had his counsellor perished before he advised his sovereign, contrary to his own inclinations, to become *the great and good ally* of the Americans, and to send his troops beyond the Atlantic, to learn lessons of rebellion.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quast adjuvat.

The Plays of Philip Massinger, in four Volumes. With Notes critical and explanatory. By William Gifford, Esq. Nicol. 1805.

THE public is here presented with a new edition of the writings of an ancient poet, whose name is better known than his works, and who is one among the many proofs that Fortune has her favourites in the intellectual as well as in the physical world. The fate of Massinger has indeed, hitherto, been peculiarly hard : when he has been read it has been for plunder ; it has been by those who have

*To his unguarded nest, like weasel critics,
Come sneaking, and so suck'd his princely eggs.*

Hen. V.

And when he has been studied for republishing, it has been by men who brought to the task ignorance of the language of his age, arrogance, presumption, infidelity, in short, " a plentiful lack " of all the requisites for the work they had undertaken. Under these circumstances, it is rather a matter of regret than surprise, that his works have remained in obscurity, his merits known only to the few whose perseverance has taught them to seek his genuine beauties in the first impressions of his plays. The time has at length arrived, when Massinger has met with an editor alive to the excellencies of the poet, whose genius and learning amply qualify him for the editorial office, and who had long seen, in the modern editions, the poet labouring under the ignorance and licentiousness of his editors, which he at length resolved to remove : the world is indeed greatly indebted to Mr. Gifford, for thus descending from the heights of literature, in " pausing awhile " from original composition, to collate and *notify*, and by purifying the page of the poet, to give him the opportunity and the means of asserting his station in the muster-roll of dramatic bards.

Of this man, once the boast and ornament of the stage, we cannot but express our regret, however unavailing, that so few memorials remain : " what I have presumed to give," says his present editor, " is merely the history of the successive appearance of his works ; and I am aware of no source from whence any additional information can be derived : no anecdotes are recorded of him by

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his contemporaries, few casual mentions of his name occur in the writings of the time, and he had not the good fortune which attended many of less eminence, to attract attention at the revival of dramatic literature from the death-like torpor of the *inter regnum*." After a long and attentive regard to the writings of the age in which Massinger flourished, we subscribe to the truth of Mr. Gifford's remarks. The few notices of the poet's life, that this editor has collected, will not be out of their place in this review.

Philip Massinger, the author of these plays, was born in 1584. Of his mother nothing is known, but his father was Arthur Massinger, a gentleman attached to the family of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke: "many years" says the poet, to his descendant, Philip Earl of Montgomery, "my father spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it."

We break off here just to remark that a *Thomas Massinger*, of Magdalen College (*quisquis ille fuit*) has a copy of Latin verses on the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1602, among the Oxford collection.

Resuming our subject: Mr. Gifford adds, "the writers of Massinger's life have thought it necessary to observe in this place, that the word servant carries with it no degradation. This requires no proof, at a period when the great lords and officers of the court numbered inferior nobles among their followers. We may be confident that neither the name nor the situation was looked upon as humiliating. Many considerations united to render this state of dependance respectable, and even honourable. The secretaries, clerks, and assistants, of various departments, were not then, as now, nominated by the government, but left to the choice of the person who held the employment; and as no particular dwelling was set apart for their residence, they were entertained in the house of their principal.

That communication too, between noblemen of power and trust, both of a public and private nature, which is now committed to the post, was in those days managed by confidential servants, who were dispatched from one to the other, and even to the sovereign: * when we add to this the unbounded state and grandeur which the great men of Elizabeth's days assumed on a variety of occasions, we may form some idea of the nature of those services discharged by men

* An instance of this occurs with regard to Massinger's father, who was thus employed to Elizabeth: "Mr. Massinger is newly come up from the Earl of Pembroke, with letters from the queen, for his lordship's leave to be away this St. George's day." *Sidney's Letters*, Vol. ii. P. 933.

of birth and fortune, and the manner in which such numbers of them were employed."

These general remarks on a custom prevalent in "elder times," are very satisfactorily expressive of the practice to which they refer, and which practice must frequently have staggered those imperfectly acquainted with the history of the manners of Elizabeth's and James's reigns. In our less splendid, though more civilised days, when, as Burke pathetically laments, "the age of chivalry is no more," it must appear extraordinary that one powerful baron should number in his train a numerous band of young noblemen, only in their years less important than himself; that they fought under his banner, and were submissive to his commands. The following extract, from a source not generally considered productive of much amusement, may not be altogether unamusive, while it may serve to illustrate the period to which the practices above mentioned have been carried down.

"The next thing in a family is the entertainment of servants, which this honourable person knew best to chuse, because himselfe had been a servant. Though hee was born of a most noble family, yet being a younger brother, as the usual custome of our countrie is, he was compelled by necessitie to serve in a noble familie, but after was preferred to the service of the late queene of happie memorie"

Sermon at the Funerall of Henrie

(Grey, 7th) Earl of Kent, 1614.

"Massinger was born, as all the writers of his life agree, at Salisbury, probably at Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, in whose family he appears to have been educated. When he had reached his sixteenth year, he sustained an irreparable loss in the death of that worthy nobleman, who, from attachment to the father, would, not improbably, have extended his powerful patronage to his son." P. 5.

He was educated at Oxford, and entered St. Alban's Hall, May 14th, 1602, where, as Gifford observes, he is styled "*Salisburyensis generosi filius.*"

Langbaine and Wood agree in the time Massinger spent at Oxford, but differ as to the objects of his pursuit. This is not strictly correct: Langbaine says "he closely pursued his studies for three or four years space;" P. 353. And Wood, that "he gave his mind more to poetry and romances for about *four years or more*, than to logic and philosophy, *which he ought to have done.*" We shall not

quarrel with Mr. Gifford (or any other man) "about Sir Archy's great grandmother," whether Massinger continued at Oxford three years or four, but we must observe that Langbaine's account is often ridiculously incorrect; of this the first two lines will be sufficient proof. "This author was born at Salisbury, in the reign of Charles the First!"

"What ideas," says Mr. Gifford, on Wood's remark above, "this tasteless but useful drudge had of logic and philosophy, it may be vain to enquire; but with respect to the first, Massinger's reasoning will not be found deficient either in method or effect, and it might easily be proved that he was no mean proficient in philosophy of the noblest kind: the truth is, that he must have applied himself to study with uncommon energy, for his literary acquisitions at this early period appear to be multifarious and extensive." P. 6.

With as little inclination to praise the taste of Antony as Mr. Gifford, we cannot but think his editor has considerably over-rated the learning of the poet; it is true he has classical allusions, and "figures pedantical," without number, but they are always such as come within the scope of a school-boy's recollection; in truth, his page would lose nothing of its interest, if these samples of his scholarship occurred less frequently, for he is but "too fond of shewing his learning," as honest Dogberry observes, "when there is no need of such vanities." Certain it is that Massinger quitted Oxford without obtaining a degree; and, as his editor thinks, from his having changed the religion of his father for one, at this time, the object of persecution, hatred, and terror. "A close and repeated perusal of Massinger has convinced me that he was a catholic." There certainly are many passages in the *Virgin Martyr*, and other of his plays, that powerfully countenance this supposition, but as it is only conjectural, this opinion will, necessarily, be adopted by some, and rejected by others. From this period he became a writer for the stage, at first in conjunction with Fletcher, Field, and others: of his connexion with the former, which Davies denied, we have a lamentable proof in the letter to Philip Hinchlow, rescued from the dust of Dulwich college by Mr. Malone, and printed in the prolegomena to Shakespeare; and which, as it evidences the wretched state of the dramatic writers, it may not be thought superfluous to transcribe.

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow Esquire, these.
Mr. Hinchlowe,

You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of cristianitie but that you would throw

so much money into the Thames as we request now of you, rather than endanger so many lives. You know there is XL more at least to be received of you for the play. We desire you to lend us V of that, which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be payed, nor I play any more till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you XXL ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new playe. Pray, Sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true freind in time of neede. Wee have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledg-
ment to be ever

Your most thanckfull and loving freinds,

Nat. Field.

"The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours,

Rob. Daborne.

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and is soe small a suite, it beeing honest, I hope you will not fail us.

Philip Massinger.

Indorsed,

Received by mee Robert Davison of Mr. Hinchlowe, for the use of Mr. Daborne, Mr. Feelde, Mr. Messenger, the sum of VI.

Rob. Davison,

"This letter, tripartite, which it is impossible to read without the most poignant regret at the distress of such men, fully establishes the partnership between Massinger and Fletcher, who must, indeed, have had considerable assistance to enable him to bring forward the numerous plays attributed to his name." P. 17.

In this unvarying tenour of poverty and dependance passed the life of Philip Massinger, as far as can be discovered, and the only circumstance that has yet been ascertained beyond the above document is, that he died on the 17th of March, 1640 (Langbaine says 1662.) "He went to bed in good health," says Langbairne, "and was found dead in the morning, in his own house on the Bank-side. He was buried in the church yard of St. Saviours, and the comedians paid the last sad duty to his name, by attending him to his grave."

It does not appear, continues Mr. Gifford, from the strictest search, that a stone or inscription of any kind, marked the place where his dust was deposited; even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life. "March 20, 1639-40, bu-

ried Philip Massinger, A STRANGER !" No flowers were flung into his grave, no elegies "soothed his hovering spirit," and of all the admirers of his talents and his worth, none but Sir Aston Cockayne dedicated a line to his memory.

It is surely somewhat singular that of a man of such eminence nothing should be known. But though we are ignorant of every circumstance respecting Massinger, but that he lived and died, we may yet form to ourselves some idea of his personal character, from the incidental hints scattered through his works. In what light he was regarded may be collected from the recommendatory poems prefixed to his several plays in which the language of his panegyrists, though warm, expresses an attachment apparently derived not so much from his talents as his virtues : he is, as Davies has observed, *their beloved, much-esteemed, dear, worthy, deserving, honoured, long-known, and long-loved friend, &c. &c.* All the writers of his life unite in representing him as a man of singular modesty, gentleness, candour, and affability ; nor does it appear that he ever made or found an enemy. He speaks, indeed, of opponents on the stage, but the contention of rival candidates for popular favour must not be confounded with personal hostility. With all this, however, he appears to have maintained a constant struggle with adversity ; since not only the stage, from which, perhaps, his natural reserve prevented him from deriving the usual advantages, but even the bounty of his particular friends, on which he chiefly relied, left him in a state of absolute dependance. Jonson, Fletcher, Shirley, and others, not superior to him in abilities, had their periods of good fortune, their bright as well as their stormy hours : but Massinger seems to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine, his life was all one wintry day, and "shadows, clouds, and darkness, rested upon it."

[To be continued.]

The Roman History, from the Foundation of Rome to the Subversion of the Eastern Empire, and the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. Including the Antiquities, Manners, and Customs, as well as the Jurisprudence and Military Establishment of the Romans. In 7 Books. By Rev. John Adams, A. M. 12mo. pp. 372. 4s. 6d. Law. 1805.

PLINY has said that history, in whatsoever manner written, will please ; and doubtless hoping that it may induce youth to pursue so beneficial a study, Mr. Adams has adopted a truly pleasing method of seducing them to begin. It may however be thought, with some degree of truth, that to set down a young reader to all the sweet-

meats, as it were, of the Roman history, is by no means the best way to make him ravenous after the solid food which it contains.

"The three last books are," says he, "entirely new, as an abridgment; for neither the history of the Eastern empire, connected with the revolutions of modern Europe, nor the manners and customs of the Romans, are to be found in any work of the same size." He then concludes thus: "Nothing has been omitted which could enforce virtuous principles, point out the vicissitudes of fortune, and create an abhorrence of vice." Advert. p. 4.

This is all very true, and Mr. A. has certainly produced a very entertaining book of anecdotes; still we are no friends to abridgments of books that should be wholly read, and the author has not done well to omit frequent references to the sources of his information, which might have instigated some young minds to read better works on the same subject. If any of our numerous abridgers would, with an all-compressing hand, abridge *Lane's Novels* instead of *Livy* and *Gibbon*, we should then be able to say that we knew of *one good abridgment*.*

In the "Advertisement," to shew that ladies are things which, according to the Oxford wit,

———"Parsons, now and then,

"Think of, as well as other men,"

the Rev. Mr. A. is loud in his praise of the Roman dames. For our part we think, the less said about the virtues of those ladies the better.

The Chaplet; a Collection of Poems partly original, and partly selected from the most approved Authors. pp. 204. 3s. 6d. Longman and Co. 1805.

If we are to have *Chaplets* composed of such pieces as *Pope's Pleasures of Retirement*, *Collins's Passions*, *Cowper's Rose*, and so on, which are already in every one's possession, if not in every one's memory; it has indeed been well said, that *to making books there is no end*. It is true that here are also various effusions of minor poets, viz. Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. Southey, Mr. Bidlake, and others, who are not so well known, but these and the originals which are not pointed out, could only make such a work as this of *private utility*.

In compilations, the highest praise to which a compiler can aspire, is correctness, which is not here attained. Casting our eyes merely over *The Passions*, we perceived two passages spoiled by the

* The originals would probably and happily soon meet with the same fate as the works of Trogus Pompeius, after Justin had abridged them—They were lost!

substitution of *lay* for *laid*, l. 18, and *I* for *In*, l. 69. We have besides, in the same piece, *bubling* for *bubbling*, and *Danceing* (à la Ritson) for *dancing*.

The selections, however, are unexceptionable in their tendency, and, with the errors corrected, may be safely trusted in the hands of children.

We could not look at the first of the "two elegant engravings from designs by R. K. Porter," which is entitled *Mercy*, without exclaiming *mercy on us!*

Memoirs of Charles Lee Lewes, containing Anecdotes, Historical and Biographical, of the English and Scottish Stages, during a Period of forty Years; written by himself. In 4 Vols. 12mo. Phillips. 1805.*

HOWEVER much we may for a time regret the loss of our fellow creatures, it is very true, as Johnson observes, *nobody is missed*, and of no set of men is this more true, to the experience of us all, than of players. One tragedian dies, another steps into his buskins, and we wet as many handkerchiefs as ever.—*Mr. Suett* drops, but *Lord Duberly* lives still in *Mr. Mathews*, and our laughter is not a jot the less—*nobody is missed!*

Of *Mr. Lee Lewes*, however, it may be safely said, that though they have taken the liberty to bury him, his spirit yet remains amongst us. His gibes, his gambols, and his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar, still exist, and here they are, in the shape of four duodecimo volumes.

From this bundle of pleasantry, (we pointedly except from this title the legal proceedings had before the Lord Ordinary, &c. vol. 3) composed of anecdotes of living actors and dead actors, high life and low life, we know not what to select. Our extract must be short, therefore we shall give a very humorous mistake related by *Mr. L.* which we recommend to *Mr. Dibdin* or *Mr. Kenney* as an excellent scene for a farce.

"*Linnet*, while at *Hammersmith* with his company, expressed a desire to play at *Chelsea*, but was informed that it was under the control of a very inflexible magistrate, particularly averse to giving any encouragement to plays or other amusements. However, notwithstanding this seeming insurmountable difficulty, *Linnet* met with a friend, a gentleman, who wrote a warm recommendatory letter for him to the obdurate magistrate, and gave him assurance of his meeting with success; with this encouragement *Linnet* boldly pushed to the justice's house,

* A publication under the title of *Comic Sketches of Mr. Lee Lewes*, his son denies any knowledge of, and stigmatizes as a piece of false biography.

directing his whole company to proceed to Chelsea, and order a dinner at the Swan, and regale themselves; this mandate was cheerfully complied with, and the eventful letter was delivered according to direction. But what was the purport of this letter? Instead of that which should secure a welcome and support, it was one that menaced the reader with a sudden scene of horror. 'Tis proper to explain.

"Then thus it was: the comedy of the Bold Stroke for a Wife had been played a few nights before, and old Linnet, on this occasion, resolving to make a grand appearance, had put on the stage waistcoat he had worn in the Colonel; in one of the pockets of which, a letter supposed to be sent by the Colonel's friend to Obadiah Prim, upon hearing that the real Simon Pure was actually come, which if not timely prevented, must ruin the Colonel's design upon the cautious quaker. Judge of the magistrate's surprise on opening the supposed letter of recommendation, when he found it began thus:

"*'There is a design formed to rob the house and cut your throat.'* The justice rang his bell—a servant appeared—'Where is the man that brought this letter?'—'In the hall, Sir.'—'Call him up directly.' While the servant was employed in going to fetch up the unconscious culprit, old Quorum read on.

"*'The gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more'*—(here old Linnet made his appearance) 'Well friend,' says the justice, 'you belong to a gang: how many are there of you?'—'We are fourteen in all, Sir.'—'Fourteen! and where are you all?'—'At Tool's, Sir*—at the Swan.'—'Indeed! Oh, very well, you have all your tools at the Swan, have you? I'll take care of you, and your tools presently.'—'Many thanks to you, Sir; Squire — told me you would encourage us.'—'Aye, was it he sent you to my house?'—'Yes, Sir.'—'Well, and when do you intend to begin this grand affair?'—'We always begin about seven o'clock, Sir.†'—'You do!—here Thomas, here, seize this daring, hardened old villain; he and his whole gang are coming to rob and murder my family this night, and all their horrid tools are at the Swan public house!'—'I did not think this of you,' (says the servant to Linnet.) 'What, do you know the fellow, Sirrah?'—'Yes, Sir, he is master of the play.'—'A player! and are not you an open and avowed murderer?'—'Oh Lord, Sir, what do you mean?'—'Look at this letter, you hang-dog! Did you not deliver this to me?' Who can describe the innocent Linnet's astonishment upon the discovery of his mistake? 'Oh, dear Sir, I beg your pardon, here's Squire —'s letter, I hope this will satisfy you.'—'Hold him till I see what's here.' On the perusal of the real letter, his worship's countenance was changed from a savage ferocity to a most placid smile. He immediately dismissed the innocent aggressor, with a full permission for his performing, with this piece of wholesome advice—'Never to forget his part again.' P. 16—20.

When Mr. L. begins to tell us the origin of the elegant saying, "*My eye Betty Martin*," and continues his history through the

* The then keeper of the Swan.

† But your honour may fix what hour you like best; would come in here very well. *Ret.*

medium of *Betty*, who is another *Hellenore*, he might have addressed his readers thus :

*Redoubted knights and honourable dames,
To whom I levell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare least with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rymes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton ladye I doe write.*

Faerie Queene, C. ix. St. 1.

These "*Memoirs*" are written, to use Mr. Lewes's phrase, "*in his way*," and if they betray an occasional absence of grace, they shew no scarcity of food for mirth. Gravity may say that we can learn nothing from them, but we deny it; for they can teach us to laugh, and that is a lesson which, in these times, is not to be despised.

A practical Treatise on Brewing, adapted to the Use of Private Families, and Publicans who brew their own Ale; with proper Directions for conducting each process with certainty, &c. By A. Shore, who had been Butler to Sir. T. Broughton, Bart. near 20 Years. 12mo. 6s. Longman and Co. 1805.

WE should mightily like to taste a cup of *Master Shore's* best brewing, but, alas! we have merely the recipe, and like the foolish purchaser of the musician's instrument, can do nothing with it. Families may find useful hints here, but as for publicans we despair of them. While all our public houses are in the hands of brewers, their keepers must sell whatever unwholesome, wretched wash is sent to them. It is a villany that cries out for suppression. Surely we may say, with good humour and with truth, that it endangers the *British Constitution*.

Unless *Master Shore* will send us a tub prepared precisely, according to his directions, it is impossible for us to speak satisfactorily of the effect of his information. At present it appears to us a very dry work. Indeed he should have desired *Mr. Longman*, on any reviewer's buying his book, to have requested his acceptance, at the same time, of a little cask of the ale. We could then have gone deeply into it.

Exercises on the Globes, interspersed with some Historical, Biographical, Chronological Mythological, and Miscellaneous Information. On a new Plan. By William Butler. 12mo. 4s. Maxwell.

THIS ingenious work is well worthy the attention of those for whom it is designed—young ladies.

Nativity of Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French, wherein some of the most remarkable Events of his Life, and the Time of his Death are ascertained with great Precision. Calculated by a Professor. High Wycombe. T. Orgen. 1805.

MAD, a mad professor! poor man, why do you come to us? Does not Bedlam still stand; and is there not St. Luke's?

The Poems of Ossian, &c. containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq. in Prose and Rhyme. With Notes and Illustrations. By Malcolm Laing, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. Constable and Co. Edinburgh, Longman and Co. 1805.

MR. LAING'S work was not in our possession when we reviewed the report of the committee on the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, or we should have included it in that article, to which it so peculiarly belongs. At present it requires but briefly to be noticed. These volumes, besides the Ossianic poems, contain various miscellaneous pieces, the avowed or credited productions of Mr. Macpherson. The notes and illustrations profess, says Mr. Laing, "not merely to exhibit parallel passages, much less instances of a fortuitous resemblance of ideas, but to produce the precise originals from which the similies and images are indisputably derived." Pref. p. vii. These he seeks not in the Gaelic (a vain enquiry to any extent) but traces in holy writ, and in the classical poets, both of ancient and modern times. His ingenuity, his reading, and eagerness, are often more apparent than his candour and judgment.—O'er poor Ossian—

From leaf to leaf, from song to song,

He draws his tadpole length along.

He turns, he doubles.

Parnell.

The consequence however is, that he frequently shews where Macpherson probably obtained what he did not collect in his tour to the western highlands and isles. Our opinion on the main question has already been given.

A Tour through the British West Indies, in the Year 1802 and 1803, giving a particular Account of the Bahama Islands. By Daniel M'Kinnen. 8vo. 5s. White. 1804.

THERE is a set of writers who, according to Cicero, de Orat. are *non exornatores rerum, sed tantummodo narratores*, and amongst these

Mr. McKinnen is one, in the driest and dullest sense of the word. It would be more entertaining to travel through the wilds of America alone, than it is to travel through this West Indian tour with Mr. McKinnen. It has been said, we now begin to think too severely, of some travellers, that they journey on like their trunks, getting by it all the jumbling and dust of the way, and nothing else. The public has no reason to complain of them—*Trunks* never publish their tours; though they occasionally assist in helping off a large edition of the journals of more troublesome travellers.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, arranged under the following Heads: Matter and Motion, The Universe, The Solar System, The Fixed Stars, The Earth, considered as a Planet, The Atmosphere, Meteors, Springs, Rivers, and the Sea, Fossils, Plants, Animals, The Human Frame and the Human Understanding. Vernor and Hood. 1805.

A VERY convenient, useful, and comprehensive compendium of that branch of philosophy which it professes to teach. We recommend it particularly to school masters and the heads of families, as a most judicious present to their several dependants. It will refresh the minds of the elder students, and excite the curiosity of the younger.

The Philosophy of Physic, or the Natural History of Diseases and their Cure. Being an Attempt to deliver the Art of Healing from the Darkness of Barbarism and Superstition, and from the Jargon and Pedantry of the Schools. Shewing a more easy and certain Way of preserving and recovering Health, than any hitherto known. By the Rev. William Wilson. 12mo. Dublin. 1804.

THE Reverend Mr. Wilson is nothing more than a sort of Doctor Wilson, with a nostrum which cures every disease; that is, one disease as well as another.

A Voyage round the World in the Years 1800, 1, 2, 3, and 4; in which the Author visited the principal Islands in the Pacific Ocean, and the English Settlements of Port Jackson and Norfolk Island. By John Turnbull. In three Vols. Phillips. 1805.

THESE pages are the production of a seaman, and are submitted to the public through the persuasion of the author's friends. On this account Mr. T. claims our indulgence with respect to his style;

but with inatter so interesting, we could be pleased to overlook many more errors of language than we have here to complain of.

"Whilst second officer," says he, "of the Barwell in her last voyage to China, in the year 1799, the first officer of that ship and myself, had every reason to suppose, from our own actual observation, that the Americans carried on a most lucrative trade to the north-west of that vast continent." Vol. i. p. 2.

For this discovery, supported by several merchants, and the permission of the East India company, the present voyage was undertaken. Much information is here conveyed, and many judicious hints are thrown out relating to the Brasils and Botany Bay, that well deserve political consideration. This voyage is not composed of mere extracts from the log book, but is full of desirable observation and pleasing anecdote. We shall entertain the reader with two or three traits of singular manners, assigning them heads.

COURTSHIP.

"They," New Hollanders, "observe no particular ceremony in their marriages, though their mode of courtship is not without its singularity. When a young man sees a female to his fancy, he informs her she must accompany him home; the lady refuses, he not only enforces compliance with threats, *but blows*: thus the gallant, according to the custom, never fails to gain the victory, and bears off the willing, though struggling pugilist. The colonists for some time entertained the idea that the women were compelled and forced away against their consent; but the young ladies informed them, that this mode of gallantry was the custom, and *perfectly to their taste*." Vol. 1. P. 81.

HOW TO CATCH FISH.—*To Parents.*

"Whilst the female child is in its infancy, they deprive it of the two first joints of the little finger of the right hand; the operation being effected by obstructing the circulation, by means of a tight ligature: the dismembered part is thrown into the sea, that the child may be hereafter *fortunate in fishing*." P. 84.

TOOTH-DRAWING—*an easy method.*

"They have also a custom of extracting from the male children, about the age of puberty, one of their front teeth: this operation is performed *very simply*, by their Curradgies, or wise men, by *knocking it out with a stone*." P. 85.

OTAHEITAN LUXURY.

"When we killed any hogs, I generally contrived to reserve a part of the *offal* for the *royal family*." V. 2. P. 56.

ROYAL BEVERAGE, OR OTAHEITAN NECTAR.

"The *ava*" or *yava* is a root of a hot intoxicating quality, and is thus prepared.—The root is well cleaned, and being split into small pieces, and *well mar-*

* We must observe that when captain Cook was in this quarter in 1769, intoxication was not much practised. At Otaheite the *ava* was little used, and in *Terra del Fuego*, the natives refused to drink rum. Since that period, from Mr. T.'s account,

licated by some of the chief's attendants, on whose sobriety dependance can be placed; the liquor is discharged into a wooden dish, and mixed up by the finger, with a due proportion of the milk of the cocoa nut or water, to adapt it to the palate. The compound is next strained through a number of cocoa nut fibres, and served up in a small bowl of cocoa leaves, holding from a quartern to half a pint. This precious beverage is then considered as a peculiarly delicious treat for the royal family, and the great chiefs of the country." V. 1. P. 161.

We could not avoid a smile on being informed at P. 78, Vol. 1. that a perfect savage on account of his incorrigible drunkenness, was, at the time of our author's sailing, "sent to Coventry." We Europeans, who boast of our civilization, have seldom received on its account a handsomer compliment than Mr. Turnbull pays us.— "The natives of the islands in the Pacific Ocean are," says he, "as expert in swindling as if they had lived in a civilised country." V. 2. P. 116.

These volumes will recommend themselves as well by their intrinsic worth as by their amusing detail.

The Rural Sabbath, a Poem, in four Books, and other Poems. By William Cockin. 12mo. Nicol. 1805.

MR. COCKIN published, many years since, a treatise on rational and practical Arithmetic. His present numbers, however, will be found to afford far more agreeable satisfaction. In the year 1801 he closed his accounts in this world.

Memoirs of the Life of Agrippina, the Wife of Germanicus. By Eliz. Hamilton. 3 Vols. 8vo. 18s. Robinson. 1804.

THE former works of Miss Hamilton have deservedly acquired her the reputation of a pleasing and instructive writer. Her touch would adorn any subject, but we wish that she had chosen one more interesting in itself than the memoirs of *Agrippina*. It would have afforded a safer field, and we could as easily have placed ourselves in similar situations, had she with her embellishments, written the history of *Innamotooa of Attahoura*.

Valle-Crucis Abbey; or, The Vision of the Vale: with Notes. 8vo. 5s. Lindsell. 1805.

VALLE-CRUCIS ABBEY is written by one whom we may style, in the language of King James, "an apprentice in the divine art of poesy;" and at present very far from being perfect in his *mystery*. There is

the buildings, economy, and manners of the principal islanders appear to be much changed, and in many particulars by no means for the better. Some of the ava juice, was offered to Cook and his companions (see his second voyage) the captain was the only person who tasted it; the manner of brewing it having quenched the thirst of every one else. *Reviewer.*

little originality in his design, or polish in his execution. We shall still be glad to see him again when he is out of his time.

A Tour to Worthing, or Idle Hours not idly spent; containing a slight Sketch of the Country &c. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Dutton. 1805.

WE see neither harm nor good in this publication. It is made up by an idle man for idle people, and may without any injury to their morality, or accession to their wisdom, wile away an idle hour.

An Historical Account of the Voyages of Captain James Cook, to the Southern and Northern Hemispheres. By William Mavor, L. L. D. in two Vols. 8s. Harris. 1805.

THE three principal voyages of our great and meritorious circumnavigator are here detailed in an unbroken series. The first was undertaken chiefly with a view of observing the transit of Venus over the Sun's disk, and these observations were made at Otaheite and Eimago. The second was to complete the discovery of the southern hemisphere, and the third to ascertain the practicability of a northern passage to the Pacific Ocean. Of the useful and interesting events of these voyages, these pages present a synopsis. It is necessarily replete with entertainment and instruction, but the manner in which they are conveyed is very little creditable to Dr. Mavor. Inelegant modes of expression frequently occur, and perpetually errors both of grammar and typography, viz. "*Adventurers was*" V. 1. p. 149. *He* for *she* p. 154. *has* for *have* p. 155. &c. A curious attempt at the sublime, with the *bathos* suddenly tacked to it, appears at p. 297.

"The wild rocks raised their lofty summits, till they were lost in the clouds, and the valleys lay covered with everlasting snow. Not a tree was to be seen, or a shrub even big enough—to make a tooth pick!"

A Vindication of the modern History of Hindostan from the gross Misrepresentations and illiberal Strictures of the Edinburgh Reviewers. By the Author. 8vo. pp. 88. White. 1805.

The well founded observation of Tacitus—*obtreectatio et livor pronis auribus accipiuntur*, is well known to the critical clan who sit in judgment in the Edinburgh Review, and is evidently the principle on which they started, and by which they live and have their being. The Scotch gentlemen, with an immoderate "*itch* for abuse," commenced a Review for the gratification of their *natural* propensity. In the present state of literature nothing could have afforded a more abundant source of enjoyment to this Caledonian blessing: the number of contemptible authors against whom it may be in-

dulged far exceeds the number of rubbing posts with which the good Duke of Argyle adorned their native place, with a feeling view to the comfort of the uneasy traveller. It may be further added that nothing sells so well as abuse—consequently

“—inter *Scabiem tantum et contagia lucri*,”

the Edinburgh Reviewers may be considered as the happiest of us all.

Stepping, however, out of their easy way (that of seizing lifeless works to destroy, or slaying the slain) they have most wantonly and cruelly, in the absence of a culprit, fastened on a just man, and gibbeted him. The designs of Mr. Maurice are artfully misrepresented and his execution unjustly decried; but this, it too probably appears, is for the base purpose of paving the road to some Caledonian effort on the same subject. Mr. M.'s *Vindication* is ample, and sufficient. The shameful attempt of the Ed. Rev. to injure in India the sale of a book which has cost so much money as well as ingenious and painful research, deserves the severest reprobation. We hope, however, and trust, that this will not be the reward of Mr. M.'s great and meritorious labours, and that we shall never have to say, that

The eagle, tow'ring in his pride of place,

Was by a mousing owl pounced at and kill'd.

Ballads by William Hayley, Esq. founded on Anecdotes relating to Animals, with Prints, designed and engraved by William Blake. 12mo. pp. 212. 6s. Phillips. 1805.

EACH of these little anecdotes in verse may be introduced with,

Good folks! who love a simple strain

That seems like fancy's sound;

Rejoicing when in nature's reign

The marvellous is found,

As strange a tale, as history knows,

Accept in artless rhyme. p. 150.

In the preface to his ballads Mr. Hayley informs us that he *sings them to boys and girls*—*Virginibus Puerisque canto*. Greater men than our author have before now condescended with this benevolent object to moralize their song. Finding an allowance for their puerility in the goodness of the design, we frankly recommend them to the perusal of our young friends. They will here learn tenderness towards the brute creation. If not through natural kindness of disposition, they may, perhaps, through self-love be taught to befriend them.

How often the sport of an innocent breast,
Is by Providence favour'd for some gracious end,
And gentle dumb creatures, with kindness carest,
That kindness repay in the shape of a friend!

The Baya:

They will also be delighted to—

—————“ Behold
“ Wonders far surpassing thought,
“ More than fiction ever told,
“ By maternal virtue wrought!” p. 212.

They may further discover in Mr. Hayley a sort of *poetical*
Cocker.

Love had inspir'd his tender frame,
His years but *two above eleven*,
The sister of his friend, his flame!
A lovely little light of Heaven! p. 39.

The easy fluency and extreme simplicity of his stanzas render them as apt to commit to memory as those of Chevy Chase, and recal occasionally to our mind Dr. Johnson's imitation of legendary tales in verse:

The tender infant meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

Piozzi's Anec. p. 66.

Though *glee* is a very good word, and rhymes excellently well with *be* and *free*, p. 68—176, yet we cannot admire

“ tears of tender *glee*,”

much less a

“ Panther's *glee*.”

Different *to*, at p. 131. is ungrammatical.

These are things but just worth mentioning, and detract nothing from the humble ambition of the work. When Christmas comes, and New Year's Day, it will form a very pleasing and appropriate present for our children.

Views in North Britain, illustrative of the Works of Robert Burns. Accompanied with Descriptions, and a Sketch of the Poet's Life. By James Storer and John Greig. 8vo. 15s. Vernor and Hood, 1805.

To trace the favoured paths which genius has consecrated and

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poetry immortalized, must ever be a luxurious treat to the admirers of genius and of poetry : but to how few can this privilege be extended. How few can indulge in visits to the scenes where even our British Muses have trained their votaries. How very small the number of those, who having perused with eager delight the descriptive pages of Cowper or of Burns, can order their chaises or sociables, to the shires of Bucks or Ayr. It is therefore a pleasing resource for such readers, that books like the present are offered at a moderate price ; giving a representation of places which the pen of the poet has rendered universally interesting, and which the burin of the engraver has faithfully imparted to our view. The names of Storer and Greig have before obtained our commendation for the volume previously published of "Cowper Illustrated;" and they are entitled to obtain it still. The number of plates in this collection are twenty-one, and comprise the following subjects.

Frontispiece. Nanse Tinnoch, the hostess at Mauchlane, and Burns.

The hermitage at Friars Carse.

The Brigs of Ayr.

Wallace Tower, Ayrshire.

Cottage near Kirk Alloway, where Burns was born.

Alloway Kirk.

The Banks of the Doon.

The Braes of Ballockmyle.

Lincluden College ; two views.

Friars Carse.

The Banks of the Nith.

City of Edinburgh.

Fergusson's tomb.

The Birks of Aberfeldie ; two views.

The village of Kenmore.

The Falls of Bruar ; two views.

The Falls of Fyers ; two views.

We are gratified to see an advertisement at the close, announcing a similar graphical illustration of the works of our favourite Bloomfield, "by views in Suffolk and Northamptonshire, including all the local scenery noticed in his poems."

Modern Paris : a Free Imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal.

12mo. pp. 66. 2s. Hatchard. 1805.

In one of O'Keeffe's farces there is an *Irish imitator*, who conducts his imitations in this manner : "now the nightingale" and then

grunts like a pig. Our author proceeds precisely in the same style when he says "now the third satire of Juvenal" and then produces this as the imitation. Such attempts as the present and a late imitation of his eighth satire * as well as several professed translations, appear in the form of a conspiracy against the Roman satirist, to rob him of his good name. It may afford "Modern Paris" a momentary respect; but the satire is, after all, no more like Juvenal than the thief is like the temple that affords him protection. Although our imitator shews to greater advantage in his own dress than when he affects to wear "Cato's short coat," he has still on the whole brought forth but a miserable species of entertainment. It will be easy to prove our words. Dr. Johnson's "London" we shall not here presume to mention. An elegant use is made of Shakspear's "Tis better thee without, than he within," in the following equally elegant and impressive lines: The Thuilleries—

Where the straight avenue and prim parterre
Its want of taste and elegance declare;
As thus *without*, would only so *within*!
Would folly here ended not there in sin! p. 5.

This last verse halts for it a little, but it does not want companions in its misfortunes. Witness, amongst others of his lame friends and neighbours:

Turn ev'ry prison into a bastille. p. 10.
Others, not I, with int'rested address. p. 18.
In cold blood massacres them, not in wrath. p. 27.

Here is a fine instance of producing the mouse.

"God! who, to try the merits of our mind,
Hast sent this second tempter of mankind;
To whose temptation yield all nations, save
The little island just across the wave. p. 5.

The *mus* here is "the tight little island."

We have no objection to Buonaparte's being told that he has infinitely multiplied the miseries of France, but it is too much, because Juvenal says

Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam, v. 314.

to tell us, speaking as a Frenchman,

In happier days, when gracious Louis reign'd,
One prison all our prisoners contain'd! p. 65.

The reader shall now see Juvenal improved with a delicate "bit of wit" of the imitator. The subject is improved into the emptying of certain utensils out of window on the heads of passengers, with the amours of Jupiter pressed into the service.

See M. M. No. 118.

▲ ▲ 2

From ev'ry lofty garret-window seem
 Thy waters, Jordan, o'er our heads to stream;
 Whence wanton damsels from their vessels pour,
 As Danaë's daughters, the perpetual shower;
 Or as to Danaë's self came down of old
 Jupiter Pluvius—in a shower of gold. p. 61.

See Juv. v. 269.

The writer's motto on this occasion is

———Satyrarum ego, ni pudet illas,

Adjutor.

On which we would observe that instead of *adjutor*, *nonnulli* *codices habent*, *auditor*, and we hope that he will have the prudence to adopt this reading in future.

He who has no powers of mind or voice, should be content to listen and let others sing. Nature and art have done nothing to constitute this gentleman a poet, and he appears to be aware of it when at p. 18. he truly affirms that he is "conjurator none."

A Poetical Epistle to the Right Hon. William Pitt, 4to. 2s. 6d.
 Gray and Son. 1805.

It has been said of Cowley, that *he would have been more witty, if he had been less so*. A similar mode of reasoning might be applied to the writer of this Epistle. Most readers would have felt that he abused Mr. Pitt more, if he had not abused him so much. Praise to excess often assumes the guise of satire, and perhaps the converse is not rare. It is certainly creditable to be censured by some people.

Such writing as—

“———from fair freedom's friend,”

reminds us of Barnaby Blackburn, Brown Bread and Biscuit Baker, by Battersea Bridge.

The Northern Summer; or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Part of Germany, in the Year 1804, By John Carr, Esq. Author of the Stranger in France, &c. &c. 2to. 2l. 2s. Phillips. 1805.

In the fourth chapter Mr. Carr presents us with a brief account of the gallery of pictures and museum of curiosities. In the former, besides some paintings, by Michael Angelo, Titian, and other masters, there is "an unaccountable picture upon a large scale, the subject, Fallen Angels: the artist, with singular whim, has substituted butterflies for fig-leaves." Among the *curiosities* is an "invent-

tion for tranquillizing the fears of jealous husbands," and the skull of archbishop Absalom, with his dress. "The prelate's skull," says Mr. Carr, "reminded me of the ridiculous question which a lady put to one of the librarians of the British Museum. 'Pray, Sir, hav'n't you a skull of Oliver Cromwell here?'—'No, Madam,' replied the man of learning and antiquity. 'Dear me,' said she, 'I wonder at that, for they have a very fine one in the Museum at Oxford.'"

The king, poor Christian VII, passes much of his time, it seems, at Fredericsberg, "which he divides between billiards, romances, and his flute; he enjoys good health, but his mind is so infirm, that his royal functions seldom exceed the signing of state papers." The character given of the Crown Prince, so nearly related to our Royal Family, must not be omitted: "His mind is capacious, cultivated, and active; his disposition is very amiable; and in the discharge of his august duties he is indefatigable. He is an enemy to dissipation and parade, and avoids the latter upon all but necessary occasions: his virtues constitute his guard of honour, and excite distinction and respect wherever he moves: in his youth he was a prince of great promise, and every blossom is ripened into fruit. At the age of sixteen he effected a revolution in the councils, and crushed the powerful ambition of the sanguinary Juliana Maria, and consigned her intriguing and turbulent spirit to the shades and seclusion of Fredericsberg, by a master-piece of discretion, eloquence, and policy." It is well for Denmark that the reins of government are placed in the hands of so discreet and able a ruler. It redounds also to the credit of that country, that among its laws there is one which prevents a parent, by his own act, from disinheriting his child: "If he think that his son will dishonour him, and dissipate his fortune, he cannot change the usual channel of his property, without applying to the sovereign for permission, who, in council, cautiously considers the allegation and answer; and thus the refusal or permission is the result of a public process. We read also with pleasure that "when the king and the subject, as is frequently the case, happen to be engaged in litigation respecting titles to land, the judges are recommended, if the point be dubious, to decree *in favour of the subject*." A visit to Dronninggaard, or Queen's Palace, belonging to the family of the De Conincks, the principal merchants of Copenhagen, introduces a pathetic little story of a hermit, who took up his abode in a secluded spot on the grounds; "a melancholy man," who, after passing several years in his retirement, quit-

ted it at the call of his sovereign, and died in the field of battle. We lament we have not room for an elegant poetical translation of the *Hermit's Farewell to Dronningaard*, from the pen of Leigh Hunt, Esq. a friend of our tourist. The remainder of the chapter is occupied with a description of the Crown Battery, harbour, arsenal; the academies of marine and land cadets; the citadel; the palace of Rosenberg; the observatory; university library; prisons, hospitals, and such other objects as were worthy of notice, in the city and neighbourhood of Copenhagen. We were much amused with the idea entertained of our English ladies by a Danish gentleman, who, "as he was picking his teeth with his *fork*, a *delicate* custom, very prevalent upon the continent amongst all classes, observed that he had heard the English women were very pretty, but he was confident that he never could love them. Upon being pressed for his reason, he replied, because he understood they were never seen without a pipe in their mouths!"

Quitting Copenhagen, our traveller bent his course towards Sweden. He makes us acquainted with Fredericksborg, the palace of Fredensborg, the retreat in which Juliana Maria resigned her last breath, and the garden of Marie Lyst, supposed to be the spot on which "the Majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes walk." Juliana's Palace furnished a subject for our author's Muse; and Hamlet's Garden produced from his tasteful pencil a fine view of Cronberg Castle and Elsinour, which are to be seen from a tower that overhangs the cliff. The scene brought forcibly to our recollection the line in which Horatio expresses his apprehensions for the safety of Hamlet:

"What if it tempt you towards the *cliff*, my lord,
 "And there assume some other horrible form,
 "To draw thee into madness?"

In the fortress of Cronberg was confined the unfortunate Matilda, immediately after the sudden revolution of 1772. The details of this important event have been given in other works, but Mr. Carr, of whom may be said what Dr. Johnson has observed of Goldsmith, "*quod tetigit ornavit*," has related the leading circumstances with exquisite pathos.

We must here halt a little;—in our next we shall bear Mr. Carr company into Sweden. If we do not make very rapid progress, the blame must rest with the author, who has thrown out so many allurements to tempt and detain us on our critical march.

[To be continued.]

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.

The Imitation of Life--The Mirror of Manners--The Representation of Truth.

SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

A LITTLE west of *St. Mary Overie's* (in a place still called *Globe Alley*) stood the *Globe*, immortalized by having been the theatre on which *Shakspeare* first trod the stage, but in no higher character than the ghost in his own play of *Hamlet*. It appears to have been of an octagonal form, and is said to have been covered with rushes. The door, it is said, was very lately standing. James I. granted a patent to *Laurence Fletcher*, *John Heminges*, *Henrie Condell*, *William Sly*, *Robert Armin*, and *Richard Cowlie*, and others of his majesty's servants, to act here or in any other part of the kingdom. Notwithstanding the modesty of *Shakspeare* made him decline taking any considerable part in his own productions, his good nature and friendship for the morose *Ben Jonson*, induced him to act both in the *Sejanus* and *Every Man in his Humour*; a benevolence that greatly contributed to bring the latter into public notice.

A remarkable anecdote concerning the introduction of the latter play to the theatre, has been handed down traditionally. Ben Jonson presented his *Every Man in his Humour* to one of the leading players in that company, of which *Shakspeare* was a member. After casting his eye over it carelessly and superciliously, the comedian was on the point of returning it to the author with a peremptory refusal, when *Shakspeare*, who, perhaps, had never till that instant seen *Jonson*, desired he might look into the play. He was so well pleased with it, on perusal, that he recommended the work and the author to his fellows. The success of the comedy was considerable, and we find that the principal actors were employed in it; *Burbage*, *Kempe*, *Hemmings*, *Condell*, and *Sly*. *Shakspeare* himself is generally said, by his name being first in the drama, to have acted the part of *Old Knowell*. He was at that time in the thirty-fourth year of his age, and Ben Jonson in his twenty-fourth.

Notwithstanding the friendship which *Shakspeare* had manifested to Ben, by patronising his play, yet the reader will find that the prologue is nothing less than a satirical picture of several of *Shakspeare's* dramas, particularly his *Henry V.* and the three parts of *Henry VI.* It is very probable that *Lear* and the *Tempest* are also pointed at.

Every Man in his Humour was first published in 1602. The prologue was not added to the edition of the play, nor must we sup-

pose that it was spoken originally; and, indeed, such a gross affront to their great friend, would not have been permitted by the players. It does not appear that this insolent invective was ever pronounced on the stage, or printed, till after the death of Shakspeare, who died in April, 1616.

Amongst the old plays revived, upon the opening of the theatres after the Restoration, this comedy was not forgotten. It was acted about the year 1675, by the Duke of York's company in Dorset Gardens. It was also revived at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, about the year 1720.

Towards the beginning of the year 1750, Garrick was induced to revive this comedy he expunged all such passages in it as either retarded the progress of the plot, or, through length of time were become obsolete, or unintelligible; for Jonson was most apt to allude to local customs and temporary follies. The characters were allotted by Garrick as follows.

Kitely,Mr. Garrick.
 Bobadil,Mr. Woodward.
 Master Stephen,Mr. Shuter.
 Brainworm,Mr. Yates.
 Welbred,Mr. Ross.
 Young Knowell,Mr. Palmer.
 Downright,Mr. Winstone.
 Old Knowell,Mr. Berry.
 Master Matthew,Mr. Vaughan.
 Dame Kitely,Mrs. Ward.
 Mrs. Bridget,Miss Minon.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MOSSOP, THE TRAGEDIAN.

(Continued from Page 124.)

Mossop's principal parts have been enumerated. He had many more, both in tragedy and the graver species of comedy, in which he acquired great reputation. He has been accused by the critics of too great a mechanism in his action and delivery; and he was, in some degree, open to this censure—the frequent resting of his left-hand on his hip, with his right extended, has been often ludicrously compared to the *handle and spout of a tea-pot*; whilst others called him, “The distiller of syllables.” But these criticisms were evident exaggerations. Persons whose narrow judgments, tempers, or prejudices, induce them to look *only* for faults, will find them in the most perfect artists; and though he sometimes, in level speaking, exhibited

rather too much stiffness in his attitudes, and too much length in his pronunciation, his energy and correctness, in a great measure, atoned for these trifling defects; whilst, in the more impassioned parts, he was excellence itself.

This degree of fame, however, did not satisfy Mossop. He would be the *lover* both in tragedy and comedy; and if we might guess at his principal motive for quitting Barry and Woodward, at a proffered salary of *one thousand pounds per year*, and becoming manager of Smock-Alley theatre with little or no hopes of success, we must attribute it to the power of casting himself in those parts so favourable to his inclination, but at the same time so inimical to his real talents.

Many instances could be given of the effects of this absurd prepossession during his diversified and tumultuous management. One, however, will be sufficient for this purpose. The fame of the opera of "The Maid of the Mill" reaching Dublin under his management, he very properly thought of getting it up at his theatre, as one of the novelties of the season. He had vocal performers sufficient in his company, and a band uncommonly good at that time; the opera, therefore, was announced in the green room for rehearsal, and all the parts distributed, except that of Lord Aimworth. This excited some curiosity amongst the performers, to know who would be the person cast for the part. The secret was, however, kept back till within a few days of the performance, when the bills pompously announced in capitals, "The part of Lord Aimworth (*without the songs*) by Mr. Mossop."

The hero of an opera without singing, was a species of novelty one would think too much bordering on the *brogue* for any performer to adopt, or any audience to countenance; but, however strange to tell, both succeeded: the *castrated* opera run eight nights to crowded audiences! whilst Mossop received the flatteries of his friends, and the town, on his success in a *new department of acting*.

This business, however, was effected by an *under-management*, more or less practised by most managers when the means are in their power, viz. that of *imposing on the town*. Mossop, as a man, had the art of attaching many friends to him in the various trials of life—his misfortunes, as they were called, though all the acts of his own indiscretion, rivetted those friends the closer to him. Whilst the Countess of B——, who then led the fashion in Dublin, was his *avowed protectress*, this lady, beside the high company she every night drew to the boxes, commanded a great part of her tradesmen. These, with the young men of the college, (Mossop's contempora-

ries,) formed the principal part of the audience, who, by saving the remaining part *the trouble of thinking for themselves*, dictated to the town; and thus was a project which, left to itself, would have soon worked out its own damnation, carried through, by artifice, with profit and applause.

However absurd this dramatic licence may be considered in Mossop, Sheridan, who had still higher claims to critical *acumen*, was at least equally culpable, by transferring Mercutio's fine description of a dream, in the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*, to the part of *Romeo*—merely because he would monopolize so fine a speech to himself. Sheridan, though a good actor in grave and sentimental parts, had neither the voice or tender *d'abord* of a lover: but admitting he had, how he could so violently wrest this speech from its proper place, to give it to a character which it fitted in no one instance, can scarce be accounted for, but by the predominancy of *self-love*; which not only trampled upon his own judgment, but on the common sense, and common feelings, of his audience.

That the public may better judge of this impropriety, we shall recall to their recollection a part of the poetical and beautiful description we allude to.

“Ha! ha! a dream.

Oh! then, I see Queen Mab has been with you:
 She is the Fancy's midwife, and she comes,
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces of the smallest spider's web;
 The collar of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
 Her whip of cricket's bone—the lash of film;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner Squirrel, or old Grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coachmaker:
 And in this state she gallops, night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and thus they dream of love.”

Whilst we can now laugh at these follies with becoming contempt, may we not ask ourselves, in the language of the Roman satirist,

Quid rides? &c.

Do not we nightly see, under our very noses, Congreve *fitted to the last* of the present times, (with all the neatness and address of a modern shoe-maker,) and as such recommended by *soi-disant* critics, as the newest *town-made* goods for the use of country managers? Do not we see Shakspeare *made more natural* by daily emendations, additions, and omissions? And have we not frequently seen, for years back, the scene of *Diana Trapes* totally cut out of the Beggar's Opera, (though upon that scene hinges a principal part of the plot,) merely to save Captain Macheath the trouble of redressing himself? O yes! we have often seen these things; and are, perhaps, doomed to see many more, whilst audiences will suffer their judgments to be counted by—*Proxy*.

But, to return from this digression, and advert more particularly to the character of Mossop. We must not judge of him from these professional eccentricities: he was led to them principally from his necessities, which, though it must be confessed he in a great degree brought on himself, they were rather the faults of an easy, ductile temper, than any original bad principles. In the career of success, he got up the best and most approved tragedies and comedies, and cast them with strength and judgment. He attended himself regularly at rehearsals, and paid his performers punctually, whilst the receipts of the treasury answered their demands; and could he have confined himself entirely to the duties of his profession, he might have weathered the storm, particularly as he was, in himself, the least of a luxurious or expensive man belonging to the stage. His ruin was the love of gaming; or rather the vanity of being under the wing of female persons of high fashion, who gamed deep: they at first fooled him into this pursuit, under the pretence of supporting his theatre in opposition to Barry and Woodward; and they did it to a degree, but with the secret purpose of bringing grist to their own mills; for what they gave to the stage through their influence or interest, they principally brought back with exorbitant profits to their private purses.

Such was Mossop in his public character; a man who had qualified himself for the stage by a previous course of classical education, and was inducted to it by the hand of *genius*; without which, all learning, all assiduity, all mechanism of profession, are but as “a tinkling cymbal.” The departments which he filled in the theatre were exclusively his own; for, except Garrick in Richard, he had no competitor. Holland, indeed, may be said to follow him, but *haud passibus equis*! It is true, Holland was not deficient in figure

voice, or attitude; and, to people who judged merely by the effect of those powers *mechanically* employed, he had his admirers; but, alas! the divine fire of the player was wanting; that "unresisting power which storms the breast," and realizes the scene, we looked for in vain. The two Zangas, comparatively speaking, were as fire and water—substance and shadow. In short, this tragedy, though excellent in various parts of the writing, owes its celebrity on the stock list, principally to the powers of Mossop; and as it was revived by him, so it has, in a great measure, died with him; and, like some other high-wrought characters of our best poets, must wait in sullen silence till some master spirit shall arise, who "shall bestride the conqueror of Africa, and its hundred thrones," with equal dignity and triumph.

As a *man* (abstracted from the seduction of gaming, and its innumerable bad consequences) he was retired, frugal, and abstemious; and as little tainted with the *cliquant* and vices of his profession, as any man of his time. He is likewise said to have had a heart capable of friendship, and had that happiness of temper to make almost as many friends as acquaintances. His natural love of independence was such, that he would receive no favours from his nearest friends, even in the lowest declension of his fortune: here, indeed, his pride seemed to be at the highest, as he, in the end, sacrificed his life to its punctilios.

How miscalculating is the mind of man! Mossop had talents and natural inclinations to be one of the most independent characters in his profession; he added to the powers of conversation, a sincerity of conduct, and a simplicity of manners, that would have gained him respect and honourable friendships; but the *vanity* of being the idol of a set of *Right Honourable Harpies*, who seduced him, from base and interested motives, was principally his ruin. In vain he sought to recover in *detail* what he so prodigally lost in the *gross*—in vain did he look to the little *items* of personal disbursements, and the frugal management of his theatre, when the gaming-table nightly presented a gulph of incalculable extravagance.

In short, the fall of this unfortunate man evidently arose from two causes: the first, his becoming *manager*, so as to indulge his self-love in being an universal actor; the second, that of his becoming a *gamester*, a profession which, in itself, carries with it ruin and disgrace, and is as inimical to fortune, as it is to all the manly and social virtues.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[MR. EDITOR,

The following lines are meant to describe feelings which the circumstances and the scene (the northern approach to Worthing,) rendered particularly impressive. They are much at your service, and submitted with good wishes to yourself and your Miscellany.

Yours, R. B.]

A FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA.

ARE these the fam'd, the brave SOUTH DOWNS,
That like a chain of pearls appear;
Their pale green sides and graceful crowns?
To freedom, thought, and peace how dear!
To freedom, for no fence is seen;
To thought, for silence soothes the way:
To peace, for o'er the boundless green
Unnumber'd flocks and shepherds stray.

Now, now we've gain'd the utmost height!
Where shall we match the vale below?
The WEALD of SUSSEX, glorious sight,
Old Chalkbury, from thy tufted brow.
Oaks, British oaks form all its shade,
Dark as a forest's ample crown;
Yet by rich herds how cheerful made,
And countless spots of harvest brown!

But what's yon southward dark-blue line
Along th' horizon's utmost bound,
On which the weary clouds recline,
Still varying half the circle round?
The Sea! the Sea! my God! the Sea!
Yon sun-beams on its bosom play!
With milk-white sails expanded free,
There ploughs the bark her cheerful way!

I come, I come, my heart beats high;
The greensward stretches southward still;
Soft in the breeze the heath-bells sigh;
Up, up we scale another hill;

A spot where once the eagle tower'd
O'er Albion's green primæval charms ;
And where the harmless wild-thyme flower'd,
Did Rome's proud legions pile their arms.

And here OLD SISSA, so they tell,
The Saxon monarch, clos'd his days ;
I judge they play'd their parts right well,
But cannot stop to sing their praise.
For yonder, near the ocean's brim,
I see, I taste the coming joy ;
There MARY binds the wither'd limb,
The mother tends the poor lame boy.

My heart is there—Sleep, Romans, sleep ;
And what are Saxon kings to me ?
Let me, O thou majestic Deep,
Let me descend to love and thee.
And may thy calm, fair-flowing tides
Bring Peace, and Hope, and bid them live,
And Night, whilst wand'ring by thy side,
Teach wisdom—teach me to forgive.

Then, when my heart is whole again,
And Fancy's renovated wing
Sweeps o'er the terrors of thy reign,
Strong on my soul those terrors bring.
In infant haunts I've dream'd of thee,
And where the crystal brook ran by,
Mark'd sands, and waves, and open sea,
And gaz'd—but with an infant's eye.

'Twas joy to pass the stormy hour
In groves, when childhood knew no more ;
Increase that joy, *tremendous pow'r*,
Loud let thy world of waters roar.
And, if the scene reflection drowns,
Or draws too often rapture's tear,
I'll stroll me o'er these lovely Downs,
And press the turf, and worship here.

R. BLOOMFIELD.

ADDRESS,

Occasioned by the Death of His Royal Highness
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.

*Spoken by MR. RUSSELL, at the Theatre-Royal Richmond, on the
Night of his Benefit, Sept. 11, 1805*

Of gen'ral mournings, that in other climes,
With frequent shade have mark'd these changeful times,
The source, too oft, with sorrow we may trace
To public guilt, or national disgrace;
More blest, Britannia only droops the head
When Fate unites those worthies with the dead
Whose time with us has run its latest round,
And Age with honour consecrates the ground.
Nations, less happy than our favour'd isle,
Where Freedom, Wealth, and virtuous Beauty smile;
Nations, less happy in a parent throne,
Which guards our independence in its own;
Could they this tribute of respect survey,
These sable honours our affections pay,
Well might they envy ev'ry British tear,
Falling for him whose worth we dare revere.
Unlike the sons of Gaul—their tyrant's voice,
When princes die, commands his slaves rejoice.
Our true regret admits of this relief—
However poignant, 'tis not cureless grief:
To Providence we bend, and though we feel,
Adore the hand, which only wounds to heal.
Oh may the numerous remaining line
Of Brunswick round their royal stem entwine;
While that, ne'er bending to a foreign yoke,
Shall greatly flourish, like its nation's oak;
And you, whose loyal union, heart and hand,
Has form'd a phalanx round your native land,
Whose firm, unshaken freedom foil'd the boast
And mock'd the threats of Gaul's rapacious host;
Ye whose wide-spreading patriotic fire,
Has warm'd your friends, and bade your foes retire,
Long may you live, in well-earn'd joys to prove
The rising glories of the land you love.

Then, when the Arts, in smiling Plenty's train,
 Shall oft invite ye here to meet again,
 May your kind bosoms feel no other woes
 Than what from our unreal sorrow flows :
 While your applause shall turn, without alloy,
 Our mimic pleasure into genuine joy ;
 Imparting and receiving such delight
 As you impart and I receive to-night.

APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

WRITTEN BY MR. CROSS,

*At the Request of the Performers, spoken by Mr. Rose, at the Royalty
 Theatre, and with great Applause.*

PAINFUL's his task, when human ills assail,
 Whom Fate compels to tell the mournful tale !
 In tremulous accents the sad periods flow,
 And the tongue fault'ring stammers woe on woe !
 Sighs choak the utterance, which would facts unfold,
 And unadorn'd the grief-fraught story's told.
 How chequer'd is the Fate attends us all !
 How rapid oft man's rise, how quick his fall !
 Succeeding with preceding hours at strife,
 How mutable is the short span of life !
This hour in sun-shine may glide on serene,
The next, dark storms and tempests cloud the scene !
This, happy Ease may boast, unfraught with Care,
The next, Misfortune goaded by Despair !
 But to the task, my co-mates have decreed,
 List to our tale,—our cause—your hearts will plead.
 Before that public, whose applause we court,
 Whose praise is honour, and whose smiles support,
 Oft has our Circus' histrionic band,
 For approbation labour'd heart and hand !
 Their efforts to amuse industrious tried,
 And hail'd your patronage with grateful pride !
 Possess'd of that our fortunes seem'd to smile,
 And brightning prospects cherish'd willing toil !
 A few short weeks had but to disappear,
 Ere each would reap the harvest of his year.

Of livelihood the actor's greatest source——
 Think then our sufferings on the dread reverse !
 In one short hour our prospects all expire !
 Entomb'd with hope, in all-devouring fire !
 No partial suffering, no unequal check,
 One general crash—one universal wreck !
 A whole community (*or more or less*)
 From comfort driv'n to gradual distress.
 " *E'en those we serv'd, and whom we all revere,
 " Under whose sway we've toil'd for many a year !
 " With whom we trust, again to rise or fall ;
 " The greatest sufferers, dispossess'd of all !"
 Yet let us not assert, of all bereft,
 Though hard the struggle, fortitude is left !
 And let but feeling range its wonted scope,
 A British public may revive sweet Hope !
 Once more re-animate a drooping cause,
 And crown our perseverance with applause !

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

This theatre was opened for the season on Saturday the 14th September, when Mrs. JORDAN performed the *Country Girl*, the *chef d'œuvre* of this incomparable actress.

We present our readers with lists of the principal performers of both theatres, from which they may form their own judgment of the comparative strength of the two companies.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

Mr. Wroughton, (*acting manager*.)

Mr. Elliston.

The Young Roscins.

Mr. Barrymore.

Mr. Raymond.

Mr. H. Siddons.

Mr. Powell.

Mr. Bannister.

Mr. Johnstone.

Mr. Dowton.

Mr. Mathews.

Mr. Collins.

Mr. De Camp.

Mr. Holland.

Mr. Wewitzer.

Mr. Bartley.

Mr. Packer.

Mr. Dormer.

Mr. Purser.

Mrs. Jordan.

Miss De Camp.

Mrs. H. Siddons.

Mrs. Powell.

Miss Pope.

Mrs. Johnstone.

Miss Mellon.

Mrs. Sparks.

Mrs. Dormer.

Mrs. Scott.

Miss Boyce.

Mrs. Ansell.

* The four following lines were written by a performer.

OPERA.

Mr. Braham.
Mr. Kelly.
Mr. Dignum.
Mr. Gibbon.
Madame Storace.
Mrs. Mountain.
Miss De Camp.

Mrs. Bland.
Mrs. Mathews.
Miss Holloway.

BALLET.

Mr. Grimaldi.
Mademoiselle Parisot.
Mrs. Sharp.

Since the last season this theatre has lost the talents of Mr. POPE, an actor of very superior ability, and of Mrs. Harlowe. Mr. Suett has quitted the stage of life; and Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston have returned to their former quarters at Covent Garden. Mr. and Master Byrne have also weakened the *corps de ballet* by their secession. The additions the company has yet received are Braham and Storace; Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons; Mr. and Mrs. Dormer, and Mademoiselle Parisot. Mr. Stephen Kemble has likewise been engaged to play *Falstaff* three nights. In the room of Suett there is no necessity to engage any new performer; his characters will be distributed to, and most ably filled by, Downton, Collins, and Mathews.

Mr. and Mrs. Dormer appeared on the 18th in *Gibby* and *Flora* in the *Wonder*. They lately belonged to the Richmond company, and have been mentioned as respectable performers in some of our accounts of that theatre.--- They were well received, and went through their characters very creditably.

20th SEPT.---Mr. Stephen Kemble's *Falstaff* attracted a full house. We have already delivered our sentiments respecting his performance of the *Knight*, and we have no reason to alter our opinion. Mr. H. Siddons made his *entrée* in the "*Madcap Prince of Wales*," a character, with the exception of the scene in which he announces his reformation, not well adapted to the talents of this gentleman, who is a greater favourite with the mournful than the comic muse.

23.---Mrs. H. SIDDONS made her appearance in *Juliet*, and was most loudly and deservedly applauded. Mr. Dormer, in the *Friar*, seemed to speak with good sense; but from a defect in his articulation, he could not well be heard. We think *Romeo* the least successful of all Mr. Elliston's tragic efforts. In the farce of *Matrimony*, however, which succeeded, he made ample amends for his deficiency in the play. We have never witnessed a pleasanter piece of acting; JORDAN in the same piece is scarcely superior to him.

COVENT-GARDEN

Opened its doors for the winter, on Monday the 16th of September, with Mr. Morton's last comedy of the *School of Reform*, and the *Padlock*. The following is the muster-roll of this house.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

Mr. Kemble, (*acting manager*.)
Mr. Cooke.
Mr. C. Kemble.
Master Betty.
Mr. H. Johnston.
Mr. Murray.

Mr. Hargrave.
Mr. Brunton.
Mr. Chapman.
Mr. Lewis.
Mr. Munden.
Mr. Fawcett.

Mr. Emery.
 Mr. Blanchard.
 Mr. Farley.
 Mr. Simmons.
 Mr. Liston.
 Mr. H. Lewis.
 Mr. Waddy.
 Mr. Rock.
 Mr. Davenport.
 Mr. Beverley.
 Mr. Creswell.
 Mr. Claremont.
 Mrs. Siddons.
 Mrs. Litchfield.
 Mrs. Glover.
 Mrs. H. Johnston.
 Mrs. Gibbs.
 Mrs. Matlocks.
 Mrs. Davenport.
 Miss Smith.
 Miss Brunton.
 Mrs. Dibdin.
 Mrs. St. Leger.
 Mrs. Humphries.

OPERA.

Mr. Incledon.
 Mr. Taylor.
 Mr. Bennett.
 Mr. Hill.
 Mrs. Atkyns.
 Miss Tyrer.
 Mrs. Martyr.
 Miss Davies.
 Mrs. Gaudry.
 Miss Martyr.

BALLET.

Mr. Farley.
 Mr. Byrne.
 Master Oscar Byrne.
 Mr. Dubois.
 Mr. L. Bologna.
 Mr. Ratchford.
 Miss Lupino.
 Miss Searle.
 Mrs. S. Leger.
 Mrs. Byrne.

We lose, this season, Braham and Storace, Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Marriott, Miss Wheatley, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Cory, Mr. Darley and Mr. Bologna, Junr. (the *Harlequin*.) Miss Marriott takes the situation which Miss Smith has left at Bath. In exchange for the Siddonses there are Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston. The fresh engagements are also numerous.---Mr. Bennett, from *Bath*; Miss Smith, from the same theatre; Mr. Liston, and Miss Tyrer, from the *Haymarket*; Mr. H. Lewis, the son of our favourite comedian, from *Liverpool*; the Byrnes from Old or rather *New Drury*; and Miss Lupino, a pupil of Didelot's, from *St. Petersburg*.

What is to be done with all this effective force, "we shall see anon."---Hitherto we have nothing to notice, except the appearance of Mr. Bennett, who performed *Don Diego* on the night of opening; he has a good manly voice, pleasantly toned and well modulated. He gave the songs of *Diego* with considerable taste and effect; and what among vocal performers is not common, he speaks and acts as respectably as he sings. He is in every respect greatly superior to Darley, whose place he is to occupy. We had nearly forgotten the most important piece of intelligence---Miss Mudie, the *seven years old wonder*, of whom we published a long account in our last number, is engaged to play at this theatre *three nights*; or, perhaps, *three and thirty*, just as the town in its caprice may happen to run after her!!

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

SEPTEMBER 12.—Mr. ELLISTON's night.—A new piece in one act, called *Who's afraid? Ha! Ha! Ha!* was performed on this evening for the first time. It is a very pleasing little drama, adapted to the patriotic spirit of the times,

exhibiting the supposed whimsical bustle and confusion which would take place in a country town in case of actual invasion; and the British valour which would repel, and finally triumph over the daring trespassers on our native shores. An excellent prologue, in the character of a *volunteer*, was admirably delivered by Mr. Elliston; but in the courageous hero of the piece, a sort of English *Holla*, he was so imperfect as very much to injure the effect of the character. Two lines on a bad *senatorial orator* which we have somewhere read, and which the oddity of the rhyme, more than any thing else, makes us remember, are *too applicable* to Mr. Elliston on this occasion.

"And then what a sight, in a speech of *eclat*,
"To see a great genius peeping into his hat."

Mathews in *Twit*, the loquacious barber, a happy comic sketch, convulsed the house with laughter. The piece went off with great applause. It is evidently the hasty production of a writer capable of better things.

This theatre closed on Saturday the 14th, when Mr. Mathews returned the usual thanks of the proprietors and performers.

On the Monday following the house was again opened for the benefit of Mr. Waldron, the prompter, who, improving on the rage for *child-acting*, gave us the tragedy of Douglas, in which all the characters were performed by little boys and girls from a boarding school. We were not present, but we have understood that the *Norval* and *Glenalvon* shone among the "little eyasses" with uncommon splendour.

Now that we are speaking of this "aery of children," we will take the liberty of introducing a *jeu d'esprit* which has just appeared in one of the morning prints. It is rather a pleasant satire on the present *Roscio-Mania*.

"A provincial paper says—We are confidently informed, on good authority, that the little *phenomenon*, aged seven years, and her six younger sisters, have entered into articles with the manager of Drury Lane theatre, for the ensuing season. The dry nurse of the youngest, we hear, is also engaged at a liberal salary. Miss ——— is to make her first appearance in *Isabella*."

Every nursery is now converted into a green-room, and instead of *See saw*, *Margery Daw*, or *Lullaby*, *lullaby*, on the tree top, nothing now is heard but *To be, or not to be* or, *Angels and ministers of grace defend us!* or, *My name is Norval*, &c.

A young lady of rising talents, and the most astonishing acquirements, (just entering her sixth year) was lately grossly insulted by the ignorant manager of a country theatre desiring her to take the part of one of the babes in *The Children in the Wood*; "No," cried the young phenomenon, with great spirit, "no won't—me shall be a queen, me shall." The poor manager, finding he had mistaken his cue, thought it prudent to put her name in the hand-bills, in the part of *Roxana*, in *Alexander the Great*, which character she represented the night following with the greatest *eclat*.

A young gentleman, (who was just put into words of eight syllables) lately made his *entrée* on the boards of the Belfast theatre (that prolific nursery of theatrical genius) in the arduous character of *Richard the Third*: no doubt was entertained of his success, as he was thoroughly read in the part, and had every necessary requisite; very unluckily, however, he had not been apprised of the mode in which an audience testify their approbation; and on being saluted with a vio-

lent clapping on his first appearance, he suddenly took fright, and hiding his head in the prompter's lap, sobbed out, that "the gentlemen and ladies were going to whip him:" a new rocking-horse, and a pound of caraways and comfits were offered by the manager to induce him to tread back his steps, but in vain.

It is with great concern we announce to the public that Miss Little (the young *Melpomene*) was prevented appearing at the Edinburgh theatre in the character of *Lady Macbeth*, by sudden indisposition. We understand her complaint is the *chin-cough*, which threatens to deprive the stage of one of its brightest ornaments."

ROYAL CIRCUS.

WE are, in our account of the fire at the Royal Circus, requested, from undoubted authority, to correct the following errors. It was Mr. Jones and not Mr. Cross who escaped with so much difficulty in his shirt. The premises were unfortunately only insured for £3000. The conjecture relative to fire-works was extremely erroneous, they being always manufactured at the house of Mr. Maccloud, fire-work maker in the Borough, and never kept on the premises above half an hour previous to their being used. No rehearsal on that evening took place.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

THE patronage of the public keeps pace with the exertions of the manager of this well-conducted theatre. The pieces are constantly full of ingenuity, and the house full of company. The new pantomime, called *The Diving Bell, or Neptune's Gift*, is distinguished by a variety of uncommon mechanical changes, transformations, and scenic metamorphoses. We have rarely witnessed, on any stage, a more interesting, novel, and skilful scene, than that which represents the descent of the diving bell. *The Pierrot* is good, *Mr. Ridgway's* harlequin better still, and *Mrs. Wybrow's* Columbine best of all. The fine action of the elegant and graceful *Mrs. Astley* in the *London Apprentice*, is powerfully attractive.

AQUATIC THEATRE, SADLER'S WELLS.

THESE *Wells* were never so beneficial to mankind as they are at present. Whatever the advantage derived from the waters of this place, it is far exceeded by the healthful exhilaration and good humour now obtained from its wine and amusements. The allurements of the aquatic theatre have been greatly augmented by the production of a new pantomime, called *Harlequin and Æsop, or Wisdom versus Wealth*, which may be styled the quintessence of goodness, since it is compiled from the best pantomimes of Mr. C. Dibdin, Junr. The *aquatic theatre* is a stream which we cannot always describe in the words of the poet, "without o'erflowing full."

LAURENT'S LOYAL THEATRE OF MIRTH, LYCEUM, STRAND.

THE rare and excellent talents of *Mr. Laurent* in "dumb shew," his powers in exciting the passions, now rivetting the anxious spectator to the magic interest of the scene, and now convulsing him with irresistible laughter, are things too long and publicly known to need our eulogium to recommend them. His skill and genius in the production of ballets and pantomimes have frequently been displayed with effect both at *Astley's* and the *Royal Circus*. What a man can do for others, is not likely to be worse done when undertaken for himself. The spectacle of *Florence*, or *the Castle of Toledo*, and the pantomime called *The Clown*,

Emperor of China, amply prove the truth of it. *Mr. Laurent* is indeed a host in himself. In his admirable pantomime of *Neptune, or the Wood-cutter Harlequin*, he plays *nine* characters! Independent of his other merits which so richly entitle him to success, that of doing all in his power to alleviate the distressed situation of the Circus company, cannot fail to have its weight in securing it. The house which is justly called the *theatre of mirth*, is commodious and well illuminated.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre Royal GLASGOW.—After being closed one month, this theatre was re-opened, August 26, with the tragedy of Douglas, *Young Norval* by Mr. Henry Johnston. This gentleman was engaged for six nights, but had only performed three, when we received the melancholy news that His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester had entered

“That undiscover’d country, from whose bourn

“No traveller returns——”

And upon the receipt of this intelligence, our dramatic entertainments were suspended for eight days. The remainder of his engagement Mr. Johnston has since fulfilled. With his abilities as an actor, the readers of the *Monthly Mirror* are in general well acquainted. I may, however, remark, that his success here was by no means commensurate to his exertions, the curtain being sometimes drawn up to twelve, fifteen, and twenty pound houses: but out of respect to him as an individual, his benefit was well attended; the receipts amounted to £.190. On this occasion, (in the character of Sylvester Daggerwood) he gave *imitations* of Messrs. Cooke and Kemble.

Dim as our company was before, it has been still more “shorn of its beams” several principal performers having left it. We have not now an individual, male or female, who can sustain, in any department of the drama, a first rate character even *decently*, low comedy excepted. Our manager in reality looks as if designed

“To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.”

At a late representation of *Hamlet*, the most austere could not keep their gravity: in the funeral scene *Hamlet* made his appearance, wrapped in a deep green coloured *plaid* or cloak, and the grave-diggers capered about on a carpet, the first one I ever saw spread at grave-making! Add to this, David Mountfort, our prompter, (whose sesquipedality of belly is proverbial)

“Bearing the golden yoke of sovereignty.”

Laertes spoke home, and raised the laugh against him when he exclaimed “Oh thou *vile* king.” Indeed nothing can be more obvious than that David is

“Unfit for state and majesty.”

In fine, the whole representation, to the shame of the manager, was a rare treat to the lovers of fun! *Hamlet*, the noblest offspring of the poet’s genius,

was equally risible this evening, as would have been the celebrated caricature of *The Tailors, or a Tragedy for warm Weather!*

On Saturday last the *Young Roscius* also made his appearance here to a crowded audience, in the character of *Young Norval*. According to report he is to perform twelve nights; I shall therefore have an opportunity to "tent him to the quick," and next month will transmit you my opinion how much he has been improved, if any, by the ordeal of metropolitan criticism.

I am, &c.

Glasgow, 17th September, 1805.

MERCUTIO.

Theatre Royal NORWICH.—Your correspondent W. C. has at length, after much cogitation, *deigned* to write what he, in his wisdom, calls a few brief remarks on my letter for April last:—for this *condescension* I feel myself *highly indebted* to him; but still *more particularly* when I find that his *brief remarks* were merely intended to display the *brilliancy* of his *wit* and *humour*, in an *ingenious attempt* to point out *errors* in the *composition* of that letter; and be assured I should have bowed with the most *profound submission* to his *superior learning* and *judgment*, had I not, in *this* instance, found in him a strange and unhappy knack of *perverting* instead of *improving* the sense, which I humbly hope to make apparent to you.

To the point,—After asserting "that Bowles wants pathos;" and for proof, that "Shakspeare's soul-inspiring language, fine rapid climax, and sudden transitions from passion to passion, issue from his lips without effect;" the truth of the position is, I apprehend, in no way affected by saying—"that his most successful parts are Cato, Julius Cæsar, and Henry V." because the two latter are Shakspeare's plays; for, though there is more strength and uniformity in these pieces, they are certainly inferior in many of those respects which so eminently distinguish our immortal bard, and express none of the tender nor violent passions, nor will they bear any comparison with Lear, Richard, Othello, Shylock, Romeo, or Hamlet. Out of which I have seen your correspondent's *great actor* but in *three*; and in these *three* (the *only* parts in the drama for a great actor to establish his reputation) he failed most completely; he was even below mediocrity: never, in my time, have they been so miserably mangled on these boards. In what *I* wrote, I wrote from recollection, and still believe I asserted nothing but truth.

If *once* be not sufficient, W. C. would do well to fix the *number* of the *times* a performer must appear in a character before any one is permitted to give an opinion of his acting.

There may not be much *sagacity* in the remark, that from Bowles's *inanimation* and *clumsiness*, grave and sententious parts suit him better than light and airy, yet it would be well if the *common sense* of the public was not so frequently shocked by his appearance in such parts.

Faulkner had appeared with success in respectable theatres; we stood in need of a good tragedian, and a fair trial should have been afforded him.

I can conceive no inconsistency in what has been said of Bennet, and am surprised at your correspondent's *ignorance*, in not knowing that there is a wide difference between *understanding* what a man is about, and *being able* to put it

in practice. Had W. C. ever been at a *puppet-show*, he would not have been at a loss to comprehend the meaning of *wiry strut*, as applied to Bennet.

There is nothing unusual in comparing two actors in the same cast of characters, but there is much impropriety in comparing two men as similar, who are so totally unlike as Jackson and Noble: Jackson croaked like a raven, was bent like a bow, and his style of playing might be said to be somewhat like Quick's. Noble's voice is clear and distinct, his limbs pliant and agile, and his style resembling no actor's with whom I am acquainted.

W. C.'s remarks on Mr. Hindes must be particularised before they can be answered.

Norwich, Sept. 10, 1805.

VERITAS.

Theatre Royal RICHMOND.---This town has had its share of good performers during the season. Munden was our first visitor; Mrs. Litchfield, who came to pass the summer here with her family, was solicited to play a few nights. Her characters were, Mrs. Haller, Roxana, The Country Girl, Lady Townley, Mrs. Sullen, Lady Teazle, the Irish Widow, &c. on her benefit night, which was attended by all the fashion in the neighbourhood, she performed *Juliana* in the *Honey Moon*; Mr. Farley and Mrs. Dibdin on that night appeared in *Rolando* and *Volante*; and in *Valentine* and the *Princess Eglantine* in *Valentine and Orson*. Mrs. Jordan favoured Mr. Lacy, Junr. with her performance of *Violante* in the *Wonder*, for his benefit; and Mr. Bannister is now playing some of his favourite characters.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.---The theatre opened for the summer season the end of July. Miss Duncan was the only *exotic* engaged, a young lady certainly of great parts, but as certainly no novelty in a theatre she had quitted but a few months before. Rock, having come down to Scotland, was admitted to play for the season. The remainder of the company consisted precisely of those I characterised in my letter of March last.

Lady Teazle was Miss Duncan's opening part. Taking it for granted the author intends this for the character of a fine lady, I cannot bestow unqualified praise upon Miss D.'s performance. A certain dignity of deportment and action, blended with ease, grace, and vivacity, joined to beauty, seem to me the essential requisites of the character, and in some of them this young lady is certainly deficient. Her acting is less tainted with the shrugs, twistings, roll of the eye, snip-snap dialogue, and other rather obvious faults, formerly pointed out, but she is, upon the whole, less the rustic girl in fine cloaths since her residence in London, though I must own I did not so much relish some points of her Lady Teazle as formerly. The unaffected vivacity of manner, and sprightliness of action, (tho' blended with girlishness) displayed in the earlier scenes, which always delighted in representation, seemed to me greatly repressed by a small degree of restraint, stiffness, and affectation. She appeared to feel her present elevation on the London boards, and to think, like Mr. Bayes, a *capital* actress should, in the country at least, always elevate and surprise. This vile fault struck me forcibly in her comic and ballad singing. Instead of the clear, distinct articulation, gay, unaffected manner, fascinating simplicity of expression, which formerly distinguished this captivating melodist, I was disgusted to perceive Miss D. twist-

ing her face into the ugly grimaces of an opera-singer, loading the simplest melodies with a profusion of cadences and cantables, as disgusting as unsuited to unsophisticated nature, still recognised in this country. Instead of distinct articulation, as before, she sung from the throat, like most of your singers I have witnessed south of the Tweed. These faults, however, engendered by affectation, time and her own good sense, of which I *know* she possesses a good share, will remove. *Then* I am confident my former predictions in her favour will be amply fulfilled. Her *Romp* was a very superior piece of acting. Her engagement was for twelve nights, at ten pounds each, and a benefit.*

Rock was generally well received; his low Irishmen gave universal satisfaction. In other parts he was tolerable; if never attaining excellence, seldom falling below mediocrity. From a report, pretty generally circulated, of his being little brought out in London, there were not wanting those who declared him fallen off. Of this I could not observe any symptom. The plump roundness of his visage, joined to an indifferent figure, and a want of flexibility of feature, are physical destitutions he cannot remedy; but the degree of expression of countenance he exhibits in spite of those defects, prove the strength of his natural powers. Were his study, or rather his application, more incessant, he would make a better figure. He had no salary, nor other emolument but a free benefit.

The only dramatic novelty worth mentioning was the *Honey Moon*, the principal female character by Miss Duncan, who seemed to have bestowed much attention upon her part. Eyre was, in the Duke, more impressive than I expected. By the way, had I seen this performer in heavy comedy when I wrote you some months since, my opinion would have been more favourable of his merits. The piece I think superior to any thing produced of late years. Dwyer, though in some parts superior to Young, does not enjoy the twentieth part of the tythe of his popularity. Turpin's attention is unremitted, and, as is always the case, his success is in proportion. Of Berry I have spoken in the language of eulogium. In a country company his merit is incalculable. His figure is but paltry, and his features unprominent, but his grotesque old men merit all praise. After all, however, his merit is but secondary, as he never acts from himself, and it is with me a fixed maxim, that a copyist in any of the fine arts can never reach excellence. Munden is his most general model, but---

"I hate e'en Munden thus at second hand."

Three

* No one acquainted with my exertions in her favour can deem me unfriendly to this young lady, as I have not, in this communication, noticed her beauties, but enlarged on defects. This very circumstance, however, is meant as an additional proof of friendly regard. In this instance, "I am cruel only to be kind." A young beautiful actress, on the London boards, never wants flatterers. Such are worse enemies to rising merit than the most rancorous calumniators. Theatrical excellence is progressive, requiring incessant application, not only to the art itself, but every branch of polite literature. The venom of the calumniator not so deadly to rising merit, as the adulation of the ignorant, the stupid, &c. interested. There are such in London.

D D—VOL. XX.

Three young ladies, with a younger sister, of the name of Adams, dancers by profession, have been a chief source of attraction at this theatre. To beauty the most exquisite, gracefulness of figure the most fascinating, and to science the most correct, the eldest of these young ladies joins the graces and elegancies of the drawing-room of royalty itself.

She is said to excel in both tragedy and comedy, which she has twice attempted in Edinburgh; but not having had the fortune to see her, I can say nothing decisive of her theatrical merits.

Evatt, in second parts, is pretty respectable, and were he to divest himself of some vile mannerisms, I should have hopes of him. Flowerdew promises something, though, from his notes, I fear an inveterate defect of ear. The rest of the males, Hollingsworth excepted, exhibit a mass of imbecility the most loathsome. To the shocking state of our female company nothing can be added.—“To blacken the raven” were ridiculous excess.

A new theatre, upon a most splendid scale, has been projected, as well as the consequent rejection of Mr. Jackson as manager. It is even generally asserted that Mrs. Siddons (who performed here a few nights on her way to Belfast) has been with some success paving the way for her son’s assuming that office. A more amiable and a more gentlemanly performer than H. Siddons exists not on the British boards. It may be questioned, however, whether any individual should be invested by the proprietors with the sole power of providing theatrical entertainments. That Edinburgh is entitled, for five months in the twelve, to the best theatrical company in Britain, out of London, requires no proof; that such a company or companies can be obtained, no one intelligent in theatricals can deny, should a proper degree of power be retained in hands other than those of professional actors. The discussion of these points is reserved for a fitter opportunity.

I am, &c.

JUSTUS.

P. S. Miss Duncan’s night, (John Bull and half a dozen Scots songs) a most brilliant company, though only £. 135. Mr. Rock, (She stoops to conquer) said by his friends to be above £. 140, others, who pretend to count the house, one third less at least. Miss Adams, who had no salary, and even paid half the expence for their night, under £. 100. The town being then rather empty, and immediately following Miss D. and Mr. R’s. nights, much success was impossible, particularly as the evening (Thursday) always is the very worst of the week. H. Johnston appeared the Saturday after; but, having then left town, I am unable to detail the particulars of his great success. The town deserted by thousands, and already so thoroughly drained, his succeeding where every one else must have failed, is a wonderful proof of the public approbation, and honourable to him in the highest degree. I understand his benefit brought him above 200*l*. The singer, Kelly, mentioned in my letter of June, has been engaged, and found insufficient.

FALKIRK THEATRICALS.—A party have, for the last two months, been performing here, under the conduct of a Mr. Davis, a very young man, and a still younger actor, in a very neat little theatre, which contains above twenty pounds. The party consist of five men and four women; but their real strength

is less. In broad comedy, and, above all, in comic singing, the manager has much merit, particularly in Dibdin's songs, and promises much, as he possesses figure, voice, and a great command of features. Hamilton, long an itinerant manager in this country, and his wife, the former a veteran comedian, and the latter possessing a little merit, are of the party. The *forte* of Hamilton is *soutré* old men, though he gives the preference to such characters as Young Marlowe, &c. but a figure that bears evident tokens of having been a good deal tossed about in life, a face that has obviously weathered many storms; above all, a voice in sound like the December gale murmuring through the hollow caverns of a Gothic cathedral, rather impede his attaining excellence in this line. Ward, late of the Edinburgh company, is our fine gentleman, and does not want merit.

Though there be one or two more nominals, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, complete the effective company. Of this couple accept some account. They were accustomed to traverse this country together, delighting our villagers by their performance of Douglas, Jane Shore, &c. As might be expected, in a party of *two* only, some deficiencies must occur, such as cutting out the principal character, and a few equally unimportant matters. At their last stage, in playing Rowe's drama, this circumstance occurred. Mrs. Bond acted Gloster, nature sitting her for the character, to look it at least, without aid from the wardrobe or property-man.—"Your play is very fine," said a spectator, at the conclusion, "but what has become of Jane Shore? she has not appeared at all."—"Oh," answered Bond, who, by the way, is a true Londoner of a certain description, "she was dead long long ere you was borned."

Itinerant managers are generally tormented by the various pretensions of the *genus irritabile* of performers, who uniformly demand the shining characters, perfectly confident of their capacity to do them justice. Hence green-room disputes, and altercations behind the scenes, not unfrequently followed by black eyes, bruised ribs, and bloody noses. Not so with Mr. Bond, who seems ever submissive to the powers that be, taking the part allotted him without murmuring, or reflecting, like others, on the partiality of the manager, and his blindness to superlative merit. His study, it must be owned, does not much incommode him, stipulating only that he shall be called when wanted. He then changes his hat for a wig, goes on with a modest consciousness of his own powers. "So, Mr. (Mrs. or Miss, if he know the name, which is seldom) you called; what do you want? Oh! 'tis me you want; come now, tell me what you was going to say." After a pretty long speech from the other, and when his answer is expected—"So that's all you was about to say; come do say on." This naturally embarrasses the other, who, if a lady particularly, very naturally flies into a passion, and falls a swearing. "Oh!" exclaims our hero, with the utmost *sang froid*, "was this what you wanted; Do keep your temper, or I'm off." And off he goes, very deliberately, regales himself with a whiff of tobacco and a pot of small beer, till again called. I have seen him perform three characters, the shortest six lengths at least, exactly in this way. You will, from this, perceive we have sometimes comical actors in the country, as well as in London or Edinburgh.

I am, &c.

Sept. 1805.

JUSTUS JUNIOR.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

There are said to be two perfect dwarfs at Rouen, in Normandy; one forty-nine years of age, and not more than forty-five inches in height; the other fifty-five years of age, is two inches shorter; the first of them is married to a female of the ordinary size.

The Raleigh (America) paper, of May 31st, says, "A tremendous hurricane and hail storm made considerable ravages in Chatham, Granville, and Franklin, on Sunday the 12th instant, by levelling houses and crops of wheat;" and gravely adds, "*A young lady of Franklin was taken up by the wind, and has not since been heard of!!!*"

A singular occurrence is said to have happened at Bury, in Suffolk, a few weeks since. A strange noise was heard during divine service in an old chapel, which became so loud as to prevent the service from continuing.—Immediate search was made, but to no effect, until a few day since, when a labourer, employed to repair the place, by chance struck a piece of iron, and immediately a door in the pannel of the wainscot sprung open, and discovered a human body and an Eolian harp, which, from there being a hole in the roof of the house, occasioned this singular noise.

The new invented life-boat, with which experiments have been making at Weymouth for some time past, is thus described:—she is buoyed up by eight cases, four on each side, water tight, and independent of each other. When men are saved from a wreck and landed, the boat may return, and some tons of goods may be put in the cases, if the sea will admit of its being taken out of the wrecked vessel. In a storm the boat is dismantled, and rowed by fourteen men, who are all fastened to their seats. As the sea breaks into the boat, it immediately runs out at her stern ports. It is impossible to sink her. She has fourteen life-lines, the end of which float with cork, by which men that are washed off the wreck may hold, before they can be taken into the boat. She brings before the wind, or nearly so, upwards of one hundred men at a time from the wreck.

The Martello Towers are at length begun to be adopted by government, in the neighbourhood of Folkestone. Four of them are in great forwardness, within a quarter of a mile of the town, just at the bottom of the hill, where they command the beach, and cross each other at right angles, so as to produce great havoc on an invading army.

The quantity of rain which fell during July and August, was equal to three inches and a half in depth. The barometer on the average was 30.047, being higher than during any given month for several years past.

GLUTTONY.—A short time since the pot-boy at the Nag's-Head in Oxford-street, a youth about twenty years of age, undertook, for a wager, to eat a leg of pork weighing ten pounds, and four pounds of potatoes, in the space of three hours; the *gourmand* set-to about six o'clock, and in a very short time devoured about four pounds of pork, and one pound of potatoes: he then drank a glass of brandy, and took a walk for about half an hour, when he returned to the charge with a fresh appetite. He, however, did not eat more than seven pounds of pork, and two pounds of potatoes, drinking at intervals a moderate quantity of water. Those who know him declare that had the pork and potatoes been boiled,

instead of baked, he certainly would have eat them. There was about 20l. lost on the event.

HORRID MURDER.—At the last Norwich assizes the following affecting circumstances came out.—Thomas Callaby, aged fifty-four, was indicted for the murder of Elizabeth Trotman, his grand-child, aged three years, at Docking. The circumstances attending this horrid affair were detailed in the evidence of Mr. John Burgess, butcher, of Docking, and were such as drew from the learned judge the strongest expressions of regret, that so little attention had been paid to the mental infirmities of this unhappy man. It appeared, that about four o'clock on Saturday morning, the 31st of March, 1804, the witness was alarmed by the cries of the prisoner's son, calling to him for assistance, and exclaiming, "My father will murder my mother;" that the witness immediately called up his servants, and then proceeded with them to the prisoner's house, where he found the prisoner sitting on the bed; he had dreadfully wounded his wife in different parts of the body—some little time after, witness saw the daughter of the prisoner bring down her child, Eliz. Trotman, with its throat cut—that he found the bloody knife in the room—that on witness charging the prisoner with the murder, he confessed it, but said he did not care any thing about it. That prisoner's wife had heard her husband say a short time before that he should certainly murder some one, and had begged to be confined. It further appeared, indeed, that this unfortunate man knew when his fits of madness were coming on him, and that he, at those times, has been known to tie himself with ropes down to the floor. That he had been confined in the Norwich Bethel on account of the deranged state of his mind, from which place he had unfortunately been suffered to come out on the 28th of March, three days after which time he committed the murder. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, under the influence of insanity; and the judge directed that the act should be enforced, which regulates the close custody of insane persons.

The new fortifications erecting on the heights at Dover are almost completed. The whole is now nearly encompassed with a sod parapet and deep ditch, which, on the western side, will be extended down to the town to Bulwark Fort, and breast works are raised along the edge of the cliff, to the foot of Shakespeare's cliff, to cover the bay beneath.

A dreadful earthquake has taken place in the Neapolitan territories—eight hundred houses have been destroyed at Naples, and four thousand damaged—forty churches have been shaken to their foundation. In other parts whole towns have been destroyed, and all the inhabitants. The little town of Isernia is a heap of ruins, and one thousand five hundred persons are buried under them. The greatest terror reigns in every part.

The following circumstance occurred on the death of the great Duke of Cumberland, in 1765. A hussar who had been long in the service of his Royal Highness, and was greatly attached to his person, begged a suit of his Royal Master's black cloaths, to put himself in mourning. His request was granted. But when he was delivering the cloaths to a tailor, to get them altered, he discovered a private pocket, in which he found a small morocco leather case, containing bank notes to the amount of £. 1,751 which he honestly returned.

The celebrated traveller, Mungo Parke, with his companions, Messrs. An-

derson and Scott, who sailed from Portsmouth in the Crescent transport six months ago, having touched at the islands of Jago and Goree, arrived at Kayay, on the river Gambia, on the 14th of April, whence they were to proceed in a few days into the interior of Africa, to effect the business on which they were dispatched. The heat was at that time so excessive, that the thermometer was constantly at 100 degrees and upwards in the shade, and for two or three hours after sun-set continued at from 82 to 92 degrees. We are happy, however, to hear, that notwithstanding this excess of heat, the whole party had enjoyed perfect health.

His Majesty's *chateau* at Kew is proceeding as fast as possible. By the erection of a castellated range of buildings opposite the north front, with a gothic gateway in the centre, the disagreeable appearance of Brentford is nearly hidden from the entrance of the house. Great alterations are making in the gardens, and several new plantations and walks have been formed, with a view to the future disposition of the grounds, in consequence of the situation of the new residence. The temples have been repaired and painted, and a fosse is now digging in a semi-circular direction, which will enclose the house from that part of the gardens in which the public may be permitted to walk. From various parts of the grounds the new building forms a very picturesque object.

The measuring for the new harbour at Dover still goes on; three plans have been delivered in, and when the ground is mapped, engineers will determine which is the most eligible, which will, it is said, be carried immediately into execution, and make that ancient port one of the first in the kingdom.

A most sanguinary duel took place lately at Wurtzburgh, between the young Baron de Harf, a Canon of the cathedral, and an officer named Zandt. The cause of the quarrel was a dispute about a gambling debt. The sabre was the weapon chosen, and the fight took place in the apartment of the Prince of Lowenstein, who acted as second to Zandt, and having instigated the quarrel, took as much pains to inflame the rage of the combatants, as seconds on ordinary occasions think themselves bound to take to effect a reconciliation. After sixteen assaults, in which Zandt received two slight wounds, the combatants seemed disposed to discontinue the conflict; but the prince cried out that it would be a shame to stop there. The sabres being blunted, were sent to the cutler's to get a new edge; while they waited for them the combatants abused each other so grossly, that it was decided they should fight till one should be dead on the spot. At the first succeeding assault Zandt was once more wounded, but being animated by the voice of the prince, his vigour redoubled. At length, in the thirty-first assault, the young Canon Harf received a thrust which pierced his breast, and penetrated deep into his lungs. He died the next day, after suffering the most cruel tortures. Zandt fled, as well as his second the Prince of Lowenstein, and Kleinemberg, the second of the unfortunate Harf.

It is with great pleasure we state, that by an order of council, the pay of the lieutenants of the royal navy is increased to 8s. per day, and that of the masters to 12l. per month. The pay of the captains, we understand, will speedily come under the consideration of his majesty's privy council.

One of the finest elms ever seen in any country, was lately brought to Monmouth, where it remained some time for inspection. It required fifteen horses to

bring it five miles along a good road, contained 7 tons 12 feet of timber, in its squared state, and measured 41 feet long, by 4 feet square at the but, although upwards of thirty feet had been cut off from the top, in order to bring it along the road, so that the whole measure of the tree may be computed at nine tons and a half. This remarkable tree was perfectly sound and in a growing state when cut down.

On the two first long shocks of the late earthquake at Naples, the audience in the Florentine theatre rose up in wild consternation; the scenes were moved from one side of the stage to the other, and the boxes threatened to fall in; when the magistrate, who was present, gave orders that no one should remove from his seat; and the guards, pointing their muskets at the terrified beholders, enforced in that manner obedience to the order. A short time afterwards, as soon as order was restored, every one left the house without crowding or incommoding each other. During the whole night nothing was heard in the streets but complaints, cries, and the lamentations of persons calling and searching for their children, parents, or relations.

Vice-Admiral Rainier, just arrived from the chief command in the East Indies, is so extremely corpulent, that it is with difficulty he feeds himself, and he sleeps always in an easy chair, instead of reclining on a bed, to prevent suffocation.

It is said, that an enquiry by court martial into the late conduct of Sir Robert Calder has been determined upon. The principal evidence, we understand, will be derived from the log books of the different ships.

A matrimonial union is talked of in the first circles, between the heir apparent of the Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, and their Majesties' fourth daughter, the Princess Mary.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.—Among our various modern *improvements*, as it is the custom to call every alteration we make, it has become fashionable to introduce into one mansion the styles of all nations, and almost of all ages. This whimsical variety, this extravagant transformation of interior scenery, is denominated “*elegance*,” though many persons of refined taste will be inclined very strongly to doubt the propriety of that appellation. A person of fashion may now rise from a French bed, breakfast in a Turkish tent, take down a book in an Etruscan library, dine in a gothic hall, hear music in an Egyptian drawing room, play a rubber in a Chinese temple, and so on, through all the varieties of Greek Roman, Oriental, Moresque, &c. &c.

A literary society has been established at Bombay, of which Sir James Mackintosh has been chosen president, for the purpose of promoting a further investigation of the history, literature, arts, and manners of the Asiatic nations. The Governor of Bombay, with Lord Valentia, and General Nicholls, were present at the first meeting in November last, on which occasion the president delivered an appropriate discourse.

The young *Rosciusses* now starting in all parts of the kingdom are so much younger than Master Betty, that this favourite will probably soon appear upon the *superannuated* list.

PRESERVATION OF GAME.—The following advertisement is copied from a Dublin paper of the 29th ult.—“Notice is hereby given, that the *fox cover* of Turnant is *poisoned*, for the preservation of the game.—20th August, 1805.”

BIRTHS,

At Winchester-house, Chelsea, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas de Grey, of a son. At Ealing, the Lady of Vice Admiral Sir C. Pole, of a daughter. At Amport house, the Marchioness of Winchester, of a daughter. At Ades, Sussex, the Hon. Mrs. J. Markham, of a son. At the Attorney General's house, at Hampstead, the Hon. Mrs. Spencer Percival, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

At Colwich, Staffordshire, J. Macdonald, Esq. M. P. son of the Lord Chief Baron, to Miss Eliz. Sparrow. The Marquis of Waterford to Lady Susan Carpenter, daughter of the late Lord Tyrconnel. The Earl of Clanwilliam, at Vienna, to Lady Shuldham, widow of the late Admiral. The Rev. T. G. Cullum, eldest son of Sir. T. G. Cullum, Bart. to Miss Eggers. Sir J. B. Riddell, Bart. to the Right Hon. Lady Frances Marsham. F. Freeling, Esq. of the General Post Office, to Miss Rivers. The Earl of Enniskillen, to Lady Paget, daughter of the Earl of Uxbridge. At Islington Church, Mr. Foote, of Southampton Buildings, Chancery-Lane, to Miss Bolton, of Camden-Street, Islington.

DIED.

In Alderney, Lieut. Col. Cuyler, of the 2nd regiment of foot. W. Robinson, Esq. of the Inner Temple. C. Anstey, Esq. of Bath. At Appledurcombe, in the Isle of Wight, the Right Hon. Sir Richard Worsley, Bart. Dying without male issue, a jointure of £.70,000 reverts to Lady Worsley, and leaving no will, his estates and property devolve on a niece. Sir Richard had lived some time past in a state of seclusion at his favourite retreat in the Isle of Wight, and his death is said to have been the effect of apoplexy. At his seat of Tailogie, Scotland, Lord Ankerville. Thomas Amyand, Esq. aged 43, one of the Directors of the Bank. At Elton, Captain Sir F. Thesiger, of the Royal Navy, agent for prisoners of war at Portsmouth. At Barnstaple, the Hon. H. Tournour, Lieutenant of the Navy. At Llanrothal, Herefordshire, the Rev. Martin Barry, aged 100 years. At Tunbridge Wells, George Bussy Villiers, Earl of Jersey, Viscount Villiers, of Dartford, and Baron of Hoo, in Kent, and Viscount Grandison of Ireland. His Lordship was in his 71st year. He was on a visit to Viscount and Viscountess Villiers, at their house, Prospect Lodge, and had accompanied them that morning to the Wells. Upon his return from the walks to Prospect Lodge, after drinking the waters, he fell down in a fit, and instantly expired. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by George Viscount Villiers, his eldest son, who married Lady Sarah Fane. At his house at Portfield, near Rathfarnham, Ireland, the Right Hon. Barry, Lord Viscount Avenmore, Baron Yelverton, Lord Chief Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer, and Registrar of the High Court of Chancery in Ireland. His Lordship was called to the bar in the year 1764, and appointed Attorney General in 1782; from which office, upon the death of the lamented Walter Hussey Burgh, he was advanced to the chief seat on the Exchequer Bench, in the year 1783. His Lordship was near seventy years of age.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
OCTOBER, 1805.

Embellished with:

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. EDWIN, COMEDIAN, ENGRAVED BY
RIDLEY, FROM A FINE PAINTING.

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Sold, also, by all Booksellers in

the United Kingdom.

1805.

CORRESPONDENCE.

†† We this Month present our Subscribers with a striking Likeness of the late Mr. EDWIN, from a very highly finished Miniature painted not long previous to his death. It was not our original intention, nor shall it be our practice, to give Portraits of deceased Persons, except in particular instances, where the character is very eminent, and we are furnished with a Painting of undoubted originality. Our engravings of the late Mr. Mossop, and the Poet Lee, of whom there are no other Portraits extant within our knowledge, gave very great satisfaction; and we have never seen more than one Print of Mr. Edwin, (that engraved by Heath, from a Picture by Beach) which bears any similitude to that celebrated Comedian.

A Portrait of Mr. Liston, in the character of Jacob Gawky, from an admirable Painting by De Wilde, will appear in No. 121.

The following Poetical favours are received, and shall have an early insertion.

A Ballad, by Mrs. HOLFORD.

A Runic Ode, by C. E. MORTIMER.

To Friendship, by PHILLIDA.

To a Lady, by EDWARD.

We have repeated the direction that on application made on behalf of E. D. his desire shall be complied with.

If a *Berwick Street* actor recites no better than he spells, we are not surprised that the managers refused him an appearance. We advise him to make application to the manager of the Dunstable company.

The article transmitted by I. E. B. has appeared in most of the Papers. It is besides of a political complexion, and therefore does not suit our publication.

LEOPOLD'S packet we have not yet had an opportunity of reading.

We regret that we are obliged to defer until next month a very interesting communication from Bath, relating to that theatre.

✂ Mr. Raymond's *Life of Dermody*, the poet, is in the press, and will speedily be published.

ERRATA.

In our last number, in the second line of "A first View of the Sea," for "appear;" read "uprear" without a stop.

Page 226 of this number, line 1, read "oris"---line 9, read "dease"---line 4, read "sodales."



*The late Celebrated Mr. Edwyn,
from a highly finished Miniature
by Edridge?*

Pub by Venn & Hood, Poultry, Oct. 31, 1805

THE
MONTHLY MIRROR,
FOR
OCTOBER, 1805.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
THE LATE MR. EDWIN.

(With a Portrait.)

THE following notices are principally extracted from the memoirs of Edwin, published under the assumed name of *Anthony Pasquin*. This work is in two volumes, consisting, jointly, of near seven hundred pages; but the circumstances connected with the life of Edwin are "as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff;" and abducting the few particulars which we have here borrowed, the remainder might be called the Life of *Turk Gregory*, or the *Cham of Tartary*, with just as much propriety as it is that of *John Edwin*.

The facts, however, we believe to be pretty accurately stated; and, in the absence of other *data*, we must be satisfied with the information to be collected from these volumes.

The father of John Edwin was a watch-maker,* who, with a liberality superior to his circumstances, gave his son an education that afterwards rendered him essential service in life, particularly his instructions in the science of music, which, with a happy invention and droll manner of delivery, made him indubitably the first comic singer in the universe.

Mr. Edwin was born in Clare-street, Saint Clement's Danes, London, on the tenth of August, 1749; the ill state of his health, from his birth until he was nine years of age, induced his father to send him to a farm-house, in a healthy situation in the vicinity of Enfield, where he had not been long before he gave a sample of his acting in a private performance, with some young gentlemen in that neighbourhood; such amusements then were not embellished and attended as they are now; and, instead of a regular theatre, young Edwin and his associates received their audience in a stable, where,

* His mother, Hannah Edwin, was the daughter of Henry Brogden, a statuary, at York; a boy and two girls were the issue of this marriage: John was the first born, Mary the second, and Elizabeth the third. The latter, now Mrs. Williams, is a most conspicuous character in the metropolis, remarkable for her knowledge of astronomy and future events.

"They cleav'd the general ear with horrid speech ;"

and astonished the auricular and ocular faculties of some country ladies and gentlemen, with their domestics, by most WONDERFUL exertions in mad Lee's inflated tragedy of Alexander the Great.

After this *début* Mr. Edwin remained at school till he was fifteen, at which period we find him in the Pension-Office of the Exchequer ; but that employment requiring his attendance only two hours in the day, it afforded him an opportunity of turning his thoughts to his favourite amusement, the stage, and he soon got information of a spouting club at the French Horn, in Wood-Street, Cheapside, where

"Prentic'd boys alarm'd the gaping street,

"And did such deeds of dreadful note."

To this mirthful convocation of ambitious youth, Edwin ran with all the precipitation of young desire, and it was there that the singular humour of the late estimable Mr. William Woodfall, in *Old Mask*, in the *Musical Lady*, first suggested to Edwin's mind a serious idea of assuming the character of a comedian. The following summer he studied the tankard scene of *Scrub*—the part of *Simon* in the first scene of the *Apprentice*, and the first scene of *Polydore* in the *Orphan*, which, with the song of "I follow'd a Lass that was froward and shy,"—and those of *Sir Harry Sycamore* in *The Maid of the Mill*, he concluded might carry him very decently through the following winter, at the beginning of which a new spouting seminary was instituted at the Falcon, in Fetter-Lane. There Edwin made his first essay as an apology for a man—passed the ordeal of juvenile criticism, was warmly approved, and soon after chosen one of the six managers, in concert with Mr. Waldron of old Drury, and the late Mr. Webb of Covent-Garden theatre, &c. Mr. Edwin was always a great admirer of the professional merits of the late Ned Shuter, who entertained a great opinion of the promising abilities of our aspiring hero, and at several convivial parties used frequently to say, "My boy, you will be an excellent actor when I am laid low." Edwin's imitation of that charming actor's songs, and his performance at the club of some of his parts, soon attracted the notice of the late Mr. Lee, of Drury-Lane theatre, who, seeing him enact Launcelot, in the *Merchant of Venice*, which was regularly performed in the club-room on a private night, engaged him for the ensuing summer at Manchester, as a low comedian, at a settled salary of one guinea a week, and the profits of half a benefit. About

this period Edwin was made secretary to a trust of a Mr. John Edwin, of George-Street, Hanover-Square, a distant relation, who died, leaving near fifty thousand pound to be distributed in public charities, and had appointed twelve trustees to superintend the business—the principal of which, the late Mr. Way, was also one of his executors, and sub-governor of the South-Sea House.

That gentleman, fully sensible of the folly of his deceased friend, in leaving a kinsman destitute—his donations to be expended in charities, and given to objects totally unknown to him, from an impulse of justice made Edwin secretary. The committee met twice every winter, and to this post was annexed an annual salary of thirty pounds, with *douceurs* from the fund, and other contingent advantages. The trustees, who were all old men, soon departed in peace, to sleep with their fathers, and their sons were deputed in their room; but this change of government was not for the advantage of the property; the principal was soon swallowed up by the dissipation of the new guardians.

When Edwin left his secretaryship, which he held only one year, he possessed five hundred pounds in specie, for which sum he was indebted to the kindness of Mr. Way, and was meant as a security for his going into the South-Sea House, in the capacity of accomptant, the gentleman who then held that office, Mr. Montague, being very old and infirm.

A strong propensity for dramatic pursuits, however, overcame every other consideration, and prompted Edwin to make an early attempt, and climb the stupendous hill of public fame—he took, as it is termed, French leave of his relations, and went off *a la sourdine*.* But previous to his departure, in order to assist his father, whose circumstances were rather embarrassed, and to operate as a palliation for commencing actor, and disappointing the old gentleman's future hopes in the intended line of life marked out for him, Edwin drew the money from Mr. Way, and made the five hundred pound a present to his father, together with some other valuable properties. He commenced an actor of old men, at the theatre at Manchester, then under the management of Mr. Lee, in the year 1765, and in the sixteenth year of his age. Justice Woodcock, and

* Edwin's father, when the comedian was only fifteen years of age, offered to give fifty pound towards erecting an organ in Islington church, provided the parish would make his son organist; however the offer was rejected by the parish, under the idea that they could not afford to pay a salary.

Sir Harry Sycamore, were also represented in that town by our juvenile adventurer.

Before the conclusion of the performances that summer, Mr. Griffith, as agent to Mr. Mossop, engaged Edwin at the enormous salary of thirty shillings per week, to enact at the theatre-royal in Smock-Alley, Dublin. Under the hope of shaking off an ague, which he had acquired by going into the Duke of Bridgewater's improvements, and to take leave of his friends before his departure from his native island, he visited London for a short time, and then set out big with jocund expectation for the mirthful regions of Hibernia.

The first character that Edwin performed in Dublin, was Sir Philip Modelove, in the Bold Stroke for a Wife, and as in that part very little is expected by the audience, they were not disappointed by the execution of the actor.—Soon after Mr. Mossop got up the Jealous Wife, in which Mr. Edwin played *Lord Trinket*, but with little success.

The next character he assumed was Justice Woodcock, his applause in which amply atoned for his former disgrace.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MRS. H. JOHNSTON.

With a Portrait.

AMONG the many reasons which induce an Englishman, with partial and justifiable pride, to assert the superiority of his own country over her natural rival, let him not forget to count the domestic characters of those females whose talents support the British drama. If, in some few instances, our Calistas and Lady Townlys are tempted "*to swerve from Virtue's rule*," how greatly are they out-numbered by the list of those, who, with equal credit to themselves and edification to the public, perform the most important duties of female life. In our island, the characters of the fond mother, the attentive daughter, and the blameless wife, are frequently sustained with no less ability in reality than on the stage; and how must the British biographer exult, in contrasting the profligacy by which the name of many a French actress has been made notorious, with the virtues by which a Siddons, an Inchbald, a Farren, and many others dignify the laurel-wreath bestowed on their dramatic talents!



M^{rs} H. Johnston,
Engrav. by Ridley from a Picture by T. R. Smith Esq

Pub. by Verner & Hood, Paultry, Sept. 30, 1805.

To this distinguished list, we add with pleasure the name of the fair subject of these memoirs. We are not tracing the character of a *French* but of a *British* actress: our task, therefore, is not to display that profligacy by which superior talents once were disgraced, but to hold up an example of those virtues by which they are at present dignified; and, instead of being obliged to enumerate the paramours whom the Clairon's extravagance ruined, ours is the more pleasing office to give the number of years which Mrs. H. Johnston has passed, with credit as a virtuous wife, and the list of children to whom she performs the duties of an affectionate mother.

Mrs. H. Johnston is the daughter of Mr. Parker, husband of Mrs. Parker, formerly of Covent-Garden theatre, but by a former wife. She was born in London, in the year 1782. At an early period she was sent to receive her education in Edinburgh; and here she remained till she became a wife. She formed an early but strong attachment to Mr. H. Johnston, at that time the hero of the Edinburgh theatre, and, indeed, so great a favourite with the northern public, than he was less frequently mentioned by his own name, than by that of "the Scotch Roscius."

At the period of this marriage, Mrs. H. Johnston was not fifteen, and the joint ages of the young couple scarcely amounted to thirty-five. The success with which her husband's efforts had been crowned in Edinburgh, was so distinguished, that it induced Mr. Daly, the Irish manager, to offer him a very lucrative engagement, if he could be induced to pay Dublin a visit. The proposal was too advantageous to be rejected, and of course Mrs. Johnston followed the fortunes of the man whom she had "*singled from the world.*"

The applause with which the husband's performances were crowned, naturally inspired the wife with a wish to participate in his pleasing labours, and in his well-earned fame. She felt a secret confidence in her own powers, which the event fully justified; and her representations of *Lady Contest*, in the "Wedding Day," and of *Josephine*, in the "Children in the Wood," in which she made her first appearance, (on her husband's benefit night,) were received with such marked approbation, as to equal the most sanguine hopes of her friends, and greatly to exceed her own.

Mr. H. Johnston's success in Ireland induced the liberal manager of Covent-Garden to enter into an engagement with him, which proved mutually satisfactory; and the English public was so little wearied of his presence, that Mr. Colman retained him in the Metropolis during the succeeding summer, by engaging him at the Hay-

market theatre. It was here that Mrs. H. Johnston first appeared before a London audience; and it was only necessary for her to appear, in order to leave the public no doubt that the stage had acquired, in her, a jewel of the first water. Her *début* was in *Ophelia*: she afterwards played *Rosalina*, and other principal characters, with undiminished success; and Mr. Harris lost no time in securing her assistance at Covent-Garden theatre, where she was engaged to play in the first line of business. Here she remained till a temporary misunderstanding with the managers, induced Mr. and Mrs. Johnston to change their situation at Covent-Garden for one at Drury-Lane; but their secession lasted only during two seasons;—they now belong once more to that theatre, which witnessed their first winter triumphs in London; and as soon as Mrs. Johnston is sufficiently recovered from her late *accouchement*, she will make her appearance in a new comedy, which is spoken of in very high terms.

To those who have seen her, it is unnecessary to say, that Mrs. Johnston's face and person are truly beautiful; and in this respect, perhaps, few ladies of the drama will enter into a competition with her. Her talents are the most various: tragedy, comedy, pantomime, and musical entertainment: *Virginia* and *Lady Teazle*, *Juliet* and *Cinderella*; nothing comes amiss to her, and in nothing does she fail to give the audience pleasure. She also sings pleasingly, though her voice is not strong; and her dancing is remarkable for its lightness, grace, and spirit. She has sustained principal characters in various new pieces, with credit to herself and advantage to the authors,—such as *Miss Blandford*, in "Speed the Plough;" *Virginia*, in "Paul and Virginia;" *Amelrosa*, in the tragedy of "Alfonso;" *Gangica*, in Holman's "Votary of Wealth," &c. but if, among the numerous and opposite characters which she has supported, we were to fix on that which is her master-piece, we should have no hesitation in giving the palm to her performance of *Amelia Wildenhain*, in "Lovers' Vows," a part expressly written for her by that delightful authoress, Mrs. Inchbald, and peculiarly adapted to our heroine's mode of acting.

Mrs. Johnston is the mother of six lovely children; yet her person preserves its elegance and symmetry with undiminished lustre. She is still very young, and the admirers of the drama may flatter themselves with the reasonable hope, that many years will elapse, before the stage is deprived of an actress, who (we scruple not to say) forms at present one of its brightest ornaments.

ANSWER TO MR BURKE'S LETTER,

INSERTED IN OUR LAST.

MY GOOD SIR,

I ONCE read of a King of Spain, Alphonsus, I think, who was cured of a dangerous disease, by reading a passage in Livy. Your kind letter had much the same effect on me, for my spirits were so low the moment I received it, that it is not in the power of words to describe my situation; but scarce had I read six lines, when my heart began to emerge, and the sun shone as bright as ever; and if you pity a poor dealer in Syntax, buried alive, I may say, write to me as often as you can. My school is on the increase, it is true, but the people are so poor that they cannot pay. I have thirteen Latin scholars at a crown a quarter, and six and twenty in writing and figures. I have taken a little farm of about five acres. So that betwixt the cultivation of my fields, and that of the tender mind, I have very little time on my hands, or my feet, I may say, for sometimes I mingle in the dance. As to Greek, there is no attention paid to it in this quarter. Last week I endeavoured to prevail on Mr. Johnson to permit me to give his nephew a few lessons in the language of heaven. He said he had no objection, if I could assure him that it would enable Jack to buy a cow or a horse to more advantage. Having cast his eye on a Greek book, which I had in my hand, "What," said he, "would you have my nephew spend his time in learning these pot-hooks and hangers?" Thus you see how learning is prized in this part of the world; and from your own account, I don't find that the Muses are held in such high estimation in England, which I was early taught to consider as the seat of arms and arts. What then is to become of their votaries?—neglected, and I am afraid despised!—You'll forgive me, I feel myself so uneasy and depressed as often as I think on this matter, that I cannot help dropping a tear on my books—the only source and companions of my solitary hours, so that you see we have little cause to boast of the triumph of letters over the breathing marble, or the proudest trophies of war. Yet I join with you in blessing the memory of the man that first introduced the swarthy daughter of Cadmus into these islands. I think I can recollect some lines on this subject in the form of an enigma, which, perhaps, you have not seen:

"Bis venere novem juvenes ad mœnia nostra
 Ex aliis, huc ad nos rediere, locis;
 Conspicui forma, pariles florentibus annis,

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Attamen his minime par decor ovis adest.
 Nil est egregiæ quod dicas de esse cohorti,
 Quam quod non potis est edere lingua sonos,
 Non illis vox est, sed secum quemque godales
 Ducunt, ex his, ut verba loquantur, habent;
 Submoto nullum dicunt interprete verbum,
 Orbe sed est toto gloria magna verum."

Whilst I am on this interesting subject, I am sorry to tell you that our old Irish bard, who could conduct those nymphs through all the mystic mazes of poetic dance, resigned his tuneful breath last week. I accompanied his remains to the grave. He has left me all his manuscripts, and I shall select some of the finest passages of them for you, and translate them for you as well as I can.

My school-house was levelled with the ground last week in a storm:—Boreas, of true Russian descent, pays very little respect to learning. The neighbours, however, assembled the next day, and raised me a new one, on a more pleasing scite; so that my bare-footed pupils are quite happy, as it is better wooded, and of course will afford them an opportunity of playing hound and hare with more art. O'Gara has made me a present of a dial, which I intend to erect in the spring. Oh the wit of man, that can even turn a shadow into use, and teach it to point out the fleeting hours, as unsubstantial as itself! But *Paulo majora canamus*. I once read, in an old Irish poem, that when Jupiter made man, he gave him his choice either of wings or imagination; he accepted the latter, which shews that our first fabulous father had some brains. Let me rise on this divine plume then, and for once cast a glance into futurity. What do I see? Why I see my worthy friend, arrayed in a flowing robe; I hear his voice raised in the cause of innocence and distress; the widow and the orphan bless his name, and the wily villain hunted down through all the mazes of law. Once more Astrea revisits the earth; I see him raised to the seat of judgment, his ermine as pure as his native snow; the golden scales even balanced in his hands, and the sword of justice tempered in the tears of mercy. The ascent to this eminence is difficult, but

"*Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.*"

I know you will be glad to hear that Tom and I are on good terms. You are right, he drinks whiskey as often as he can get it—*Ore rotundo*, and sometimes

"Warm from the still, and faithful to its fires,"

too, which is worst of all. Your account of London, I believe, is very just. All great cities, from Rome down, are the sinks of vice

and the graves of genius. I admire the idea of your public charities. One of the three impossibilities amongst the ancients was *Eripere Jovi fulmen*, and amongst the Christians, *Eripere Deo fulmen iræ*, but charity is the emanation of heaven!

As to Miss Woffington, I can collect very little of her. She was born in Dublin, read her recantation in the parish church of Lurgan, near Virginy, in the county of Cavan, before the Reverend Mr. Sterling, who was a great musician. Mr. Fleming did write some verses on that occasion, but it is not easy to procure them: for you know he's a great man—a justice of peace, and one of the grand jury. They began thus, I think:—

“ And now the sun, revolving to the west,
Bequeath'd the weary'd hemisphere to rest;
And now the moon, in milder glories dight,
Resum'd the peaceful empire of the night.”

I can recollect no more, and I don't know that these are correct. There is an anecdote told of her, and I believe there is very little doubt of the truth of it.

Mr. — having spent some time in Paris, soon after his return, happened to dine at Mr. Gore's, where Miss Woffington captivated the company with her sprightly wit and easy manners; our Parisian hero paid such attention to the glass, that the cloth was scarce removed, when the table and chairs exhibited the effects of it, as well as those that were present, particularly Miss Woffington, who, as she happened to be formed of the common mould, was reminded of it, to which she only answered, “ Sir, I expected all this; I observed for some time past the yellow clay breaking through the plaister of Paris.”

As to Mr. Brooke, I believe I can collect you many particulars relative to him. His father was a clergyman of the church of England. He is married to a Miss Mears, a relation of his own. He has lately built a house at Longfield, one of the most decent spots in the county of Meath. He is an enthusiast in agriculture, and has spent his patrimony in draining lakes, to very little advantage. He has had many children; but heaven was so indulgent as to call them out of this life just as they began to taste the miseries of it.

Doctor Sheridan is well, and desires to be remembered to you. I hope that you will write as often as you can. You can't conceive what pleasure it will afford me to correspond with you.

I am, &c.

M. SMITH.

DINNER PARTIES.

AN invitation is made to dinner, by one polite family to another, *in the country*. The greatest delicacies, the best entertainment, compliments, toasts, *set speeches*, and *bon mots*, are prepared for the visitors—and predetermined appetite, approbation, and flattery, are to soothe the vanity of the splendid host. Thus, premeditated wit, elegance, and *enjouement*, are to preside at the table, whilst mirth, satisfaction, and delight, are to be the attributes of the guest. Unfortunately, on the road, a horse falls lame; a gate is locked; a bridge is mending; or a road not passable: which make the company too late for dinner by an hour. In this space of time the cook has been incessantly scolding; the servants grumbling; the mistress displeased at the *reputation* of the dinner, prepared with so much pains, being lost: and the master vexed that all his intended schemes upon the visitors, in making them see every *intended* improvement, had miscarried. Every civil speech is forgotten; and the guests are received with the cold civility daily practised upon inferior neighbours, humble cousins, and the curate and his wife. The company, whose minds are bent upon amusement, but who were only to bear an under part, and to play in unison with the host, are not prepared for this transposition from the *sharp* to the *dead flat*. But their spirits being wound up for enjoyment, they themselves assume the principal part of the conversation. They commend the avenue to the house: the paintings of the drawing room, the dinner they are eating—which is not *half so cold* as the reception their observations meet with. At length, having lavished their praise, exhausted their flattery, and shot their best shafts in vain, their spirits droop. Nature soon conquers artificial politeness. Nothing is so contagious as ill humour. The guests retort upon the host; and seek revenge by *tiffing*, and quarrelling with each other, upon the occasions of the delay. In vain the most exquisite dainties offer their sweets. Pleasure and satisfaction quit the board. Disgust nauseates every palate, and disappointment is visible in every countenance. Thus ends this promised day of happiness!! and we are lucky if our most sanguine, and even *well-founded* expectations, are not equally damped. Pleasure and joy are *accidental* guests, and capricious visitors: are very shy, whenever the honour of their company is requested, by a *set* invitation. And if they come at all, it is when they are unexpected, and uninvited guests.

Q. Z,

THE TOMB OF THE PROPHET ALI.

From Griffiths' Travels.

A DESIRE to explore (as far as was possible for a Christian) the renowned tomb of the prophet Ali, held in estimation by the Persians with a zeal equally enthusiastic with that which the Hadgees of Mecca entertain for the shrine of Mahommed, induced me, contrary to the advice of Mr. H. to set off alone for the village.

It is seated upon an elevated ridge of sand hills : a tolerably good street runs nearly from south to north, about three hundred yards. The houses on each side are flat roofed, many of them being so constructed that their roofs are but little above the level of the street. To enter the habitable part of them, it is necessary to descend from the streets down several steps ; so that one is apt to imagine the street has been formed between two rows of houses already built.

After proceeding along this street, another turns abruptly to the right ; and on the left of the angle is the grand entrance to the celebrated mosque. In a variety of shops, near the gates of the mosque, were exposed to sale water-melons and other fruits, as well as many dried grains ; but in almost all of them the proprietors were reposing themselves ; and, on account of the extreme heat, not a single person appeared walking in the streets. Being thirsty, I wished to purchase part of a melon, and addressed myself to a shopkeeper for the purpose ; but taking me for a Greek, he loaded me with abuse, and refused to contaminate himself even by selling to me one of the articles on his shop-board. I retired without making him any reply, and, upon my return past his hut, observed he had again laid himself down to sleep. On approaching the gate of the mosque, I perceived that all the good Mussulmauns, at each side of the entrance, were in the same drowsy disposition. Stimulated by an irresistible, yet unpardonable curiosity, I hastily walked into the first court. An elegant fountain, ornamented with coloured tiles, and a profusion of Arabic sentences, was constructed in the centre, and a corridor, round the area, afforded a shady walk to that part of the building, where two handsome doors led to the interior of the mosque. I went to that on the left-hand side, and finding no one at prayers, entered it far enough to see the whole of the apartment. The dome is very handsome, but by no means so large as that of St. Paul's, as Colonel Capper judged it to be from its appearance at a distance. The mosque is richly ornamented with balls of ivory, glass, ostriches

eggs, and a prodigious number of lamps, not only in the centre, but on every side. Very small-sized rich carpets covered the flooring, and two extraordinary large silver candlesticks were placed near the Mahareb.

Apprehension of discovery now began to operate upon me, and I traced back my steps with caution, greatly dissatisfied at having found nothing extraordinary; but, before I could repass the gate, an old man started up, and called to me in Persian. Not receiving an answer, he awakened two others, when they all jumped from the elevated part where they had been sleeping, and exclaimed most vehemently. One of them, armed with a scimeter, (fortunately for me not unsheathed,) and another with a short stick, made many blows at me; which parrying in the best manner I was able, although not so successfully as I could have wished, I dashed through these bearded heroes, and was assailed in my flight by many large stones, of which, for many days, I bore the marks.

A consciousness of the penalties I might incur by my imprudent behaviour, and the fear of being seized, stimulated my efforts to escape; and, in spite of the burning sun, or almost equally burning sand, I stopped not until I had left the village very far behind me. Arriving at the tent, Mr. H. who tempered his reproaches with kind expressions, pointed out, in the strongest terms, the danger as well as folly of my proceeding; and although I could not but acknowledge the propriety of his observations, yet I felt a secret satisfaction at having accomplished what, most probably, no European ever before attempted.

THE ORIGIN OF NAVIGATION,

AND

INVENTION OF SHIPPING.

[The laws of shipping and navigation having been of late the subject of much ingenious controversy, we readily give a place to the following conjectures on the origin of navigation itself, which to some of our readers will perhaps prove far from uninteresting.]

It is highly probable that in a few centuries after the creation, the continent of the earth, if not the islands, was as universally inhabited as now it is; and that the deluge occasioned no considerable alteration in the terraqueous globe; but that its land, seas, and rivers, were, in a very great measure, the same as at this time. This

supposition being allowed, it will not be unreasonable to conjecture that in the earliest ages of the world the use of small embarkations, such as boats, and other vessels necessary for passing rivers, was known to mankind, since without them it would not have been possible for the posterity of Adam to have taken possession of the different parts of the earth which God has allotted for their habitation. If that knowledge had not been necessary for carrying on this great design of Providence, the inhabiting of the earth, and we were to suppose with the heathens that the people of each country were aborigines, and produced out of the several soils wherein they dwelled, we cannot reasonably imagine they could long continue ignorant of some materials proper to waft them on the water, such as floats of rushes, wood, or the like, to the use of which they must needs have been soon induced, by observing the quality of the water, in bearing up things of that kind, which the swelling of rivers, or other various accidents, might have forced thereinto.

To suppose the use of so small a part of navigation before the flood, will in no wise be derogatory from the account given thereof in scripture, nor leave room for objecting, that if it was so early known, in would in fifteen or sixteen ages have been improved to such perfection, as that the rest of mankind might have been as well able to build capacious vessels, and secure themselves therein from perishing, as Noah and his family: for though man's advances in knowledge are usually attained by an equally gradual progression: yet unforeseen accidents oftentimes give rise to an invention which the study of many ages would not have arrived to.

The inhabitants of America, upon the discovery of that continent, about two hundred years since by the Spaniards, were found to have the knowledge of such a navigation as is above described in small boats, or canoes, in the management whereof they were ever more dexterous than the Europeans. With the use of these they had probably been acquainted some thousand years; but they were no less surprised at the sight of the Spanish ships, and as totally ignorant of the structure of such great bodies, as we may reasonably believe the contemporaries of Noah were with respect to his ark.

In process of time the wickedness of men grew to such a height, that the divine wisdom thought fit to destroy them from the face of the earth; only Noah being a just man, perfect in his generation, and walking with God, found grace in his eyes, and received his directions for building an ark of Gopher-wood, three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits broad and thirty cubits high, for the reception and security of himself and family, with those creatures which were or-

daigned to live, when the waters should prevail upon the earth. To this immediate interposition of God then are we to attribute the invention of shipping, as we are to his concurring providence, those improvements which have been since made therein, and the perfection it is arrived to at this time. Not many years after the flood, there was occasion for the decendants of Noah, to put in practice all they had learned in this art from their common fathers, in order to their arriving at the respective countries assigned them for their possession; for in the days of Peleg, who was born a hundred years after the waters were dried up, the scripture tells us the earth was divided by the families of the sons of Noah, and, in particular, that to the sons of Japhet were allotted the isles of the Gentiles; by which are meant not only the continent of Europe, the northern parts of Asia, and Asia Minor, but all the islands of the Mediterranean and Ægean sea. Kittim, a grandson of Japhet, is particularly said by Josephus to have settled in Cyprus, from whence, says he, not only all islands in general, but most maritime places, are in the Hebrew tongue called Kittim. Now of these islands it is impossible they could have taken possession without vessels for transportation.

I. S.

A WORD FOR THE TAILORS.

Their *thimbles* into *armed gauntlets* change,
 Their *needles* to lances. *Shakspere.*

MR. EDITOR,

PERMIT a *tailor* to address you in behalf of his *mal-treated* and despised fraternity. Yes, Sir, a *tailor*, in ridicule of whose profession ballads are sung at the corner of every street; songs are exposed at every music seller's; caricatures at all the picture shops, and pamphlets on every bookseller's stall. Authors satirize us, players revile us. If I walk, the little boys exclaim "there goes a stitchclouse." If I ride, they bawl out "which is the way to Brentford?" When I go to market, they offer me *cabbages* and *cucumbers*, and as I enter the theatre, the first expression that salutes my ear is "What can you expect from a *tailor*?"*

Why, Sir, if history and experience may be relied on, you may expect from a *tailor* every quality that adorns, and every virtue that dignifies human nature. We have on our list **HEROES, HISTORIANS,**

* Cure for the Heart-Ache.

ANTIQUARIES, profound SCHOLARS, and distinguished PHILANTHROPISTS. When I am seated on my shop-board, and am assailed with the terms *flint*, *dung*, *snip*, and other obnoxious epithets, I console myself with the reflection that such was once the fate of many of my predecessors, who afterwards became the terror of Europe, from their valorous achievements, or its admiration on account of their literary abilities.—But for the proof:—First then upon our records stands

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.

This HERO was usually styled *Joannes Acutus*, from the sharpness of his sword, or his needle. Some called him John della Guglea, that is *John of the Needle*. The arch *Fuller* says, he turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was born in the parish of *Hedingham Sibil*, in *Essex*, the son of a tanner, and in due time was bound apprentice to a TAILOR; he was then pressed for a soldier, and by his spirit rose to the highest commands in foreign parts. He first served under Edward III. and received from that monarch the honour of *knighthood*. By the extraordinary proofs of valour he shewed at the battle of *Poitiers*, he gained the esteem of his heroic general, the Black Prince. On the peace between England and France, he, with several other English soldiers of fortune, associated himself with those brave *banditti*, known by the name of *les Grandes Campagnes*, *Tard-Venus*, and *Malendrins*. After carrying terror through certain parts of France, by their dreadful ravages, he persuaded five thousand horsemen, and about fifteen hundred foot, mostly English, to follow him to assist the Marquis of *Montserrat*, against *Galeazzo*, Duke of *Milan*. Having performed the most signal services for the Marquis, he deserted him for the Duke of *Milan*, and was equally successful under his new master: and was rewarded by being married to *Domitia*, natural daughter to *Barnabas*, brother to the duke, with whom he received a great fortune. By her he had a son called *John*, born in *Italy*; who was naturalized in 1406, in the reign of Henry IV. Notwithstanding this, he quitted the service of the *Milanese*, and drew his sword in the cause of their enemies the *Florentines*. He fought against the *Pisans* for the *Florentines*, and against the *Florentines* for the *Pisans*: but victory attended him whichever side he took. For a time he enlisted under the Pope Gregory XII. and recovered for his holiness the revolted places in

Provence. He was also employed, in 1388, by *Edward III.* on the service of extirpating the heretics in *Provence* and *Forqualquier*.—One of the most celebrated actions of Hawkwood's life, says *Mura-tori*, was a masterly retreat, performed with so much prudence and art, that he deserves to be paralleled with the most illustrious Roman generals. He finished his days in the pay of the *Florentines*, and died full of years and glory at *Florence*, in 1394; where his figure, on horseback, painted *al fresco*, on the walls of the cathedral, by the celebrated *Paolo Uccelli*, is still to be seen: beneath is this inscription—"Jouannes Acutus, eques Britannicus, ætatis suæ cautissimus et rei militaris peritissimus, habitus est. PAULI UCCELLI OPUS."—It is engraven among the works of the Society of Antiquaries, with the date of 1436, which was a posthumous addition.

His native place, *Heddingham*, thought itself so honoured by producing so great a man, that, by the assistance of his friends and executors, it erected to his memory, in the parish church, a monument, which, it is believed, still exists; for *Mr. Morant* speaks of his effigies, and that of two females lying by him; from which it may be supposed he was twice married. As he probably had no other arms than the needle and thimble; on the *Florentine* monument is given as his shield, the device of *Hawks flying through a wood*. Contemporary and succeeding writers agree in their praises of this ILLUSTRIOUS GENERAL. Both friends and enemies considered him as one of the greatest soldiers of his age. *Poggio* styles him "*rei militaris scientiâ clarus, et bello assuetus*,"—"dus sagax,"—"dus prudens,"—"TANTUS dus,"—"rei bellicæ PERITISSIMUS,"—"ad belli officia PRUDENTISSIMUS,"—"experta virtutis et fidei;" epithets these, which might serve instead of a particular character. *Mura-tori* calls him, "*Il prode ed il accortissimo capitano*." As he had been formed under the BLACK PRINCE, it is not to be wondered that his army became the most exact school of martial discipline, in which were trained many captains, who afterwards rose to great eminence.

This, Mr. Editor, was a TAILOR!

SIR RALPH BLACKWELL

Was said to be the fellow-apprentice of Sir John Hawkwood, and to have been knighted for his valour by EDWARD III. But he followed his trade, married his master's daughter, and founded the hall which bears his name.

JOHN SPEED

Was a *Cheshire* TAILOR, and free of the Merchant Tailors Company. His merit as a British HISTORIAN and ANTIQUARY is indisputable. The plans he has left (now invaluable) of our ancient castles, and of our cities, shew equal skill and industry. Nor must I be silent concerning his GEOGRAPHICAL labours, which, considering the confined knowledge of the times, are far from being despicable.

JOHN STOW,

The famous London ANTIQUARY, was born in London about the year 1525. HE LIKEWISE WAS A TAILOR. There is not one who has followed him with equal steps, or who is not obliged to his black-letter labours. In his industrious and long life (for he lived till the year 1605) he made vast collections, as well for the history and topography of his native city, as for the history of England. Numbers of facts, in the interesting period in which he lived, he speaks of from his own knowledge; or of earlier matters, from books long since lost. Multitudes of the houses of our ancient nobility, existing in his time, are mentioned by him, and many of them in the most despicable parts of the town.

THE LATE BENJAMIN ROBINS

Was the son of a TAILOR at *Bath*. He united the powers of the sword and the pen. His knowledge of tactics was equal to that of any person of his age: and by his compilation of Lord *Anson's* voyage, he proved himself not inferior in elegance of style.

ROBERT HILL,

Tailor of Buckingham, was the first *Hebraean* of his time: a knowledge acquired in the most pressing poverty, and amidst the cares of his profession to maintain (for a most excellent man he was) his large family. The Reverend Mr. *Spence* did not think it beneath him to write his life, and to point him out to the public as a meritorious object of charity; and to form a parallel between him and the celebrated *Magliabechi*, librarian to the great Duke of *Tuscany*.

Of this *Magliabechi* I will relate a few particulars. Many applied to him as an oracle, and he answered every question with such solidity and precision, as if he had never studied any other subject; citing the authors that had treated of it, the different editions of their

works, the chapters, and even the paragraphs relating to it. He read every book that came into his hands, and retained not only the sense of what he read, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling, if singular. As an instance of this, Mr. Spence, in his parallel before mentioned, tells the following story of him. A gentleman, to make trial of the force of his memory, lent him a manuscript he was going to print. Some time after it was returned, the gentleman came to him with a melancholy face, and pretended it was lost. Magliabechi, being requested to recollect what he remembered of it, wrote the whole, without missing a word, or varying the spelling.

Such was Magliabechi, the Florentine ; and to him is compared the *Buckingham* TAILOR.

I have still another learned TAILOR to produce :

HENRY WILD.

This extraordinary *Tailor*, from his amazing love of study, became a professor of languages. He was born at Norwich, where he was educated at a grammar-school till he was almost qualified for the university ; but his friends, wanting fortune and interest to maintain him there, bound him apprentice to a TAILOR, with whom he served seven years, and afterwards worked seven years more as a journeyman. About the end of the last seven years, he was seized with a fever and ague, which continued with him two or three years, and at last reduced him so low as to disable him from working at his trade. In this situation he amused himself with some old books of controversial divinity, wherein he found great stress laid on the Hebrew original of several texts of scripture ; and, though he had almost lost the learning he had obtained at school, his strong desire of knowledge excited him to attempt to make himself master of that language. He was at first obliged to make use of an English Hebrew grammar and lexicon ; but, by degrees, recovered the knowledge of the Latin tongue, which he had learned at school. On the recovery of his health, he divided his time between the business of his profession and his studies, which last employed the greatest part of his nights. Thus, self-taught, and assisted only by his great genius, he, by dint of continual application, added to the knowledge of the Hebrew that of all or most of the oriental languages, but still laboured in obscurity, till at length he was accidentally discovered. The worthy Dr. Prideaux, dean of Norwich, being offered some Arabic manuscripts in parchment, by a bookseller of that city, thinking, perhaps, that the price demanded for them was too great,

declined buying them; but, soon after, Mr. Wild hearing of them, purchased them; and the dean, on calling at the shop, and enquiring for the manuscripts, was informed of their being sold.—Chagrined at this disappointment, he asked of the bookseller the name and profession of the person who had bought them; and, being told he was a *tailor*, he bade him instantly run and fetch them, if they were not cut in pieces to make measures: but he was soon relieved from his fears by Mr. Wild's appearance with the manuscripts, though, on the dean's enquiring whether he would part with them, he answered in the negative. The dean then asked hastily what he did with them: he replied, that he read them. He was desired to read them, which he did. He was then bid to render a passage or two into English, which he readily performed, and with great exactness. Amazed at this, the dean, partly at his own expence, and partly by a subscription raised among persons whose inclinations led them to this kind of knowledge, sent him to Oxford; where, though he was never a member of the university, he was, by the dean's interest, admitted into the Bodleian library, and employed for some years in translating, or making extracts out of, Oriental manuscripts, and thus bade adieu to his needle. At Oxford he was known by the name of the ARABIAN TAILOR.

Last, but not least, and one whom it is my greatest pride to enroll among those of our profession who have done honour to the name of *Tailor*, I have to instance

THOMAS WOOLMAN, the Quaker of *New Jersey*, who, without disparagement to the HOWARDS, the HANWAYS, and other benevolent alleviators of human misery, I shall contend must be allowed to stand foremost on the list of universal philanthropists,

————— *supereminet omnes.*

It was this *Woolman* who FIRST suggested the pious project of abolishing the SLAVE TRADE. He was struck with the thought, that engaging in the traffic of the human species was incompatible with the spirit of the Christian religion. He published many tracts against this shocking species of commerce: he argued against it in public and private: he made long journies for the sake of talking to individuals on the subject, and was careful, himself, not to countenance slavery, by the use of those conveniences which were provided by the labour of slaves. In the course of a visit to *England*, he went to *York*, in 1772, sickened of the small-pox, and died on the 7th of October in that year,

I might swell my list of **DISTINGUISHED TAILORS** till I made it as long as the bill I sent in, five years ago, to Lord *Squander*, in St. James's Square, (and which, I am sorry to say, still remains unpaid,) but I shall only further remind you, that, in the brave regiment of light horse commanded by General Elliot, the *Tailors*, (of whom it was in a great measure composed) most honourably distinguished themselves, and proved that they "could make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as they had done in a *man's waistcoat*."—"D—n that regiment of *Tailors*," said the general of the conquered army, "there was no such thing as getting them off their *shopboards*." In pugilistic contests too, if such barbarous practices were to be defended, we have given the lie direct to the ridiculous opprobrium that a *tailor is only the ninth part of a man*. Did not a tailor kill his antagonist, some years ago, at Brighton? and, in a battle the other day, near the Jew's-Harp-House, between two of our fraternity, it is well known that the unsuccessful combatant yielded the victory only with his last breath.

I hope, Mr. Editor, after all this, no more to be insulted with the exclamation, "What can you expect from a tailor?"

Yours, &c.

Threadneedle-Street.

MILES DIGITALIS.

SELECT SENTENCES.

FUNDAMENTAL truths resemble the stars; and our *reason* is like the graphometer. If this instrument, constructed for the purpose of observing the heavenly bodies, has been deranged, however slightly; if, from the point of departure, we commit a mistake of the minutest angle, the error, at the extremity of the visual rays, becomes absolutely incommensurable.

If our compassion must not sway us, *less* should our fears, profits, or prejudices.

Is it reasonable to take it ill that any body desires of us, that which is our own?—Shall not God have his own when he calls for it?—

We are apt to be very pert at censuring others, where we will not endure advice ourselves. And nothing shews our weakness more than to be so sharp-sighted at spying other men's faults, and

so purblind at our own. Those have a *right to censure*, who have an heart to *help*; the rest is cruelty, not justice.

Frugality is good, if *benevolence* be joined to it. The *first* is *leaving off* superfluous expenses, the *last* bestowing them to the benefit of those that need. The *first*, without the *last*, brings covetousness; the *last*, without the *first*, brings prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper. Happy the place where that is found!—

HOSPITALITY is good, if the poorer sort are subjects of our bounty. Else too near a superfluity.

PERHAPS I may be thought to degrade human nature by resembling it to a *sounding instrument*. But when I see old Harpax capable of exulting at nothing but the jingle of his money, or his nephew only delighted with the rattling of the dice box; the *music* of their whole lives does not, in my opinion, come up to the variety or number (to say nothing of their *sweetness*) of notes on a *salt-box*. To what can I compare Clarinda, when she stuns us with her continual noise, while she is repeating her adventures, her conquests, her bargains, her misfortunes, but a *drum*? What is Flavia, with her changing notes, dying airs, and seraphic raptures, but an Eolian harp? And what is Amyrillis, who keeps a list of all the miscarriages and indiscretions of her acquaintance, and proclaims scandalous anecdotes through the town, but a *trumpet*?

FLACOURT, in his history of the island of Madagascar, gives us a sublime prayer, used by the people we call *savages*.—"O Eternal! have mercy upon me, *because* I am passing away:—O Infinite! because I am but a speck:—O Most Mighty! because I am weak:—O Source of Life! because I draw nigh to the grave:—O Omniscient! because I am in darkness:—O All-bounteous! because I am poor:—O All-sufficient! because I am nothing."

THE cure of melancholy may best be attempted in spring and summer, by travelling far from home, with agreeable company.—By changing the scene, the mind will be presented with a continual succession of new objects, which will strike more forcibly on the senses than things familiar to them. The eye will be delighted with all the charms of variety, in new prospects. The impulse of sounds, different from those before, will strike the ear; unusual odours will affect the smell; and the taste itself will also experience a change by the variety of aliments peculiar to each climate.

From these new impressions, thus made on the different senses, which are so many avenues, or inlets to the brain and nerves, new ideas will arise so as insensibly to engage the attention. By travelling, the universal benefits of air, exercise, and diet, will, at once, be most agreeably obtained—all which tend to strengthen the constitution; and to wear out disagreeable impressions made on the body or mind, by introducing others of a contrary nature. The next sovereign remedy of the mind is *music*. Cicero asserts its amazing powers: and Plato supposes that the effect of *harmony* on the *mind* is equal to that of *air* on the *body*. Its *divine* influence is exemplified by David, in the cure of Saul: and the eastern monarch, who had *conquered the world*, was, himself, *subdued* by the *harp* of *Timotheus*!!

WE should observe, says Socrates, that the sun, who seems designedly exposed to the view of the whole creation, permits no one, *steadily*, to *behold* him. Every instrument employed by heaven is *invisible*. The *thunder* is darted from on high; it dashes in pieces every thing it meets; but no one can *see* it fall; can see it strike; can see it return. The *winds* are *invisible*; though we see well the ravages they every day commit, and feel their influence the moment they begin to blow. If there be any thing in man that partakes of the divine nature, it is his *soul*: there can be no doubt that this is his directing, governing principle; nevertheless it is impossible to see it. From all this be instructed not to despise things invisible; be instructed to acknowledge their *powers* in their *effects*; and to honour the Deity.

Good spirits are often taken for good nature: yet nothing differs more. Insensibility being generally the source of the former—and sensibility of the latter.

A member of parliament, who never spoke in the house of commons but once, when, in the middle of a debate, a certain noisy member, looking accidentally at him, bellowed, "hear! hear! hear!" to which he calmly replied, "I never do any thing else, Sir." The answer immediately got the applause of the whole house.

ONE great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. Young says—

"The present moment, like a wife we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own."

Q. Z.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

The Plays of Philip Massinger, in four Volumes. With Notes critical and explanatory. By William Gifford, Esq. Nicol. 1805. Continued from Page 174.

HAVING given an account, it must be lamented and confessed necessarily meagre and imperfect, of the life of Philip Massinger, it now remains to add some observations regarding his productions. At what period our poet commenced writer for the stage it is now vain to enquire, but as his circumstances were indigent we may reasonably conjecture it was soon after his arrival in London in 1606. From this period till the mention of him in the letters already printed, and which Mr. Malone supposes were written between 1612 and 1615, no notice occurs respecting Massinger; but here we find him associated with Fletcher, in conjunction with whom he unquestionably wrote after the decease of Beaumont: if we were equally certain of his connexion previous to that event, a now obscure portion of his life would be satisfactorily accounted for. It is not till 1622 that Massinger appears as an author, by the publication of "The Virgin Martyr," and the last which we possess was "The Bashful Lover," printed 1635. Several plays were performed before he presumed to appear in print, and four were printed not till the death of the author.

As our review extends only to Mr. Gifford's collection, it were foreign to notice the titles of those plays of which merely "*stat nominis umbra*," and the existence of some of which *at any time* there is but too much cause to doubt. The conduct of Mr. Warburton and his cook is equally extraordinary and mysterious and Mr. Malone, in the presence of the writer of this article, expressed his disbelief of the Somerset Herald's possessing them.

Massinger appears to have been a favourite with the public till the civil war, which commenced soon after his death, closed the doors of the theatres: and the gloomy reign of fanaticism that followed involved in its obscurity not only our poet, but Shakspeare and all "his followers."

We have not yet perhaps, (says Mr. Gifford) fully estimated, and certainly not yet fully recovered, what was lost in that unfortunate struggle. The arts were rapidly advancing to perfection under the

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fostering wing of a monarch who united in himself taste to feel, spirit to undertake, and munificence to reward. Architecture, painting, and poetry, were by turns the objects of his paternal care. Shakspeare was his "closet companion," Jonson his poet, and in conjunction with Inigo Jones, his favoured architect, produced those magnificent entertainments which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached even in thought.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to his qualities as a ruler, and his conduct as a king, the praise of encouraging and protecting talents cannot be denied to the unfortunate Charles.

The restoration did little for Shakspeare and comparatively nothing for Massinger; indeed the stage seems to have been almost exclusively occupied by Fletcher.—"It appears, says Mr. Gifford, from a list of revived plays preserved by Downes the prompter, that of twenty-one, two only were written by Shakspeare: and of these two, one was *Titus Andronicus*!"—A better authority than Downes, however, the office papers of Sir Hen. Herbert, master of the Revels, adds several others to the list, and those some of the bard of Avon's finest plays.*

Immediately on the restoration the "*Virgin-Martyr*" and "*The Renegado*,"† were acted, and Betterton altered and revived "*The Roman Actor*" and "*The Bondman*." These, which are none of them among his most perfect plays, were ill calculated to give an adequate idea of the powers of Massinger, and our poet again sunk into neglect and obscurity.

"The time, however, arrived when he was to be remembered. Nicholas Rowe, a man gifted by nature with taste and feeling, disgusted at the tumid vapidty of his own times, turned his attention to the poets of a former age, and, among the rest, to Massinger.—Pleased at the discovery of a mind congenial to his own, he studied him with attention, and endeavoured to form a style on his model. Suavity, ease, elegance, all that close application and sedulous imitation could give, Rowe acquired from the perusal of Massinger: humour, richness, vigour, and sublimity, the gifts of nature, were not to be caught, and do not, indeed, appear in any of his multifarious productions."

"Rowe, however, had discrimination and judgment: he was alive to the great and striking excellencies of the poet, and formed the re-

* See Malone's *Historical Account of the Stage*. Shakspeare Vol. 3 p. 328, Ed. 1803.

† Mr. Gifford thinks the "*Old Law*" should be added to the scanty list.

olution of presenting him to the world in a correct and uniform edition. It is told in the preface to "The Bondman," (printed in 1719,) and there is no reason to doubt the veracity of the affirmation, that Rowe had revised the whole of Massinger's works, with a view to their publication: unfortunately, however, he was seduced from his purpose by the merits of *The Fatal Dowry*. The pathetic and interesting scenes of this domestic drama have such irresistible power over the best feelings of the reader, that he determined to avail himself of their excellence, and frame a second tragedy on the same story. How he altered and adapted the events to his own conceptions is told by Mr. Cumberland, with equal elegance and taste, in the essay which follows the original piece."

In this analysis, which had before appeared in the 77th and two succeeding numbers of the Observer, is clearly shewn how unblushingly Rowe has stolen the plot of the play for which he is most celebrated from Massinger, and how much the manly and vigorous mind of the latter is superior to the sickly insipidity of the former. Not is Rowe less indebted for his sentiments than his plot; Mr. Cumberland's comprehensive criticism was above descending to quoting parallel passages, or he might have produced examples of thoughts transplanted, not borrowed, with unprecedented boldness.

It is indeed singular that "The Fatal Dowry," at once an ornament to the drama and an honour to Massinger, should never have met revival, and that "The Fair Penitent," every way its inferior, should still maintain its eminence above the foundation on which its superstructure was reared.

"Massinger thus plundered and abandoned by Rowe, was, after a considerable lapse of time, taken up by Thomas Coxeter, who undertook to give an edition of his writings; but dying before he had executed his purpose, his collections for the intended edition fell into the hands of a bookseller of the name of Dell, who gave them to the world in 1759."

We apprehend that Mr. Gifford was unacquainted with the circumstance of five of Massinger's plays having formed part of the first edition of Dodsley's collection: but on the republication of that work they were omitted, because "they had lately been published in a complete edition of his works." The edition to which the editor alludes is that of John Monck Mason, printed in 1778: one of the most curious specimens of editorial execution that the history of literature can supply. By those who have not compared this edition of

Massinger with the copies in quarto, it will not, it cannot, be believed how grossly incorrect and scandalously corrupt the page of the poet has been rendered by the interposition of that gentleman : we shall not transgress the regard due to truth if we affirm, from examination, that no one page of the four volumes is given with fidelity ; yet, notwithstanding the editor had the unblushing confidence to conclude his preface with the following memorable sentence." I flatter myself that this edition of Massinger will be found more correct (and correctness is the only merit it pretends to) than the best of those which have as yet been published of any dramatic writer"!!!

"The genuine merits of the poet, however, (says his present editor) were sufficient to overcome these wretched remoras. The impression was become scarce, and though never worth the paper on which it was printed, sold at an extravagant price, when a new edition was proposed to me by Mr. Evans of Pall-Mall. Massinger was a favourite, and I had frequently lamented, with many others, that he had fallen into such hands. I saw, without the assistance of the old copies, that his metre was disregarded, that his sense was disjointed and broken, that his dialogue was imperfect, and that he was encumbered with explanatory trash that would disgrace the pages of a sixpenny magazine ; and in the hope of remedying these, and enabling the author to take his place on the same shelf, I will not say with Shakspeare, but with Jonson, Beaumont, and his associate Fletcher, I readily undertook the labour." How Mr. Gifford has executed his undertaking, and in what particulars his edition differs from those of his predecessors, we shall consider in the succeeding number. In this and the former part we have considered Massinger as an original rather than as a revived author, and have reviewed this article at some length, from a conviction that the poet is now about to regain the station among authors to which his pre-eminent merit entitles him, and from which he has hitherto been withheld by the mutilated and unpropitious form in which his productions have been offered to the world.

[To be continued.]

Poems. By P. L. Courtier. Vol. II. 12mo. Rivingtons. 1805.

WE had the satisfaction of giving early praise to Mr. Courtier's Pleasures of solitude : we had the increased satisfaction of repeating that well-earned tribute, in the progressive improvement of the poem : and we have at present the gratification of knowing that our

praise has been sanctioned by the public voice, since three editions of the poem have already been called for. From the pleasures of solitude, Mr. C. has now transferred his poetic attention to those of society; of society within its more attractive limits,—the sphere of amatory attachment, of social feeling, or of playful fancy.

Him who of SOLITUDE e'erwhile
Not vainly sung, now courts the smile
Of BEAUTY; now attunes his lyre
To plaintive strains, and soft desire!

Such is the denotation of the bard himself; and it is but justice to declare, that in these lyric strains, he has displayed a versatility of talent and a variety of intellectual resource, not less creditable to the writer than amusing to the reader who covets diversity of mental entertainment, and to whom the volume may be recommended by the following specimens of the social, the sarcastic, and the serious, in Mr. Courtier's poësy.

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

Winter! I hail thy empire drear,
And see thee with a sigh depart;
Others may deem thy frown severe,
I love thee, clouded as thou art!

For what if summer shall afford
Repose in evening's twilight hour,
'Tis thine to crown the social board,
Nor less to charm thy lonely pow'r.

My study clos'd, and stirr'd my fire,
Hence be the threatening tempest hurl'd;
Within myself I can retire—
My shutters have shut out the world.

WEEPING BEAUTY.

From morn to night, or griev'd or glad,
Lucilla's looks are always sad;
Her kerchief she with tears is steeping!
Some think the pretty wretch gone mad,
But lately I the reason had—
'She looks most beautiful when weeping!'

THE TEAR.

How seldom, in this desert vale,
Congenial happiness we find;
Seldom, that friendship's steady gale
Re-animates the drooping mind!

Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,
Dries but awhile the bitter tear!

Scarce bud the wishes of the heart,
When, blighted by distrust, they die;
We feel the sun of bliss depart,
And o'er our fairest prospects sigh!
Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,
Dried but awhile the bitter tear!

Ah! when, to ills no more a prey,
Shall yet the wearied soul repose?
Soon, and behold earth's toilsome day
An everlasting sabbath close!
Fresh from the tree of life, is near
The breeze that dries the bitter tear!

*A Collection of Songs, Moral, Sentimental, Instructive and Amusing.
The Words selected and revised by the Reverend James Plumptre,
Master of Arts, Fellow of Clare Hall, &c. &c. &c. Preston, Ri-
vingtons, and others. Common 12s. fine Paper 16s. 1805.*

If this volume were not subjected to the notice of our review from being prefaced by forty-nine pages of introductory matter, and many original songs, still we could not have forbore to make the readers of "The Mirror" acquainted with the nature and purposes of so very valuable a work. It appears the Reverend author had long been afflicted at witnessing the obstreperous and heathenish catches vociferated by the mouths of our uncultivated islanders, which, in the plenitude of his benevolence, he has at length undertaken to reform. His object is explained in an introductory letter to a dignified musician, in favour of whose profession he cites the account in Homer of Clytemnestra's guardian, and then adds, from Bp. Horne, "how different in those days must the character of musicians have been from their character at present," though this may render the compliment rather ambiguous, the praise is certainly the more valuable, as not being extravagant.

Knowing that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," it is grief to me whenever I see mirth carried on in any other way than innocent. "Drunkenness seems to be the end of drinking"—how acute, at once, and just, is this remark—

—" 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true—

Following this judicious observation, worthy a place among the golden sentences of Pythagoras, are several very valuable extracts from "Fletcher of Saltoun," "the Police of the Metropolis," "Isaac

Watts," and others ; a godly dialogue between Stock and Will from Hannah More, and a whole paper from "The Babler;" all too excellent and too long to transcribe here, which, with a few observations by the editor (not less valuable than that already cited) the introductory letter terminates.

We now come to a postscript, of nearly the same length, which is peculiarly valuable for its critical strictures on Mr. Dibdin's merits as a ballad-writer. In vindication of the Reverend Mr. Plumptre's severity it should not be disguised that Mr. Dibdin has, in a great measure, drawn it on himself, from his pertinaciously refusing to give up his songs to the editor, upon his application for that purpose, from the weak and inefficient reason that "he lived by his own exertions, and that they comprized the whole of his fortune, which he felt himself bound to preserve entire." Notwithstanding this fastidious refusal, on the part of Mr. Dibdin, to relinquish the source of his existence for the furtherance of the work before us, the editor bears testimony to the value of Mr. D.'s songs.

"I have, says he, lent some of them among my musical friends, having first corrected with a pen what I considered as objectionable : these objections chiefly relate to oaths, which I am sorry to say occur very frequently in Mr. D.'s songs, or to some allusion to heathenism."

Some of the alterations which the Reverend gentleman would substitute shall be given in his own beautiful and convincing language.

"In 'the Compact of Freedom,' she is made a deity who *wills*. We have seen in France a goddess of Reason *worshipped* : let us shrink from the most distant idea of imitation with abhorrence. In "The Labourers welcome Home" the heathen *Lares* are mentioned in the place where angels only should be considered as our "ministering spirits." In the song which begins "When last in the Dreadful," and I think in others, the devil is called by the familiar term of *the old gemman*, and in "True Courage" the *old one* ; which is making light of that which we should only think of with horror and detestation. In "True Courage" v. 4 the sailor says "I don't care a d—n !" which I would alter to, as equally appropriate and less objectionable, "I don't mind your bam !" (excellent ! !) In the song of "Father and I," in the first verse, the young man *swore* when he had much better only have *said*. In verse 2 is the word *woons*, which occurs again in verse 5 with *odds* before it ; which, as it is a corruption, or rather an alteration of God's wounds, is certainly profane. *But* might be substituted in the first place, and "I've thought me, cried father" in the second." &c. &c. &c.

As all our readers will immediately possess themselves of this volume, we reluctantly repress our inclination to transcribe farther, but we cannot quit this part of the work without observing, with some confidence, that, if Mr. Dibdin's songs should survive this

powerful attack, we trust the author will gratefully accept, and scrupulously adopt, the alterations proposed by this acute and elegant critic: nor should it be concluded that the Reverend Mr. Plumptre is less estimable as a poet than as a critic; many original songs occur through the book, part of one of which we shall transcribe for the amusement of our readers, as a favourite specimen of his talents; and which will be acknowledged infinitely to surpass any thing that remains of the rhyming Verdun or the learned Lingo.

THE ONION.

A plant there's in my garden grows,
 In all my taste a sharer,
 Its scent to me outvies the rose,
 The lily is not fairer:
 My food, my physic, my delight—
 No longer for to *fun ye on*,
 My rhyme and reason shall unite
In praising of the onion.
 I envy not the great man's meal;
 French cookery and *kickshaws*
 Disguising mutton, beef, and veal,
 His dishes I'd not lick those.
 The onion is the poor man's sauce,
 With that he ne'er can do ill,
 A relish 'tis to bread and cheese,
And e'en to water-gruel.—
 ♪ then the onion will I sing,
 The pride of all my garden,
 'Fore that I prize no other thing,
 A penny to a *garden*:
 For that my richest bed shall have,
 To muck it I'll spend money on,
 And round the year I only crave
 To cheer my meal an onion.—

Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis!

Love and Gratitude, or Traits of the Human Heart, six Novels, Translated from Augustus la Fontaine; prepared for the Press by Mrs. Parsons. 3 Vols. 12s. Longman and Co. 1805.

WE may here use the language of Tiraboschi:—*Un cattivo originale non potea fare che una più cattiva copia.* The novels and the translation are very unworthy of their authors.

“No man but he who money counts as *trash*,
 Will think such works a *fair exchange for cash*.”

Savage.

History of Egypt, ancient and modern, from the earliest Accounts of that Country, to the Expulsion of the French from Alexandria, in 1801. By James Wilson, D. D. Minister of Falkirk. 3 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. Longman and Co. London.

THE author of this work, distinguished in his own country as an able orator and most respectable divine, for the first time appears before the world as an historian, selecting for the subject of his excellent labours the revolutions of a nation, and the annals of a country which has emphatically and truly been called the cradle of the arts and sciences. The subject is worthy of the most splendid talents, and Dr. Wilson has not laboured in vain. A better summary of the interesting events of that wonderful country, placing in so luminous a point of view the conduct and characters of its leaders and its tyrants, has never yet been presented to the literary world. From this work the philosopher and the statesman may reap equal pleasure and advantage, as it presents a striking picture of the moral and political revolutions of the most remarkable, and probably the most ancient of nations.

The narration is in general natural and easy; our attention is seldom diverted from the subject by an affected profundity of reflections so prevalent with modern historians. Industry and research, without which, it has been observed, no one merits the name of historian, appear to predominate throughout the work.

The style, always flowing, easy, generally eloquent, very frequently brilliant, is admirably suited to the subject, and merits every praise.

Two or three short specimens of the work, taken without selection, will, it is presumed, justify our commendation. He thus opens his subject.

“The history of Egypt is marked by lines of deep interest and high importance. It is a country where the rays of science early beamed, and to which men of enquiry resorted for light and knowledge; but the cloud of ignorance progressively advanced, and the country has long mourned in darkness and oppression. To survey this kingdom is to behold a landscape, bold, diversified, and striking. It shews human nature struggling among the awful destinies of fortune; it contrasts light and shade; it exhibits the glory of empires and the overthrow of nations.

“No where can we find lessons of wisdom more distinctly written, nor better fitted to repress ambition, to humble pride, and to teach us how weak and how wicked men may become. Here we have a mirror which awfully displays to our view the varying aspects of time, and enables us to trace through many windings

those combined events which raise up or cast down, which confer dignity, or which humble in the dust."

In opposition to the popular opinion of the ancient grandeur of cities, the doctor (speaking of Thebes) has the following remarks:—

"Thebes was evidently the capital of Upper Egypt, and the most ancient metropolis of that far-famed country. The time when it was built, or the person by whom it was erected, exceed investigation, and remain in the depth of unfathomable events. But its extent and grandeur authorise us to believe that it was only finished by the slow progress of arts and national wealth."

"Like other ancient cities it comprehended a great extent, and included within its bounds a considerable quantity of unoccupied land. It was adorned with towers, statues, and superb temples, but every thing was vast and beyond nature. Though much of the workmanship was exquisite, yet in contemplating the labour we are necessarily led back to an early stage of the arts. In that stage every thing must be majestic, and children are delighted with tales of the giants. In the infancy of science every thing is great and swelling; it is the progress of knowledge and slowly acquired justness of taste which leads to true proportion, genuine beauty, and exquisite adjustment."

"If the glory of No Ammon (Thebes) passed away, and as its ancient splendour has long been buried in its ruins, so Memphis, in its turn, though long a city of renown, has for ages been so completely destroyed, that the place where it once stood is not accurately known. If we ask how cities so vast and superb could be completely defaced, we may perhaps find a satisfactory answer, in being well assured that the superb and costly structures were chiefly confined to the houses of the great, the palaces of kings, the tombs of monarchs, and the temples of the gods. The houses of a people rude and simple were easily built and easily destroyed: and if we judge from ancient historical hints as well as from a practice which still remains, they consisted chiefly of mud, and would be easily swept away."

On the death of Cambyses, the doctor has the following reflection.

"Thus died Cambyses, after a short reign, and not one of his subjects shed a tear upon his tomb. If Cambyses had cultivated wisdom and moderation, he might have sat upon the throne of Persia with safety and honour. From the palace of Shushan he might have diffused over his empire the blessings of protection and peace; but he was the prey of ambition, and the victim of inhumanity. Impatient of control, he was rash in his proceedings, jealous in his temper; he was vindictive in his conduct, and deficient in all those virtues which constitute the character of an exalted prince."

Amidst so much excellence it might appear invidious to point out little blemishes or trifling inaccuracies. The most glaring defect is the size of this work, much too small for detailing at the proper length the spring of those wonderful revolutions which changed the political face of Egypt, and in their consequences affected the whole

civilized world. Indeed such epochas are not happily discriminated or distinguished; the quiet inglorious reign of an obscure prince, occupying in these volumes an equal space with that of a legislator or a conqueror.

Many may object to the *Esprit de corps*, so to speak, of the reverend author's trying every ancient writer by the standard of the scriptures, reconciling, or attempting to reconcile, to it the discordant narratives of heathen authors. Hence Josephus's account of the conduct of Alexander the Great to the Jewish high priest, and the temple of Jerusalem, an event which is little credited, is narrated at great length. In the physical account of Egypt, the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea is not very happily introduced. Hence sufficient justice is not rendered to the superior antiquity of the Egyptian nation; to their wonderful attainments in even the liberal arts, and their profound acquaintance with the most abstruse sciences, attested by the most ancient writers, and whose testimony modern experience daily confirms, and will yet more and more corroborate.*

Many things have found their way into the body of the work, hardly meriting a place even in a foot note. Thus the story of William Tell is once more told, a story doubtful at best, but certainly unconnected with ancient Egypt. The passage applying to our Alfred is in the same predicament.

Upon the whole, we have to thank Dr. Wilson for much entertainment and instruction, and to recommend his work to the public as meriting a place in the library by the side of Gillies's elegant history of Greece, to which in some respects it bears a resemblance.—(Dr. Wilson, while a clergyman at Stockport, in Lancashire, published an answer to G. Wakefield's work on public worship, and obtained the applause even of that sturdy antagonist.)

Moral Aphorisms, in Arabic, and a Persian Commentary in Versa, translated from the Originals. With Specimens of Persian Poetry. Likewise Additions to the Author's Conformity of the Arabic and Persian with the English Language. By Stephen Weston, B. D. F. R. S. A. S. 8vo. pp. 126. 5s. Payne. 1805.

* The Dr. from the circumstance of no Egyptian workman being stated at the building of Solomon's temple, argues against their architectural knowledge: Even did not the remains of the most perfect buildings, still visible, prove the contrary, we all know that the ancient kings of Egypt prohibited all intercourse between their subjects and foreign nations, a circumstance which sufficiently accounts for that fact, admitting it were true, or of any weight, which it is not.

THE author of the present work is a man to whom the public owes much in various ways. To his labours in the vineyard,* to his walks in science,† and to his relaxation beneath the shade of the groves of Academus,‡ we are indebted for an abundance of instructive piety, useful enquiry, and amusing and profound erudition.—Of the last description is the publication now before us, the title of which sufficiently indicates its nature, and leaves us little else to do, but to give an account of the original manuscript, to make some extracts from the work itself, and to praise the elegance and ability of the execution.

“The translation which I present to the reader is” says Mr. Weston in his preface, “from a MS. belonging to Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, which he has been so obliging as to permit me to copy, and I beg him to accept my best thanks for the amusement, pleasure and instruction I have received from the perusal of it.

“There is no apparent title to the volume but its contents are easily known by its form, and the disposition of its matter, which consists of an aphorism in Arabic with a comment of four lines in Persian. The aphorism or proverb, is in prose, and the remarks or explanations of it, are in a tetrastich, where the rhymes vary according to the fancy and convenience of the poet and his materials.” p. 3.

Here follows an account of the structure of Persian metre. Amongst other sports we find that of forming a sentence to read backwards and forwards. “Mr. Gladwin” says our author, “has produced one in Persian, I will parody it with its likeness in Greek and Latin.

Αμνησας αρεδην, οροφηφορον ηδρασα σημα.

Anthol.

Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

Si nummis immunis.

Aram dad mara, he gave me rest.” p. v.

We can supply Mr. Weston with another instance in his own language.

“*Lewd did I live, & evil I did dwell.”*

John Taylor the water poet. Ed. fol. 1630. p. 266.

John Taylor valued this line at the price of all our translator’s aphorisms. “This line,” says he, “is the same backward as it is forward, and I will give any man *five shillings* a piece for as many as they can make in English.”

“The time or period, in which this tract was written appears by the date of

* Sermons.

† Werneria.

‡ *Horatius cum locis quibusdam e Grecis scriptoribus collatus &c.* The second edition of this last work is, we hear, with great additions, at present in the press. When it appears we shall seize an early opportunity of noticing it.

921 at the end of it, or 1515 *Anno Domini*, in the reign of Sultan Selim, emperor of the Turks. Its contents, however, were long antecedent to this era, and exhibit in one view the wisdom of ages condensed into a little book,

—tam macer libellus,
Nullo crassior ut sit umbilico,
Et totus tibi triduo legatur.” Pref. p. vii.

The introduction, which follows Mr. Weston's preface, abounds in all the beauties of imagery, language and thought. The want of space must prevent our taking even *a single pearl from this string*, but we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of quoting Mr. Weston's truly ingenious note on the following passage.

“The air encircles the heavens as with a garment* and love and affection in the breath of compassion comes down on all, &c.” Introd. p. xxiv.

* “*Damen daeret eslak.* χλαμυδοειδες σχημα της οικημενης.

“See Plutarch, in the life of Alexander, p. 39. 4to. and compare Suidas, p. 887. ed. Porti, where is a passage of which Toup could make nothing. Τεταμινον φως ευθυσ οιον κιονα τον ουραμιον λεγει.— For κιονα which means nothing, read ΧΙΤΩΝΑ *a garment*, and consult Plato de rep. 8vo. lib. 10. p. 342. where you will see this conjecture confirmed by what follows, κιονα, μαλιστα τη ιριδι προσφειρες. He does not mean to say that light was extended like *a pillar* in the Heavens, resembling the Iris, or bow, but like *a garment*. Thus the Psalmist, “He put on light as a garment, and stretched out the Heave. as an awning. See Mr. Porson's note to v. 9 of the Orestes.”

The change is easy, and the conjecture admirably supported.

We shall now indulge the reader with two or three of the aphorisms, accompanied by the Persian commentary, but must reluctantly omit the illustrative notes.

“ARAB. APH.

“Religion is threefold, modest, patient, and liberal.

“PERS. COM.

“Religion is full of modesty, patience, and generosity; the port of peace, understanding, reason, excellence, and existence. The perfume and splendor of her garden is more fragrant than the rose, and brighter than the narcissus and the lily.” p. 18.

“ARAB. APH.

“For relief from the distresses of the mind, or body, travel.

“PERS. COM.

“Should misfortune or loss befall you, undertake a journey or a pilgrimage.

What is better than motion? Water flowing fast is soon of another colour from that which stagnates in large quantities." p. 20.

" ARAB. APH.

" A good companion is a prize.

" PERS. COM.

" Cultivate the man who sits and converses with you, and by his gentle tones cheers and enlivens the lustre of your countenance, for such a friend is like a bag of musk; he carries about him the sweet perfume of cheerful intercourse." p. 21.

Of such pleasing and instructive observations is this learned and elegant publication partly composed. To these are added *Specimens of Persian Poetry; Additions to the Conformity of the Persian and Arabic Languages with the English; Curious Expressions peculiar to the Arabians and Persians; Arabic Proverbs; The Portrait of Shujah Dowlah; An Inscription under a Picture of a Man sitting alone at a Table with Bottles and Glasses; and Corrections and Additions*. In his "Conformity" Mr. Weston may sometimes appear fanciful, but whatever road we travel through the regions of literature with such a companion, if we are not always improved, we are always pleased; each deviation is agreeable, and every error has its charm.

The British Martial, or an Anthology of English Epigrams; being the largest Collection ever published, with some Originals. 2 Vols. Phillips. 1806.

In this selection of above a thousand epigrams, the "bona" prevail in a greater degree than in any *fasciculus epigrammatum* ever published in this country. Greek, Latin, and French, translated into English, with an abundance of our native growth, are spread through these amusing volumes, but amongst all the languages visited on this occasion, we do not perceive that the editor owes the least obligation to the Hebrew. We know indeed of but one Hebrew source, and his omitting to explore it may, perhaps, be pardoned when the facts are known. In the British Press, Sept. 13, a correspondent in Ireland informs us that the works of the *Rev. G. H. Glasse*, were presented by Dr. Hume of Grosvenor Street to the university of Dublin. Amongst other extraordinaries of literature they contained, says the letter writer, some "*Hebrew Epigrams*," printed, we have since learned, without the points! They were, however, it is said, "most graciously received," but it will be recollected that it was by an Irish university.

Of this description none have found their way into the collection

before us, which presents a specimen of every other sort. No taste will rise from the feast unsatisfied. Here are all the varieties of simplicity and richness—vol. 1. 59, 158, 384, 143, 45. To make an extract of an extract is what we would avoid, but as the “originals” are not pointed out, and we wish to entertain the reader, we shall quote three or four, without any great preference.

“ THE CHAIN OF GOVERNMENT.

“ When *Beelzebub* first to make mischief began,
He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the poor man ;
This *Moses* asserts, and from hence would infer,
That woman rules man, and the devil rules her.”

“ TO A YOUNG LADY WHO MARRIED A VERY OLD MAN.

“ Since thou wouldst need, bewitch'd with some ill charms,
Be buried in those monumental arms :
All we can wish, is, may the earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs ; and so good night.”

“ ON THE SHAKESPEARE CRITICS.

“ 'Tis gen'rous, *Malone*, in thee and thy brothers,
To help us thus to read the works of others :
Never for this, can just returns be shown ;
For who will help us e'er to read your own ?”

“ ON LORD **** BEAUTIFYING THE BACK FRONT OF HIS HOUSE.

By a Waterman.

“ On silver *Thames* I've daily row'd,
Some twenty years or thirty,
And still my lord his backside shew'd,
Black, yellow, brown, and dirty.
But tother morn, surpris'd, I cry'd,
So white, so clean, it made is,
This cannot be my lord's backside,
It surely is my lady's.”

If we differ from the editor of these sheets in any point, it is in the opinion which he entertains of the French epigrammatists. He treats them with contempt, and we think that they possess the happiest powers, both of genius and language to shine in compositions of this sort. Lame and impotent as they are in their versions of every other classical poet, their translation of *Martial* is pre-eminently good.

Should our editor wisely hold nothing to be done while any thing remains undone, he will with ease add two more merry volumes to these which he has selected with a judgment well knowing how *risu pulmonem agitare*.

Glenmore Abbey, or the Lady of the Rock. By the Author of Ariel.
3 Vols. Lane and Co. 1805.

THE indescribable descriptions with which this novel abounds are vastly fine, and the more surprising as they appear to be pure unsophisticated emanations, unassisted by art or science. Not even grammar, viz.

“Which leads where *thou*, fair Goddess, dwells with endless sway.”

V. 3. p. 63.

Mr. Lane, with his authors, frequently reminds us of Lazarillo and his parents, who would not let him learn any thing lest it should spoil his natural parts.

St. Julian, in a Series of Letters, by Mrs. J. T. Serres. 8vo. 3s.
Ridgway. 1805.

“A pretty story, short and sweet,
And full of love, as egg of meat.”

Hud.

By this quotation we mean no reflection on Mrs. Serres' work. Far from it. Would that all love affairs terminated as *sweetly*, and that most novels were as *short*!

The Syphilitic Physician; being a Treatise on the Venereal Disease, &c. By C. Erskine, Surg. 12mo. 2s. Symonds. 1804.

THIS treatise presenting itself immediately after Mrs. Serres' love story, we would not part what accident had brought together. *Sifil* means *inferior* in Arabic; hence, *alsifilan* the inferior planets, Venus and Mercury, whence comes *Syphilis*, id est, *lues venerea*.—The etymologists derive *Syphilis* from *συμφιλία*, which is ridiculous.

Mr. Erskine is welcome to this piece of information, which Mr. Weston has assisted us to afford him, but we care not to concern ourselves any further with his commodity.

Les Champignons du Diable, or imperial Mushrooms; a mock-heroic Poem; in five Cantos: including a Conference between the Pope and the Devil, on his Holiness's Visit to Paris: illustrated with Notes. By the Editor of Solmagundi, &c. 12mo. Ginger. 1805.

THE *index* to this work reminds us of some old direction posts occasionally met with in the country, which profess to direct you to something, but in fact direct you to nothing. This is a lamentable falling off. Mr. Huddesford, being a scholar, should have been careful of the *ad extremum ridendus*, that is, in English, not to have ridden his Pegasus till he tumbled in the mud, and made himself a

laughing stock. He is however not the first who has mistaken toad stools for *mushrooms*.

The Telescope ; or moral Views for Children. 12mo. 2s. Darton and Harvey. 1805.

THE season is approaching when our young friends look, according to custom, for some little mark of esteem and remembrance.—This manual will be among the best that will be bestowed on the occasion.

Raphael, or the Pupil of Nature : a Poem, in 2 Vols. 12mo. By Edward Walker. Longman and Co. 1805.

SPENSER, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, tells us that—"verse a vacant head demaundes." In the sense then in which we take his words, it is clear, from this poem, that Mr. Walker is admirably qualified for a poet, and, were it not for his numerous subscribers, we doubt not that his verses would have left his purse as *vacant* as the head that composed them.

The Fig Leaf, a satirical and admonitory Poem ; dedicated WITHOUT Permission to the fashionable World. 4to. 1s. Vernor and Hood. 1805.

THIS satire contains some good advice, but he who presumes to arraign the indecency of others, should himself be free from the vice which he condemns. Our author, though with a good cause, does not come into court with clean hands.

Typographical Marks, used in correcting Proofs, explained and exemplified, for the Use of Authors. By C. Stower, Printer. 1s. Longman and Co. 1805.

THE printer's grammar might have been thought to have superseded the necessity of this work ; however, the improvement of an illustrative plate, the utility of the matter, and its cheapness, render it worthy of commendation.

The Song of the Sun, a Poem of the 11th Century : from the more ancient Icelandic Collection, called the Edda. Imitated by the Rev. J. Beresford, A. M. 8vo. Johnson. 1805.

"IT was with him a maxim" says Lord Malmesbury of his father, "that the most difficult sort of criticism was that which consists in finding out beauties rather than defects." Difficult it is indeed. We feel the truth of the assertion so potently in the present

instance, that we in despair relinquish the honour of these discoveries to our more lynx-eyed and indefatigable brethren.

Fables on Subjects connected with Literature. Imitated from the Spanish of Don Tomas de Yriarte. By John Belfour, Esq. 12mo. pp. 170. 7s. 6d. Richardsons. 1805.

THE great merit of this publication will be found in the prefatory observations of Mr. Okey Belfour, our imitator's brother. Mr. John Belfour deserves very little credit for the poetical habiliment with which he has clothed Don Tomas, and unless this is an *imitation* on some such principle as that of *lucus a non lucendo*, that is, *an imitation from being perfectly unlike*, the Don does not, by his works, keep pace with his fame.

The Duellists, or Men of Honour; a Story, calculated to shew the Folly, Extravagance and Sin of Duelling. By W. Lucas. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Cundee. 1805.

THE folly, extravagance, and sin of duelling, are, we believe, acknowledged by all rational men, until their honour is wounded, and then reason is given to the winds. However, these sane opinions cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind, and with this view we strongly recommend *The Duellists*.

Soldier's Fare, or Patriotism and Hospitality; a Poem, respectfully inscribed to Robert Wigram Esq. M. P. Lieut. Col. Commandant of the 6th Reg. L. L. V. By a Volunteer. 4to. 1s. 6d. Jones. 1805.

As this song is a sort of *volunteer*, good manners, if we have no praise to bestow, enjoin our silence. We can answer for the poet, and if the *Commandant* is satisfied, so are we. Still we hope, in the words of Cassio, to "relish him more in the *soldier*, than in the *scholar*."

Observations on the Duty on Property, Professions, &c. to render its Assessment simple, and to improve it. By the Rev. L. Heslop, Archdeacon of Bucks. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Jeeley. 1805.

CRITICS, on the subject of property, may be expected to be tolerably disinterested. Without suffering under the soreness of heavy contributions in this way (and we much lament it!) it is our opinion that the investigation which this kind of assessment necessarily leads to, is in a pitiable degree calculated to break the spirit of John Bull. However, when *dura necessitas* takes the field, the best objections are soon vanquished, and until some better mode of levying taxes can

be discovered, we must seek comfort in patience. The archdeacon differs in sentiment from us, and, admitting his premises to be good, his conclusions are sensible and just.

Proceedings of the Board of Health, in Manchester. 12mo. 4s.
Cadell and Davies. 1805.

THE utility of the matter contained in this report is on a par with the philanthropy and goodness of the institution which was established to prevent those contagious disorders almost inseparable from numbers living in poverty and filth. One piece of information, though the squeamish and delicate may turn up their noses at it, will be found interesting and useful to many. We are told that vitriolic acid, only makes "bugs run away," and that "rectified spirit of wine" is the best poison for them. Dr. Haygarth says "I have seen two drops of the rectified spirit of wine, in a small phial kill forty bugs. You may suspect" adds he, "that the animals were only dead drunk; but they never revived."

A Northern Summer: or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Part of Germany, in the Year 1804.
By John Carr, Esq. Author of the Stranger in France, &c. &c.
4to. 2l. 2s. *Phillips.* 1805. (Continued from Page 190.)

WE left our traveller last month on the borders of Sweden.— Before we enter, with him, the city of *Stockholm*, we shall transcribe a sonnet occasioned by the romantic scenery that surrounded a neat little peasant's cottage.

"Here, far from all the pomp ambition seeks,
Much sought, but only whilst untasted prais'd;
Content and Innocence, with rosy cheeks,
Enjoy the simple shed their hands have rais'd.

"On a grey rock it stands, whose fretted base
The distant cat'ract's murm'ring waters lave;
Whilst o'er its grassy roof, with varying grace,
The slender branches of the white birch wave.

"Behind the forest fir is heard to sigh,
On which the pensive ear delights to dwell;
And, as the gazing stranger passes by,
The grazing goat looks up, and rings his bell.

"Oh! in my native land, ere life's decline,
May such a spot, so wild, so sweet, be mine."

"Fortunate would it be," adds Mr. Carr, "for the peasantry, if I could present this cottage as a representation of all the cottages in Sweden." He draws a melancholy picture of the houses and

KK 2

scenery of this country, till he arrived near Nordkoping. On the former the grass sometimes grows very high, and he notices a singular instance of a sheep grazing upon the side of a smith's house, which was low; "an adjoining pigstye, had afforded the poor animal an easy ascent; and he seemed to enjoy himself as comfortably as if he had been in a rich well-water'd meadow."

An elegant amateur artist himself, and of course an ardent admirer of the Arts, wheresoever cultivated, we are not surprised to find Mr. C.'s first attention directed towards the performances of Sergell, the great Swedish statuary, of whom, however, we are sorry to read the following affecting account.

"Sergell, so long and so justly celebrated, is rapidly descending into the vale of years, and, although honoured and enriched, a morbid melancholy, such as might arise from neglect and poverty, disrobes his graceful occupation of her attractions, and renders him disgusted with himself, and with the world. It has been said, and very justly, that only extreme mental wretchedness can make a man indifferent to the applauses of his fellow-creatures: such is the forlorn case of the great but hapless Sergell. The friends of his youth have no charm for him; the admiration of his countrymen and of foreigners no exhilaration. Visible only to his workmen, and that reluctantly, the illustrious artist is sinking into the melancholy misanthrope: but when his hand shall no longer display its skill, taste will worship, and wealth will covet, the marble which it has touched, and Time will enroll his name amongst the most favoured sons of Genius."

In speaking of the Swedish academies, Mr. C. could not omit the name of Gustavus III. to whose patronage they owe so much. Some very interesting circumstances are related, in addition to those already known, respecting the assassination of this prince, by Ankerstroem. The melancholy news brought to his palace some of the nobility who had long absented themselves from court. He requested them to enter his chamber, and addressed to them these memorable words:—"My wound is not without a blessing, since it restores to me my friends."

The Opera House will not contain above nine hundred persons, and yet, during the life of Gustavus III. we are informed that a ballet occupied ninety dancers, and put into activity no less than eighty fancy dress makers. Many of this king's plays were performed here, of whose dramatic talents we have a specimen in a play acted at Covent Garden, a few seasons ago, under the title of *Curiosity*.*

Of the peasants of Dalecarlia, whose ancestors are immortalized in history, for having restored liberty to Sweden, under the conduct of Gustavus Vasa, Mr. Carr gives an animated and interesting de-

* See M M. vol. v. p. 243.

scription. To these mountaineers he tells us Gustavus III. also repaired, at a moment when he was menaced with revolt during the campaign in 1788, against the Russians: "attended by a single domestic, he reached, in secret, the mountaineers of Dalecarlia, the *immoveable seat of Swedish loyalty*, where, with all that bold, affecting, and irresistible eloquence, for which he was so justly famed, upon the very rock on which, in elder times, their idol Gustavus Vasa had addressed them; he invoked them to rally round the throne, and preserve their sovereign from the cabals of treason.—At the sound of his voice they formed themselves into battalions, with electric celerity, and increasing as they advanced, proceeded, under the command of Baron Armfeldt, to Drothingholm, where they overawed the factious."—"From these mountains of health and liberty he selected," continues our author, "the wetnurse of the present king, that, with her milk, he might imbibe vigour and the love of his country. This woman was the wife of a Dalecarlian peasant, lineally descended from the brave and honest Andrew Preston, who preserved Gustavus Vasa from the murderers who were sent in pursuit of him by Christian." With information and anecdotes, thus new and striking, he detains us in almost every page. The palace of Drottingholm, distant about twelve miles from Stockholm; the arsenal in that city; *Haga*, of which, as well as of *Stockholm* and *Upsala*, there is a very beautiful view; the mines of Danmora, and the iron forges at Osterly, &c. &c. furnish several amusing particulars, which we are reluctantly compelled to pass without an extract.—It would be injustice, however, to the ladies of Sweden, not to transcribe Mr. Carr's description of their persons, with which, we think, the vainest of them will find no reason to be dissatisfied.

"The Swedish ladies are, in general, remarkably well-shaped, *en bon point*, and have a fair, transparent delicacy of complexion; yet, though the favourites of bountiful Nature, strange to relate, they are more disposed to conceal than display those charms which, in other countries, with every possible assistance, the fair possessor presents to the enraptured eyes to the best advantage. A long gloomy black cloak covers the beautiful Swede when she walks, confounding all the distinctions of symmetry and deformity; and even her pretty feet, which are as neat and as well turned as those of a fine Frenchwoman, are seldom seen without the aid of a favouring breeze. Even the sultry summer has no influence in withdrawing this melancholy drapery: but I am informed that it is less worn now than formerly: often have I wished that the silkworm had refused his contribution towards this tantalizing concealment: occasionally the streets of Stockholm displayed some bewitching seceders from the abominable habit. This custom arises from the sumptuary laws, which forbid the use of coloured silks."

On his passage to Swedish Finland, the sight of the gun-boats near Abo gave rise to the following observations. As affording another argument in addition to the opinions of many intelligent persons, against the practicability of a successful invasion of our coasts, its insertion will require no apology.

“ It is a matter worthy of observation, particularly at this period, that the gun-boats used in the naval conflicts between Russia and Sweden with so much effect, originally suggested to France the idea of using them against this country. In the seven-years war they were recommended to the Duc de Choiseul, the minister of Louis XV. by Captain Kerguelin, of the Swedish navy, and, in the late revolution, by Captain Muskein, who was also a lieutenant in the same service. This small craft is capable of acting in the Baltic, where no tides ever interfere with manœuvres; but it has excited astonishment, not only in Sweden, but in every other part of the continent which I visited, (and I mention it with more shame than reluctance, because, with the millions of England, I believed, at the time, in the romantic practicability of the long, very long threatened invasion) that any reflecting Englishman could believe in the possibility of a flotilla of gun-boats crossing such an expanse of water as divides the Isle of Wight from Boulogne, subject to the tides, currents, and winds, which are, with more or less certainty, felt there, omitting the proud and confident reflections which our gallant cruisers and Channel fleet naturally suggest. We well know that, in the year 1791, Muskein, without having much to dread from the natural difficulties before enumerated, on account of the shortness of the distance, attacked that dot in the Channel, the Island of St. Marcou, with fifty of his redoubted gun-boats; that the battery of the little wave-girt fortress blew her rash and presuming enemies to atoms; and that this commander with difficulty escaped, only to be disgraced by the Directory. In mere patriotic ardour and enthusiasm, independent of tides, currents, winds, cruisers, and fleets, the French, if they reflect at all, will regard St. Marcou as a miniature of a greater island.”

We here leave our entertaining and instructive *tourist* for the present month. The next stage will convey us to the capital of Russia.

DRAMATIC.

The Honey Moon : a Comedy in five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, with universal Applause. By the late John Tobin, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Longman and Co. 1805.

A stern critic has allowed an author, in his literary pursuits, to “ follow the paths of his predecessors, but not to tread in their footsteps.” We doubt not that Mr. Tobin set out with a due respect for this canon, but that his fond reverence for Beaumont and Fletcher frequently made him trespass against it. In its place, this comedy, in acting, has already experienced a full and judicious criticism, and we shall consequently dismiss it with merely two or three brief observations.

Its sole novelty is, that, contrary to the custom of the day, it is written in blank verse, and its peculiar merit is in the neatness, point and poetical spirit of the language. It will be read with great pleasure, and it certainly was acted "with universal" and we may add, deserved "applause."

The Tailors, or a Tragedy for warm Weather ; in three Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal Hay-Market ; to which is added an Account of the Fracas at the Theatre, August 15th. 12mo. 6d. Fairburn. 1805.

THIS irregular, but witty little drama, which was brought out at the Haymarket theatre in 1767, and in which Foote himself performed a part, is in the situation of an illegitimate child, *non habet patrem*. We may say, however, of its unknown author, what was said of Thomas Randolph, near two centuries ago :—"The Muses seem not only to have smiled, but even to have been tickled at his nativity," such the festivity of this anomalous production.

We have already amply detailed all the circumstances relating to the fracas at Mr. Downton's benefit, on the fifteenth of last August, and they are here faithfully reported. The managers and the actor persevered, on that occasion, with becoming firmness, and though to beat a whole board of tailors be no glorious feat, yet it was right, and merited applause. What, is the *Lord Chamberlain* to be deposed, and our entertainment to be regulated by a goose ?

"Why, what o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?"

Taming the Shrew,

HAD he found fault with Mr. Downton's breeches, or discovered a hole in his jacket, it had been well enough, but to disapprove of a play is a presumption beyond all bearing. How could the manager help exclaiming with *Petruchio* :

O monstrous arrogance !——thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail ;
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !

 THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.

The Imitation of Life---The Mirror of Manners---The Representation of Truth.

 ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

[These ANECDOTES are taken from a French work, upon a plan similar to our *Biographia Dramatica*.* We propose, occasionally, to make a selection of such of them as may serve to mark the character of the French theatres, and audiences, and the peculiarities of their dramatic writers, at the periods respectively mentioned.]

They may also assist a little in a comparison between the drama of France and that of our own country, which has been so plentifully indebted to the former, from the days of Racine and Moliere, down to the very recent authors of *Deaf and Dumb*, and the *Wife of Two Husbands*.]

THE *Abderites*, a comedy, in one act, in verse, with a prologue and divertissements, by M. de Moncrif, acted 1732, at the hotel of the Duchess of Bourbon, and at Fontainebleau.

In a publication entitled "*A Letter from the Abbé Cotin to M. de Moncrif*," which appeared in 1744. The Abbé says to the Academician:—"The comedies of Moliere make one laugh, and these written by *Chauffée* make one cry. Your *Abderites* no person can either laugh or cry at. You are like *Theognis*, who was called at Athens, *Kion*, that is to say, the Poet of Snow; you keep the minds of the spectators in a state of perfect apathy, they experience neither grief nor joy.

Abdilly, King of Grenada, trag. com. in three acts, and in prose, by M. de l'Isle and Madame Riccoboni, acted in 1729; not printed.

At a representation of this piece—a few minutes before it was to begin, the pit, seeing an Abbé placed in the theatre, in the first row, cried out to him, "down with the Abbé." The Abbé remained quiet, as if the matter did not concern him; but the noise continuing, he at last rose, and thus addressed himself to the pit:—

* We understand that a new edition of this work, with corrections and additions by a most able hand, may shortly be expected.

"Gentlemen, since I have had my gold watch stolen from me, in your company, I had rather lose my place at the theatre, than run the risque of losing my snuff-box." Upon this they changed their insults into violent applause, and the Abbé resumed his place.

The Adjuratation of the Marquisat, a comedy, in prose, by Boulanger de Chalussay, 1670 : not printed.

Moliere having expressed his disapprobation of this comedy, incurred the enmity of the author, who wrote another, which was a satire against the former, called *Elomire Hypochondre*. Elomire is the anagram of Moliere.

Abundance, a comic opera, in one act, by M. M. Pannard and Valois ; it was played at the fair at St. Germain, 1737 : not printed.

Virtue personified is one of the principal characters in this piece, but upon an emergency it was left out ; the manager was asked why the part was omitted, he replied, "that Miss Rosette, who was to have played *Virtue*, was just brought to bed, and that the part could not be restored till she was recovered." This apology satisfied the audience, and the play was performed without the character of Virtue.

Abalom, a tragedy, by Dutché, acted at Paris, 1712.

This tragedy was performed with applause at St. Cyr, and honoured with the presence of Louis XIV. It was afterwards represented at Versailles by the princes, princesses, and the lords and ladies of the court, at the hotel of Conti, during Carnival. The Duchess of Burgundy played the character of *Thamar*, the Duke of Orleans that of *David*, &c. The *Magic Girdle*, written by Rousseau, was added to it, in which piece the Duke of Berry performed a part. Dutché's work was rewarded with a pension of one thousand livres.

Absence, a comic opera, in one act, by Pannard, acted at the fair of St. Leonard, 1734 : not printed.

There was much disapprobation manifested at the representation of this piece by the public, because the author had very ridiculously personified *Absence*, and the public certainly shewed their judgment.

Not at Home, a comedy, in five acts, in verse, by Douville, geographical engineer, 1643.

Douville, brother to the Abbé de Bois-Robert, being pleased with the reception of his piece by the public, for it was much applauded, asked his brother what he thought of it?—Bois-Robert answered ingenuously that he thought it very bad. The author, much

hurt at his reply, threatened to repeat his opinion to the pit:—"You will do well," replied the Abbé, "but I fear you will not always think it convenient to appeal to them." The truth is, Douville wrote another comedy, which was acted and damned.

"Well," said Bois-Robert to Douville, "why do you not speak to the pit now?"—"Because," said the brother, "they have not common sense." "What," cried the Abbé, "you perceive now what I discovered from their *approbation* of your first piece."

Acajou, a comic opera, in one act, taken from M. Duclos' tale of Acajou, by M. Favart, performed at the fair of St. Germain, 1744.

This piece was at first in prose, interspersed with airs, but after the opposition made to the *speaking* comic opera, it was adapted to recitative, and in the month of October, of the same year, was performed with great applause at the theatre of the Royal Academy of Music.

It drew most prodigious audiences, and on the day of closing the theatre, the crowd was so great, that the partition which separated the pit from the orchestra was broken down. In order to repair it, the people in the pit were obliged to go out, but still nothing could be done, for those who were behind the scenes descended into the pit, and could not be persuaded to leave it. In this confusion, it was not possible to return their money to those who had retired; much riot and confusion ensued. Six of the most riotous were taken into custody. M. Monet, the manager, conducted himself upon this occasion with prudence. He got those released who were confined, and payed the discontented with a speech which, from its mixture of pleasantry and pathos, conciliated all parties.

No representation had ever been so profitable. All the places were at *six livres*, and the theatre was so full, that the actors could hardly be distinguished from the spectators. No symphony was played, no dances, nothing was heard. All was applauded, and every person appeared satisfied, except the manager.

An actor, named *Cadoret*, known by the name of *Terodac*, which is the anagram of his name, possessed so perfectly the talent of imitation, that many people actually believed they saw and heard the persons he imitated, and, in the part of *Metromane*, he caricatured the acting of the French comedians of that time, which was one of the reasons why opposition was made to their speaking in the comic opera, and in the end they were only allowed to sing. It was thought that, for these reasons, the scene in the play in which Terodac imitated the actors, would be suppressed. However, the author of the piece was but little embarrassed by it, for, as the comedians

declaimed, or rather sung their parts, instead of reciting naturally as they do at this time, the author adapted the music so well, in the same style as Racine had formerly done for Champinélé, that the music in that scene so well expressed the inflections of the *outré* manner of the actors, that instead of hurting the comic opera, it considerably added to its celebrity.

THE TAILORS; A TRAGEDY FOR WARM WEATHER.

THE following account of the manner in which this whimsical performance, that has occasioned so much mirth, and so much tumult, within the last two months, came first into the hands of Mr. Foote, is borrowed from Mr. Cooke's memoirs of that gentleman, recently published.

"In July, 1767, a new mock-heroic tragedy, called *The Tailors*, was performed at the Haymarket theatre; but as this piece was not of his own writing, it will be necessary to give a more detailed account of it; particularly as it was both well received by the public, and much approved of by the best critics of that day.

"A little before this time there had been great disputes in London between the master-tailors and their journeymen, so as to create a serious alarm among the beaux and changelings of fashion, as well as to become a general town talk. Some anonymous writer, seeing this a good subject for a mock-heroic, and conceiving a plot similar to that of Garth's *Dispensary*, formed upon it this tragedy, which, in reality, possessed a singular degree of merit. It was sent to the manager from Dodsley (the bookseller's) shop for perusal, with an intimation, 'that if he liked it, he was at liberty to use it; if not, to return it in the same secret manner in which it came to him.'

"The manager was too good a judge of humour to let such a genuine *morçeau* escape him. He immediately sent a letter to the author, acknowledging the receipt of his tragedy, and assuring him it should be put into rehearsal the very first opportunity.

"On the seventh of July, 1767, this tragedy came out; the manager taking a principal part himself, which he executed with uncommon spirit of serious ridicule. The other parts were likewise well-distributed; and the whole was introduced to the public by a pleasant prologue, written by Garrick."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POOR MARY.

*Extracted from a MS. Poem by WILLIAM HOLLOWAY, Author of the
Peasant's Fate, Scenes of Youth, &c.*

ALAS! for those to mental storm consign'd,
Who once have felt the shipwreck of the mind!
Wretched, beyond the common lot, are they
In life—in death, unmourn'd, they pass away.
From that dread prison-house of dark despair,
Founded by our capricious Henry's care;
As from the pit of cursed spirits, rise
Groans, blasphemies, and soul-distracting cries!
The wretch who boasts of *freedom*, clanks his chains,
And in mock-majesty the pauper reigns:
The poet sings, in unregarded rhymes,
Of cruel critics, and degenerate times,
Clenches his fist, and kindles into rage
At sordid booksellers of every age:
Then mourns the wrongs the sons of verse have shar'd
From eyeless Homer to the Bristol Bard.*
There, on her bed of straw, poor MARY lies,
And scarce the lovely maniac lifts her eyes
When strangers gaze—till, more familiar grown,
Her language makes her mind's confusion known:—
“ Ah! did you know my love—so tall—so fair—
“ With eyes of ebony, and flaxen hair?
“ Tell me you saw him, now——and did he speak,
“ And say, he left his MARY's heart to break?
“ O! I have waited long to meet him here—
“ And still they tell me he is loitering near:
“ He would not loiter once, so near his home—
“ 'Twas so unkind, they would not let him come.
“ So weary of this waiting life am I,
“ That I could lay me down, and weep, and die!”
Thus, still, she tells her tale, from day to day,
And languishes her ling'ring hours away:
While thro' her grated window scarce appears
The blessed sun—no charms of birds she hears,

* Chatterton.

No sounds that once would rural walks prolong,
 The rustic's whistle, nor the milk-maid's song.
 Tears are her drink ; on secret grief she feeds ;
 And still her bosom heaves, and pants, and bleeds.
 One hope remains.—Her spirit soon shall rise,
 To gain the glorious freedom of the skies.

EPIGRAMS.

-----" 'Tis all hummyery." *Tom Thumb.*

WHEN an actress intends you should feel her distresses,
 She, artful, takes care to unfasten her tresses,
 Which sink (with her grief, we suppose) on her shoulders :
 Thus Betty, whose Norval so greatly strikes *Home*,
 Contrives, with his life, to get rid of his comb,
 That his *hair*, not his *acting*, may ravish beholders.

ON READING THE BELFAST NEWS,

IN A LATE MIRROR.

IF this phænomenon of seven,
 This highly favour'd child of heaven,
 Be a *naturæ* LUSUS ;
 The wonder's ceas'd ; the reason's ample ;
 She follows *Nature's* great example,
 And *plays*, like her, t' amuse us.

B. F.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

OCT. 1.—The non-performance of the *Soldier's Return*, as advertised (owing to the indisposition of Mr. Johnstone) occasioned a violent tumult in the theatre, aggravated, no doubt, by the injudicious hand-bill announcing that Miss FISHER would perform the *Spoil'd Child* in its stead !!! It was too much to imagine that the performance of a confident little girl like this, would be accepted as a compensation for the absence of Mr. Johnstone, Miss De Camp, Mrs. Bland, and Mrs. Mountain, and the audience expressed their anger and discontent in incessant yells and groans, till the dropping of the curtain. Not a syllable of the farce was heard.

3.—*The Constant Couple* was announced for this evening, (Saturday) but was postponed on account of the illness of Mr. Elliston. A Sunday paper, however, contained the following account :

"Last night FARQUHAR's sprightly comedy of *The Constant Couple* was most laboriously and successfully murdered at this theatre. ELLISTON tamed the gaiety of Sir Harry Wildair with a felicity which they, who admire such doings, can never sufficiently extol. The sprightly knight was, by Elliston's care, reduced to a figure of as little fantastic vivacity as could be shewn by *Tom Errand* in *Beau Clincher's* clothes. *Beau Clincher* himself was quite lost in JACK BANNISTER: it was BANNISTER, not the *Clincher* of Farquhar, that the representation continually suggested to the audience. Miss Mellon was not an unpleasing representative of *Angelica*. But criticism has not language severe enough to mark, as it deserves, the impertinence of Barrymore's presuming to put himself forward in the part of *Colonel Standard*. We were less offended, though it was impossible to be much pleased, with Dowton's attempt to enact *Alderman Smuggler*. But the acting was altogether very sorry."

There is certainly no "language severe enough to mark, as it deserves," this wicked and wanton attack upon the performers in question. A hand-bill was published, under the sanction of the theatre, quoting this candid critique, and leaving it to the public to make their own comments. It is the privilege of the public freely to animadvert on the talents of actors, and the merits of dramatic pieces, and the impartial critic must sometimes adopt the language of severe censure; but to abuse, in a public print, an actor's performance of a most arduous character in which he has never appeared, and to defend such a proceeding in the way we understand it was defended, "*'tis monstrous!*" This is criticizing "with a felicity which they who despise such doings can never sufficiently reprobate."

9.—On this night the *CONSTANT COUPLE* was acted. *Sir Harry Wildair* was originally played by Wilks, and with so much gaiety and elegance, that his performance was looked upon as a *chef d'œuvre*. The author himself spoke thus of it: "Mr. Wilks's performance has set him so far above competition in the part, that none can pretend to envy the praise due to his merit. That he made the part will appear from hence, that whenever the stage has the misfortune to lose him, *Sir Harry Wildair* may go to the jubilee." The *Tatler* also compliments him in the highest terms, "This performance is the greatest instance that we can have of the irresistible force of proper action. The dialogue in itself has something too low to bear a criticism upon it: but Mr. Wilks enters into the part with so much skill, that the gallantry, the youth, and gaiety of a young man of plentiful fortune, are looked upon with as much indulgence on the stage as in real life, without any of those intermixtures of wit and humour which usually prepossess us in favour of such characters in other plays."

Mrs. Woffington first presented herself to the public in this character, and "acquitted herself so much to the general satisfaction, that it became fashionable to see her personate *Sir Harry Wildair*."

To her success in the part we owe the absurdity, and the indelicacy of its having been since acted, almost without an exception we believe, by a woman. Mrs. Crawford played it often, as did Mrs. Jordan soon after her appearance in London. It is certainly a diverting comedy, but it would perhaps be creditable to the stage if it were never represented again. *Sir Harry* is a fine gentleman of the last century; loose in his principles, indecent in his conversation, resigning one intrigue only to form another, and ready to risk both his reputation and his

life, to preserve the character of an *accomplished rake*. Every character and every scene betrays the corruption of the times in which the play was written. Sir Harry's portrait we have sketched; Colonel Standard is little behind him in point of delicacy, only he is more sincerely attached to the woman he pursues. *Lady Lurewell*, who had early resigned her virtue, retaliates upon mankind in a way that renders her character still more reprehensible. *Alderman Smuggler*, whose propensities are all odious, is in one scene disgustingly brought on the stage in a *female dress*. Young Clincher offers a man half a crown to swear his brother is killed, that he may obtain possession of his estate. *Lady Darling*, and *Angelica*, are indeed not viciously inclined, but they are treated till nearly the close of the play as a woman of pleasure and a procuress, and we can have no exalted opinion of their virtue, the one for loving a man of *Sir Harry's* dissipated turn, and the other for countenancing her niece's attachment.

Mr. Elliston presented a lively picture of the libertine baronet; he was easy, gay, active, and animated. The air of a man of fashion (one we mean even of the modern school) he is not very happy in assuming, and it is clear that the *Sir Harry Wildair* of Farquhar is not a creature which, though an actor *should* represent him *to the life*, would be recognized or valued by an audience of the present day. All the other characters were well acted---*Lady Lurewell*, by Mrs. Powell, particularly.

COVENT-GARDEN.

SEPT. 20.—*Cabinet*. Miss Tyrer made a respectable stand in the character of *Floretta*. She sings with more sweetness though with less science than Storace, and in the scenes with *Whimsiculo* she was nearly as diverting as her predecessor. We fear, however, it will be found that Braham and Storace have robbed the *Cabinet* of its principal treasure.

25.—*Dermot and Kathlane*, or the *Irish Wedding*. This dance composed of the characters, and adapted to the tunes, in the *Poor Soldier*, introduced Miss LUPINO from the *Petersburgh* theatre. She dances with sufficient precision, but her movements are not remarkably agile or graceful. The Byrnes again presented themselves at this theatre, and were received with the loudest applause. The ballet was preceded by a delightful new overture, the composition of Mr. W. Ware. It appeared to us that the characters were dressed more according to the *Scotch* than the *Irish* costume.

30.—Mr. Kemble's *Zanga* attracted a most brilliant and crowded house. We have frequently spoken of this fine performance; its beauties are numberless. In the last act they shine with an effulgence which sheds a lustre even on the dark passion which it is the object of the play to present in its most terrific aspect. Mr. C. Kemble struggled through *Alonzo*, which may be called a sort of *labour-in-vain-hill* to an actor, with a degree of judgment and sensibility that merit the highest commendation. To *Leonora*, Mrs. Litchfield gave all the interest of which so poor a copy of *Desdemona* is susceptible.

OCT. 2.—*Provoked Husband*. Miss SMITH, from the *Bath* stage, made her first appearance before a London audience in *Lady Townly*. The figure of Miss Smith is *petite* but pleasing; her countenance expressive---her eye lively and penetrating; her voice more powerful than sweet, and better suited to serious than comic speaking, with a distinct articulation, and a correct and sensible deli-

very. Miss Smith seemed to have a just conception of the part of *Lady Townly*, but her comic powers are unequal to the reach of that flow of vivacity, and elegant railery, which distinguish this lively votary of fashion, till the very moment of her reformation; the *gaieté de cœur*, was too evidently assumed; in the last act she was more successful; she expressed her penitence with much sensibility, and told the *story of her heart* in a manner that suitably impressed the audience.

At the end of the play she delivered COLLINS's *Ode on the Passions*.—There is some novelty in her recitation of this poem. It is converted into a kind of *melo-mono-dram*. The verses that describe each passion are first spoken, and then the passion is attempted to be exhibited in action accompanied by corresponding music. It was in the latter that Miss Smith chiefly excelled. Her action and attitudes were gracefully varied, and though they did not to our minds sufficiently convey the different passions, they formed a pleasing and *nouvelle* display, with which the audience were highly gratified. Miss Smith has since performed *Desdemona*, *Cecilia* in the Chapter of Accidents, *Estifania*, and *Rosalind*. In all of these characters she discovered good sense, considerable freedom of deportment, and occasional neatness of execution. We cannot say that either in tragedy or comedy we have yet perceived any very strong traits of original *genius*; but as there seems every disposition on the part of the managers to afford the fullest and most indulgent display of her talents, they will no doubt receive that just appreciation from the town to which they shall eventually be found entitled.

9.—Mrs. Siddons made her appearance for the season in *Isabella*. Her return was hailed with enthusiastic acclamations. We rejoice to perceive that her powers have suffered no diminution, and that her command over the passions is as sovereign and irresistible as ever.

10.—Mr. H. Lewis, the son of our great comedian, appeared in *Frederick*, in the *Poor Gentleman*, and *'Squire Groom*, in *Love à la Mode*. His resemblance to his father's style of acting is remarkably striking; so much so, that in any other *débütant*, it must have been pronounced the effect of a close and laborious imitation, and condemned accordingly. But here the case is different: Mr. H. Lewis is “native to it, and to the manner born.” The likeness rather assisted than injured his success. He went through the business of the evening with a good deal of address and spirit, and, both in the play and farce, his exertions received the most flattering applause.

15.—*Chapter of Accidents*.—Mr. Liston, from the Haymarket, convulsed the house by his manner of portraying the awkward rusticity of *Jacob Gawkwy*.

16.—*Jane Shore*.—The *Duke of Gloucester* in this play has, for some years past, been considered of too little importance for an actor of first-rate abilities. It certainly affords few opportunities for applause, always so grateful to an actor's feelings, but it demands to be played with great care and discrimination, such as a tragedian of strong powers of mind only can bestow. When Garrick and Quin acted on the same stage, the latter, we believe, performed *Gloster* to the other's *Hastings*. The part is now elevated to a very high rank indeed, for Mr. Kemble has thought it not unworthy of his genius. His assumption of it renders an essential improvement to the tragedy. The strong features of hypocrisy, revenge, and cruelty, are delineated with characteristic truth and skill; every scene dis-

played several masterly touches. Among other beauties we have to notice the hypocritical transition in the speech where he insinuates to Hastings the inefficacy of the powers with which the council have invested him ;—

“ Scorn’d by my foes---and useless to my friends :”

It was very finely marked. The surprise on reading the epistle forged by *Alicia* was equally excellent. In the scene with *Jane Shore*, after he had failed in procuring her “ helping hand” to his ambitious projects, he poured forth his menaces and indignation with a terrifying fury, which well prepared the audience for that bitter extremity of suffering the heroine of the tragedy undergoes in the last act. His rage is finely preserved all through this scene. On repeating the lines—

“ Behold my arm, thus blasted, dry’d, and wither’d,

“ Shunk like a foul abortion, and decay’d,” &c.

he places his foot on the council-table, and unbare his arm to the elbow. This is strictly consonant with the fact, as recorded by Holinshed ; and so, indeed, is his whole performance of this scene. “ He returned,” says that chronicler, “ into the chamber among them with a wonderful sours, angrie countenance, knitting his browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lippes, and so sette him downe in his place. Then, when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began : What were they worthe, &c. &c. and therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow, upon the left arme, where he shewed a werish withered arme, and small, as it was never other.” We have dwelt upon this performance of the *Duke of Gloster*, by Mr. Kemble, because it is a rare thing to see a great actor stooping to a character generally supposed to be beneath his rank, and because it still more rarely occurs that a poet is so well embellished and illustrated by the performer.

Mr. C. Kemble, who has succeeded to the *Lord Hastings*, afforded another instance of that improvement in his profession which is daily conducting him to its highest honours. His second scene with *Alicia* could not be excelled : the exchange of mutual forgiveness was marked by a solemnity which was very impressive. Mr. Hargrave played *Shore*, for the first time, with great sensibility. To praise Mrs. Siddons in *Jane Shore* would be as superfluous as

“ To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

“ To throw a perfume on the violet ;”

and Mrs. Litchfield’s *Alicia* has frequently received the well-earned commendation of criticism. The whole play is admirably acted. Mr. Kemble dressed the Duke in close conformity to the picture of Richard, with the hair falling over the shoulders. The farce was the *Quaker*, in which Mrs. Margerum (whom we have seen at *Sadler’s Wells*) sung the songs of *Floretta* in a very pleasing style.

18.—*RUGANTINO*, or the *Bravo of Venice*.—This story has been told to the public in so many ways, that it would be almost idle to repeat it. Mr. Lewis’s translated novel,* Mr. Elliston’s play,† the *Reformer of Messina*,‡ a pantomime at the Circus, &c. have fully explained its plan. We have only to observe that the incidents have been transferred by Mr. Lewis from his romance to the stage with ingenuity and effect. We may perhaps be singular and fastidious in the only objection we have to make—which is that *Rugantino*,

* M. M. vol. XIX. p. 177.

† P. 346.

‡ See our last number.

whose motives are so worthy, and whose object is so glorious, should have been rendered more formidable and terrific than he is here represented. He sometimes appeared a mixture of *Grimbold* and *Gibbet*. We are often inclined to laugh, when it would be better perhaps that we should be impressed with awe. The low manners of a professed *Bravo*, certainly take away from the interest of a character at whose name the whole republic of *Venice* trembles, and who is to be the instrument of preserving it, ultimately, from destruction.

Nothing can exceed the splendour of the dresses and decorations, and the *Masque*, which exhibits the *Gods* and *Goddesses*, with all the *paraphernalia* that mythology has given them, forms a most magnificent *spectacle*.

Mr. H. Johnston made his first appearance these three years in the *Bravo*, and performed the character with all that energy which has rendered him so deservedly popular in characters of this description. Mrs. Gibbs, in *Rosabella*, (intended for Mrs. H. Johnston, who, we are sorry to say, continues indisposed) appeared to particular advantage.

Dr. BUSBY has bestowed on this ballet, which owes not a little of its success to the superintending taste and judgment of Mr. FARLEY, some very delightful music.

BON TON THEATRICALS.

KILKENNY.—Our private theatre opened with additional splendour; indeed the large sums expended on it have so much added to its elegance, beauty, and convenience, that we scarcely recognized it: the taste and execution of the whole reflect credit upon the genius of Mr. Robertson. Notwithstanding the increased size of the house, it was crowded at an early hour with all the nobility and gentry, beauty and talent, not only of this, but of every surrounding country; numbers have flocked from Dublin, to see if “books and swains report us right.” The performance opened with a prologue, spoken with prodigious effect by Mr. R. Power. In this, after an apposite and feeling compliment to the audience, he with strong and happy irony ridiculed the *puerile* rage of the times for infant actors, whereon (to use the nervous sarcasm of the prologue)

“Man plays the child, when infants play the man.”

After some other dextrous allusions, he concluded the whole with a finely-turned compliment to the Earl of Ormond and family. The entertainments for the evening were, *The Wonder*; and the melo-drama of *Valentine and Orson*. The characters in both pieces were performed with ease, spirit and propriety. The splendid magnificence of attire, the beauty of the scenery, and the well-arranged *grouping* of King Pepin’s court, afforded a striking *coup d’œil* in the after-piece.

POWDERHAM CASTLE, DEVONSHIRE.—A most superb theatre has been fitted up at this seat of Viscount Courtenay, where a dramatic company has been performing for some weeks. In a ballet dance called *Laura and Lenza*, the principal characters were sustained by Lord Courtenay, Miss Louisa Courtenay (now Lady Edward Somerset) Miss Bamfylde, Miss Honeywood, and other persons of fashion. The scenery is beautiful in the extreme, and the dresses and decorations are tasteful and magnificent.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

THE FRENCH THEATRE.

A drama of a very singular nature was lately brought out on the French stage. It is called *The Babillard*, and is properly a *monologue*, consisting of ten or twelve scenes. In fact, there is no dialogue, for only one person opens his mouth throughout the whole piece. This loquacious hero is called *Dorante*. He pretends to fight five women with his tongue, remains master of the field of battle, and still talks while he remains alone on the scene. In the first scene, without allowing his valet the opportunity of putting in a word, he informs him of his love for a lady, of his hopes, and his project for marriage. In the second scene he meets his mistress, silences her by his volubility, and always interprets her silence in his favour. In the third, the father and mother of the lady arrive, and the audience expect at last to have some dialogue, but their hopes are vain. The indefatigable *Dorante* speaks for the father and mother, and replies for his mistress. In short, all the other personages who appear have only the opportunity of expressing their sentiments by gestures. This whimsical *bluette* was loudly applauded on the first representation, and the Parisians crowd to see it every night. Much of its success was owing to the exertions of the actor who performed *Dorante*. He shewed that he possessed a happy memory;—had he paused a moment for the prompter, the piece would have been lost. At the conclusion the name of the author was, according to the French custom, called for. One of the mute performers stepped forward, and was going to open his mouth for the first time, in order to satisfy the curiosity of the audience; but the talkative *Dorante* was too quick for him, and interrupted him with—"The piece which we have had the honour to represent"—"You should say, which I have had the honour to represent," cried a voice from the pit. The author was declared to be a M. CHARLES MAURICE, who wrote before a little piece called *The Consolateurs*.

Mademoiselle Georges, a beautiful young actress at Paris, disappeared one evening, when announced to play in the new popular tragedy of *Les Templiers*. What was to be done? They advertised the runaway, and in the mean time another actress, Miss Josephine Duchenois, was prevailed on to attempt the part. All Paris was in a fury. Mademoiselle Duchenois was obliged to explain the *temerity* of her kindness for the fugitive in a long letter to one of the editors—and after two or three days absence, Miss Georges re-appeared, and apologized for her absence by saying, that "it was owing to a circumstance as unfortunate as unexpected." This has not satisfied the Parisians—and the wits say, "that the cause will come to light some day."

Another disappointment to the audience of Paris happened also by the illness of M. Martin, at the comic opera, Rue Fedeau. On that occasion the following address was presented:

"The comedians in ordinary of his majesty the emperor feel it to be their duty to certify, that their comrade, Martin, has lost his voice on a sudden through a cold which he caught in the hurry of preparing the first representation of a new piece entitled *Galiston*.

"The imperial commissioner has directed a regular examination of our comrade to be made and is convinced of the reality of his indisposition. The committee of directors, inconsolable at this disappointment, have rather chosen, though very much to the loss of the house, to shut up the theatre, than to appear to abuse the complaisance of the public, by offering any old piece in the room of the new opera that was announced.

"We have the honour to salute you.

"CHENARD, GAVEAUX, JULIET,

"SOLIE, GAVAUNDON."

Such is the respect with which the foreign theatres treat the public!

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS IN SCOTLAND.

AGAIN has this wonderful young man paid a visit to his friends in the north; again the admiration and the astonishment of amateurs have been excited, and their curiosity once more gratified, at the astonishing exhibitions of a youth of fourteen, surpassing, in even what I would call the more mechanical parts of his profession, the exertions of professional veterans, neither defective in talent nor application. The *Roscium Sidus* still continues to enlighten our theatric hemisphere, with, I think, augmented splendour, and, I am sure, increased admiration.

As I have, *as yet*, had little more than a peep, so to speak, at this theatric phenomenon, I defer, for the present any detail of his performances, or entering into any minute criticism on his various characters. I cannot, however, but remark on the injustice of those various publications which treat me as a determined foe to this juvenile wonder:—

Because I cannot flatter and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Deck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

If some passages in my letter of August, 1804, were too strongly expressed; if my opinion of the impropriety of his persevering in what I deem a gross abuse, I mean the acting of narrative, was somewhat forcibly stated,—the intemperance of eulogium, and the indiscreet lavish of undivided panegyric, on Master Betty, will, I trust, be deemed my excuse, as requiring an antidote which I thought it meritorious to administer.

"Something too much of this."

The reception of the young gentleman at Glasgow, as well as the metropolis, equalled the most sanguine expectations of his most sanguine friends; and though the success of the most eminent talents, at the former city, be not always commensurate with the merit of their possessors, the houses in Glasgow were often

overflowing, always good, not once bad. In the metropolis, his success has been still more brilliant, and the applause, if possible, increased. Douglas, Hamlet, Frederick, (Lovers' Vows,) have as yet been his only characters; but as these will be repeated, with a number of others, some of them new, I reserve my remarks upon them, as well as a critical disquisition upon the merit of the youth, till next month. At present I merely state, that if the wonderful applause he has met with has engendered some slight blemishes, these are much more than recompensed by the great improvement of his figure and voice; by a more matured understanding, and a riper judgment; and, what I think not of the least consequence, by the absence of Hough, his former theatric tutor, an event I consider as, upon the whole, (for which I may afterwards assign cause,) of the greatest advantage to Master Betty.

The following elegant lines, the production of a lady of Shrewsbury, having lately come into my hands, in MS. and being thoroughly certain that they have never appeared in print, I send them for insertion in your elegant publication, deeming their very great merit worthy the first place in the first periodical journals. In this opinion I trust for your and your reader's universal coincidence. One epithet might have been changed for another more suitable. To the justice of it I by no means agree. One dissenter from the merits of Mrs. Siddons can, in the blaze of universal admiration, be easily pardoned by the friends of the greatest actress in Britain.

JUSTUS.

Nature for years had droop'd her languid head,
And, with her Garrick, mourn'd her genius fled;
Now sweet she smiles o'er woods and fertile fields,
Where gladly she the fruits of summer yields;
Gaily the nymph in robes of green is drest,
Whilst flowers of brightest hues adorn her vest.
Thus, on a rock, which hangs o'er Severn's tide,
She Roscius greets, of Salop's sons the pride:—
“ With joy I hail thee on thy natal plains,
Priz'd by my daughters, honour'd by my swains;
To thee, angelic youth, my cause I trust,
Be to my precept, my example, just;
Banish the false refinements of the age,
And from Siddonian arts redeem the stage.
Thou canst my finer feelings all impart—
Not only touch, but animate the heart;
Each varied passion's in thy acting shewn—
Duty, love, honour, claim thee as their own—
Go on, sweet youth—each manly grace be thine,
And long the theatre's bright magnet shine.”

(Signed)

MARIA.

Theatre Royal GLASGOW.—Our dramatic entertainments closed on Wednesday the 9th of October, for the after-season, with the tragedy of Gustavus Vasa. Owing to the debilitated state of the company, the theatre was but poorly attended indeed, until the arrival of the *Young Roscius*. Then, however, thea-

tricals became *fashionable*, and the infantine hero (in conjunction with the manager) reaped a "golden harvest." His popularity was such, that——

"—— he could not stir,

"But, like a comet, he was wondered at!

"—— men would tell their children, 'This is he!'

"Others would say, 'Where? which is *Roscius*?' "

He performed fourteen nights, and what must have been highly flattering to his feelings, in general to decent, nay even sometimes to crowded audiences! His benefit, too, proved very successful, the receipts amounting nearly to two hundred pounds. In my last I promised to inform you how much "he had improved, if any, by the ordeal of metropolitan criticism." I now find this to be an invidious task, which I beg leave to decline. Opposing a generally-received opinion seldom fails to excite the malice, the sneers of the ignorant and interested, and truth and candour forbid me, in this case, to go with the stream. *Master Betty* is a handsome boy, docile and clever; yet I never could discover, from his acting, the truth of what our manager has stated, viz. that he is "a youth presented by heaven, and fully instructed by the inspiring voice of Nature." On the contrary, I still think him greatly deficient in the knowledge of emphasis and accentuation, notwithstanding the many lessons he has received, and the opportunities he has had of profiting by experience. On this subject much more might be said, but as he is soon again to appear on the London boards, to collect his faults, and "set them in a note book," would be improper, as well as ungenerous.

Two professed *singers*, (Messrs. Shaw and Kelly) lately joined the company. These gentlemen both sing a *good song*, but neither of them possess the qualifications requisite for a good actor. A Mrs. Orger, from the theatre Windsor, has also made her appearance here. This lady is young, and pretty; but I have not yet had sufficient opportunity of witnessing her performances, so as to enable me to form an accurate estimate of her abilities.

Colman's new comedy of "Who wants a Guinea?" was got up for the benefit of Mr. Turpin (he this year having postponed it to the after-season). This gentleman being one of the corps of Glasgow sharpshooters, his benefit was immediately under their patronage, and proved productive, the receipts amounting to £180. The character of *Solomon Gundy* was attempted by Mr. Turpin, but, he being no great linguist, the *points* were not given with much effect. In the part of *Torrent*, however, Mr. Berry reaped new laurels. I had almost forgot to mention this gentleman's *Nipperkin*; it is very near, if not equal to Munden's. He is by far the most promising actor in our company.

There is lately started, here, a theatrical controversy, which has afforded much merriment to the amateurs. A Mr. Ellidge (a purveyor for the army, and the gentleman mentioned in the *Mirror* for May last, as having performed Young Norval) it seems had the manager's permission to frequent the theatre *gratis*. Unluckily, however, he had lately the misfortune or temerity to *hiss* the *Young Roscius*! This piece of wanton cruelty so exasperated the manager, that he wrote to Mr. Ellidge, *forbidding* him to enter the theatre upon the *old terms*! On the receipt of this letter, Mr. Ellidge published another, acknowledging the fact, and glorying in what he had done. This letter also contains a direct attack on the editor of the *Theatrical Register*, who has since parried the blow, by

republishing Mr. E.'s letter, accompanied with severe and *cutting* remarks.—
How far this contest may be carried is uncertain, but at present——


“Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din !”

I am, &c.

Glasgow, 16th Oct. 1805.

MERCUTIO.

Theatre-Royal LIVERPOOL.—Since the secession of the London performers, the principal attraction of the theatre here has been Master Frederick Brown, who has played Douglas, Achmet, Octavian, and Hamlet. From Master Betty's success, it was natural to suppose a host of *Roscii* would arise. If Master Brown had appeared before Betty, the best judges will have it he must have carried away the palm. Betty's person being more mature, Brown has some physical disadvantages, but then he is so far superior in other respects, that, upon the whole, he must be preferred. He is nearly two years younger than Betty. His person altogether is beautiful; his complexion is fair as day; he has the very eye of Garrick, brilliant and expressive, full both of fire and of softness. His voice though in some parts not so sonorous, is clear, and much sweeter than Betty's. His tones are varied and harmonious, according exactly with the passions to be expressed. His conception of the writer's meaning is extremely accurate, and his emphasis, in every particular, perfectly correct. It is the misfortune of very many to prefer the more shining to the more solid. Such will at once prefer Master Betty, but those who throw this prejudice aside, have no scruple in declaring that Master Brown is a more prodigious genius than has yet appeared. His Douglas will sanction these remarks, and so will Achmet. Octavian is a part not so suitable for him, though even in that he was exceedingly interesting, especially in the scene with Floranthe, *where rapture uttered vows and wept between*. In Hamlet his fame must be established beyond the reach of rivalry.

[] We beg here to state that the opinions which different correspondents entertain, whether favourable or adverse, of the *YOUNG ROSCIUS*, and the numerous other infant actors, which it was easy to foresee his fame and emoluments would generate in all parts of the united kingdom, must not be considered as conveying the sentiments of the conductors of this work. Of Master Betty we spoke on his appearance in such terms as we thought his merit demanded. See vol. 18, p. 405, 420. For the other criticisms which have been inserted in our publication, the writers are themselves alone responsible. The rage for child-acting certainly forms a striking feature of the present age. Whether it indicates its sense or its folly, is a question that will perhaps soon be decided. In the mean while it is our duty to watch the progress of these *Lilliputians*, and to gratify, as far as we are able, the curiosity of our readers—

“we must obey the time.”]

Theatre Royal BRIGHTON.—Brunton's well-disciplined and complete corps took the field here in Sussex, at the usual season, and poured its troops into the rich town of Brighton, according to a settled mode of conducting the summer campaign. To drop our figure for the moment, we shall observe that as it would take too much space to be particular in reviewing the various and numerous merits of what is now past, we must from necessity be allowed to confine ourselves to general remarks.

The talents of *Mr. Brunton*, and *Miss Brunton*, of Covent-Garden theatre,

are so well known and justly appreciated, as to render any panegyric from us, on this occasion, superfluous. These performers enriched the company until they were summoned to satisfy their winter engagements in town. With them departed *Mr. Bennett*, of Bath, to commence his career on the London boards. He will be found a very useful actor, and a good singer. At this period also *Mallinson*, the comedian, and *Miss Marriott*, left the Brighton for the Bath theatre. For the loss of these treasures the town was in a great measure consoled by the arrival of several of the company from the Haymarket theatre then closed. With occasional visits from *Elliston*, *Munden*, and *Blanchard*, they now proceeded with a regular corps, performing some of the best plays in the language in a manner that would frequently have done honour to any stage.

The interesting and judicious acting of *Mrs. J. Brunton*, was never exerted without producing the most pleasing effect, and an abundance of applause. The voice and judgment of *Mr. Campbell*, the excellent conception of *Mrs. Campbell*, the elegance of *Mrs. Draper*, the sprightliness of *Miss Searle*, the good sense of *Mr. Denman*, and the versatility and cleverness of *Webber* and *Halton*, formed together irresistible claims to approbation.

We saw *Mrs. Powell** here both with pleasure and pain—with pleasure because we never see her in her cast of characters without pleasure—and with pain because her absence from London at this hour denotes that she has no engagement at the winter theatres. We are surprised that the managers should so far neglect their own interest and the public gratification as to suffer an actress of such value to waste her genius in a circle widely remote from its proper sphere.

But *a nos moulois*, and to resume our figure, we shall conclude with remarking that with very short intervals of rest the exertions of this division of the dramatic army have been great, and their success in proportion. Such indeed have been the ability and spirit with which the war has been carried on, that we doubt not they will return into their winter quarters, covered with glory and loaded with reward.

Theatre Royal Worcester.—That it is impossible for any man to express more gratitude than the manager of our theatre, for the liberality and encouragement he has experienced from the public, I believe every one who has read his advertisements will allow;—and that no manager ever gave less proof of his gratitude, by the intolerable company of performers he has brought with him, will, by all who have sacrificed their time to witness their performance, be as readily admitted.

To animadvert the various defects of each actor would not only exceed my present limits, but be totally unnecessary—they are already notorious—and as to merit, the company, with a very few exceptions, are so miserably destitute, as not to deserve the slightest panegyric.

But glaring as are the imperfections of the performers, the smallness of their number is no less remarkable; and to avoid the appearance of so scanty a supply of auxiliaries in the bills of the day, the manager has frequently recourse to fictitious names, and announces performers that nobody ever saw or heard of. Hence it is, we commonly see an actor playing two or three characters in one piece—and the younger Shuter (who officiates as prompter behind the scenes)

* Late of Covent-Garden theatre.

performing the parts of half a dozen different servants to as many masters or mistresses !!!

Certainly such management can be attributed to no other cause than motives of parsimony on the part of the manager, who, so far from having the gratification of the public for his aim, only considers by what means he may enrich his purse, and as much as possible avoid expenditure. But does Mr. Hoy imagine such proceedings are consistent with the honorary title of *Theatre Royal*?—a title which, instead of being so disgraced, ought to insure to the public the pleasure of witnessing superior performances. Or does he deem the inhabitants of Worcester so entirely void of taste and discernment as to take those buskined murderers of nature for good actors? Be his ideas on the subject what they may, his conduct, as a manager, is extremely reprehensible, and I would admonish him, as he values his own interest, to “*reform it altogether.*”

It is observable, that notwithstanding the extreme dearth of merit in our Thespian band, Mr. Hoy has frequently boasted of their *excellence*, and more than once, I believe, declared them *equal*, if not *superior*, to any provincial company in the kingdom! As to the *truth* of this assertion, the public must long since have formed a decided opinion, and I would observe to Mr. Hoy, that puffs so palpable and gross, instead of being an inoffensive allurement, must infallibly create sentiments of disapprobation and disgust.

Before I conclude, Mr. Editor, I cannot omit mentioning two other circumstances that have long been the subject of much complaint—namely, the shameful manner in which the house is lighted, and the rough and uncomfortable appearance it wears, from the manager's neglect in not having it properly painted and repaired.

It is certainly the duty of Mr. Hoy, after the uncommon success he has recently met with, to devote a small proportion of his profits to the adornment and better lighting of the theatre—which would divest it of that incongruous gloom, that, at present, bears a stronger resemblance to the dreariness of a *state-prison*, than the brilliancy of a *theatre-royal*; and would be some proof of his *feeling*, what he has so repeatedly *expressed*, a grateful sense of the favours he has received.

AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER.

Worcester, 10th Aug. 1805.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—*Extract of a Letter from Naples, dated August 13.*—“Yesterday at ten o'clock at night, the eruption of Vesuvius, of which the earthquake seemed to be the forerunner, took place. We were going to visit the crater, when the cries of the people, and a volume of flame, informed us that the volcano had opened. The lava precipitated itself in three seconds from the last peak of the mountain, and took a direction towards the valley, situated between Torre del Greco, and Torre del P'Annunziata, two towns on the coast, beyond Portici, and seven or eight miles from Naples.

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"We set off immediately to see this wonderful and tremendous phenomenon nearer. From the place of our departure, we saw the whole course of the lava, which extended already two miles from the crater, to the houses that join the two towns. The sight was the most magnificently frightful that could be seen. I contemplated the cascades of flame, pouring from the top of the mountain, and shuddered at seeing an immense torrent of fire ravage the finest fields, overthrow houses, and destroy, in a few minutes, the hopes and resources of a hundred families.

"A line of fire marked the profile of the mountain; a cloud of smoke, which seemed to send forth, from time to time, flashes of lightning, hung over the scene, and the moon appeared to be pale. Nothing can adequately describe the grandeur of the scene, or give an accurate idea of the horror of it. As we approached the spot ravaged by this river of hell, ruined inhabitants having quitted their houses—desolated families trying to save their furniture or provisions, last and feeble resource—an immense crowd of curious persons retreating step by step from the advancing lava, and testifying, by extraordinary cries, their wonder, fear, and pity—the frightful bellowing of the mountain, the frequent explosions which burst from the bosom of the torrent, the crackling of the trees devoured by the flames, the noise of the wall falling, and the lugubrious sound of a bell, which the religious of the Cameldules, isolated on a little hill, and surrounded by two torrents of fire, rang in their distress. Such are the details of the frightful scene to which I was a witness.

"The moment we arrived, the lava was crossing the great road below Torre del Greco. To see it better, we got into a beautiful house on the road side—from the terrace we saw the fire at no more than fifteen paces from us—in a minute we descended, and twenty minutes afterwards there remained of the house but three large walls. I approached as near as the heat and flow of the current would permit me; I attempted at different times to burn the end of my handkerchief in it—I could only do it by tying it to my cane. The lava does not run in liquid waves: it resembles an immense quantity of coals on fire, which an invincible strength had heaped up, and pushed on with violence. When it met with a wall it collected to the height of seven or ten feet, burnt it, and overthrew it at once. I saw some walls get red hot, like iron, and melt, if I may use the expression, into the lava. In its greatest speed, and on an horizontal road. I reckoned that the torrent travelled at the rate of eighteen inches a minute. Its smell resembles that of iron red hot."

ANECDOTE OF MORLAND THE PAINTER.—Two old fishermen, equally notorious for their morose and brutish dispositions, George had selected as proper objects of his unlucky genius. One night, having observed them bait their hooks, and throw out their lines, the ends of which were made fast to tent pegs, or stakes, on shore; he collected as many old wigs as he could, together with old shoes, tattered breeches, and mop-heads. After taking up the lines, and stripping the hooks of the bait, he fastened the aforesaid articles, with bones and other weights, to sink them, and withdrew from the scene of mischief. At the proper time, when the old fishermen came to haul up their lines, he took his station near enough to enjoy a laugh at the expence of their fury, but secure enough from the effects of it. When he had diverted himself with relating this trick a

twelvemonth afterwards to one of his friends, he observed, that "The old bugaboos could not say, with some others of their profession, that they had toiled all day, and had caught nothing."

EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.—A letter from that city says:—"At the earthquake almost all the inhabitants, whose number is estimated at 370,000, ran out promiscuously into the streets, in the same dress in which the shock had surprised them, and how simple that is in this hot season, and at such a time, is well known. Many tore their hair, others their clothes; some threw themselves on the ground, kissed it, or tore up the earth with their hands. Here stood a group locked in each other's arms, and sobbing or uttering exclamations of despair, interrupted by the most horrid outcries; there numbers collected round the saints in the streets, praying as if the last moments of their lives had arrived. Individuals, especially women, ran through the streets, and involuntarily exclaimed, *Mama mia! St. Anna, ci ajuta!* Mother of God! St. Anna! help us! The festival of this saint had just been celebrated on that day, and she had performed three new miracles, which had not a little augmented her importance.—For six days successively, almost all the streets were filled with boys and girls, following crosses barefoot and bareheaded, and singing penitentiary hymns.—But these processions furnished the Lazaroni with an occasion of committing many excesses, and they even attacked the carriage of the Duke of Ascoli, the worthy minister of the police; they were suppressed by an edict issued by Cardinal Ruffo. Ascoli has shewn himself, in this calamity, to be a man perfectly adapted to his office. During the eight last days he has not passed one night at home, but has been incessantly engaged in riding through the streets. To his zeal it is owing that six thousand prisoners, in the Vicaria, did not burst their fetters, as they endeavoured to do, and increase still more the general disorder and confusion. It was he who suppressed the many false reports propagated almost every night by the lower classes, in the public squares of the city, where, for eight days together, almost all the inhabitants of Naples were encamped, by the strengthening the guard, and confining the loudest, whose object was plunder. The day before yesterday was one of the most extraordinary that ever was seen. The sun rose as red as blood; the sea was of a dirty lime colour, but little agitated; the air heavy, sultry, and oppressive. The sun, during the whole day, appeared only as through a yellow veil; every one was in the utmost alarm, and scarcely any person passed the night at home. The city was, however, spared any new calamity."

PARRICIDE.—The following horrid narrative is given in a letter from Jamesville, South Carolina. "On Monday, August 29, about four in the afternoon, Mr. Thomas Maples was shot near his dwelling house, on the high hills of Sanfee, by his eldest son, Richard Maples, about 23 years of age, who had secreted himself in the gin-house, for the express purpose. This atrocious youth, in whom every principle of virtue seems to have been extinct, had loaded his rifle with three large buck-shot. Seeing his father coming from his dwelling house, he waited in his concealment till he had advanced fourteen paces beyond the gin-house. He then deliberately took aim through a crevice between the logs of the house (horrible to relate!) at his father! The shot penetrated his back, and came out

through his breast. An inquest was summoned early on the following day. The murderer confessed his crime, and made some trivial excuses for the shocking act which he had perpetrated. He was committed to Camden gaol, together with his brother and mother, who were charged as accessaries to the murder. Mr. Maples was one of the oldest settlers in his neighbourhood, and had always supported the character of an honest, industrious, and good man."

The municipality of a corporation town in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, immediately previous to the departure of the Royal Family from that favourite watering place, published the following proclamation:—

"Whereas *his* Majesty the King and Queen is expected to honour this ancient corporation with their presence in the course of their *tour*; in order to prevent *them* from meeting no impediment in *his* journey, the worshipful the *Mare* and Bailiffs have thought proper, that the following regulations shall be *prohibited*, as follows: Nobody must not leave no dust, nor nothing in that shape, before their doors nor shop; and all wheel-barrows, cabbage stalks, marble stones, and other vegetables, must be swept out of the streets. Any one who shall fail giving offence in any of these articles shall be dealt with according to law, without bail or mainprize.

"God save his Majesty the King and Queen, and his Worship the *Mare*."

A new theatre is to be built at Worthing; three thousand pounds have been subscribed towards it.

WIT IN A RUSTIC.—A countryman, on a trial respecting the right of a fishery, at the last Lancaster assizes, was cross examined by Serjeant Cockel, who among many other questions, asked the witness, "*Dost thou love fish?*"—"Yea," says the poor fellow, with a look of native simplicity, "*but I donna like Cockel sauce with it.*" A roar of laughter followed, in which the serjeant joined with his usual good humour.

MASSACRE AT ALGIERS.—One of the last French papers contains the following article, dated Algiers, July 24:—"It is difficult to form an idea of the horrors of the dreadful sacking to which twelve or thirteen thousand Jews were given up during three or four hours. A general massacre, with the exception of women and children, was determined on by the troops. A number of ferocious soldiers rushed tumultuously from their barracks, each armed with a pistol and a sabre; all the barbarous rabble of the town joined them; they were cheered by the exclamations of women, or rather furies, who crowded the streets and terraces. Fortunately it was Saturday, a Jewish festival, when but very few of that persuasion were abroad. But soon the soldiers burst open the doors of the houses; the riches which struck their view were the means of saving the unfortunate Hebrew nation; they discontinued the carnage to think only of plunder; the trinkets, with which the women were adorned, were torn from them, and they were exposed to all kinds of outrage. The plunder then became general: ferocious cries were followed by a death-like silence—the streets were filled with men and women, passing in all directions with their booty, and in the course of three hours there was not the house of a Jew which was not stripped to the bare walls.

The Gazette has communicated a notice from the city of London, of their intention of applying to parliament to provide for the enlargement and better regulating of Smithfield market in the city of London; and for opening and ma-

king a new street or road from the north end of Fleet-Market, in the said city, to Clerkenwell-Green, and from thence to the great north road, at or near the south end of Islington, in the county of Middlesex.

EDMONTON STATUTE FAIR.—*Law report extraordinary.* The most material business that occupied the attention of the court of Piedpoudre was a presentment by the homage, not made upon any regular complaint, but, *virtute officii*, upon information privately received. The presentment was read aloud by the steward's clerk, and, as well as we could collect, it was to this effect:—

“At this court of Piedpoudre, held by statute in and for the fair of Edmonton and the precincts thereof, in the county of Middlesex, on Saturday, the 14th September, in the year of our Lord 1805, and in the 46th year of the reign of King George III. and continued by adjournment till the 17th day of the same month, the homage, upon their oaths, present, that one Ann Scarsdale, late of the parish of St. Ann Soho, widow, not having the fear of God before her eyes, but being moved and instigated by the devil, did, on the 16th of the said month of September, in defiance of the laws of religion and morality, and in breach of the express provisions of this statute or fair, appear in the usual place appointed for the hiring of female servants, and then and there falsely pretending that she was in want of a servant for her lawful household occasions, did attempt to hire one Elizabeth Beazley, of the age of sixteen years, and did accordingly profess to hire her as such servant aforesaid, at eight guineas by the year, paying her *as* earnest for such service, the sum of half a guinea; and the homage further present, that, by certain information, it appears to them that the said Ann Scarsdale is the keeper of a house of ill fame in or near a certain street called Lisle-Street, Leicester-Fields, or elsewhere in that neighbourhood, and that in hiring the said Elizabeth as her pretended servant she had no intention of engaging her in a lawful and industrious service; but, on the contrary, meant to decoy her for the purpose of destroying her innocence, and, for the sake of her own private lucre, to inveigle her into a sinful course of life, and to bring her to shame and ruin, to the great displeasure of Heaven, to the scandal of the fair, and the laws thereof, to the evil example of others, and in contempt of the regulations of the statute, and against the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity.” Upon this presentment Mrs. Scarsdale was thrice summoned to appear, but did not come forward. A constable was sent in search of her—he brought her in the course of five minutes, and Elizabeth Beazley with her. The presentment was again read in her presence, and she was put to plead to it. She admitted she had hired the girl, and said she meant to take her home as her ordinary servant; but she wholly denied that her character and occupation were as set forth in the presentment. A young baronet, whose name it would be highly improper to expose, as he acted so honourable a part, appeared, and deposed in the presentment. He confessed with regret he had been frequently at her house, but he rejoiced that his errors had been, in this instance, the means of saving an inexperienced and virtuous girl from the fate which too many others had met with. The fact appeared quite clear, and the delinquent was convicted. She was sentenced to be drawn through the fair in a cart, with an inscription over her, describing her offence; after which she was ordered to be ducked, and then conveyed the distance of one mile out of the town by the proper peace officers. This sentence was car-

ried into immediate execution, to the great delight of every one who witnessed so singular an act of justice.

The re-establishment of the Gregorian calendar is, by a decree of the senate dated the 9th instant, to take place on the 11th Nivose next (1st January, 1806) from which period it is to be in use throughout the French empire. Thus has perished one of the sublimest productions of revolutionary genius!

In letters from Corfu it is said that the English vice-consul, with the aid of two celebrated divers from Calimno, and after a labour of two years, has recovered from the bottom of the sea the precious collection of works of art of ancient Greece formed by Lord Elgin during his residence at Constantinople, and which was lost with the vessel in 1802, near Cerigo.

BRITISH NAVY.—The total number of ships now in commission, exclusive of cutters and hired vessels, is 698, of which 124 are of the line, 19 from 50 to 44 guns, 139 frigates, and 416 sloops; besides which there are repairing, building, &c. a number of ships, so as to make the total number 903.

The following singular discovery was lately made by a boy (who had been gathering nuts) in a wood near Crowle, Worcestershire. He was attracted to a spot raised a little above the surface of the ground, covered with turf, and overhung with nut trees, wild shrubs, &c. from which issued a disagreeable odour; and on removing part of the turf, he found a chimney and a trap door, both in complete preservation. The boy instantly procured the assistance of several men, who succeeded in raising it, and on descending, discovered it to be a cave, dug out of the earth, divided into separate apartments, constructed with much care and ingenuity, possessing all the requisites for a dwelling, and retaining every sign of having been very lately inhabited. In one of these rooms there was a quantity of cold meat, that apparently had not been long cooked; in another were a great number of sheep-skins, entrails, &c. an evidence that it had been used as a slaughter-house, the effluvia from which led to the discovery. There cannot be a doubt that this den has been the receptacle for thieves of all descriptions, as frequent depredations have of late been committed in that part of the country; and diligent search is now making after the freebooters.

COURT MARTIAL.—The late Jamaica packet has possessed us of the result of an highly interesting trial, which lately took place there, before a military tribunal.

The prisoner, David Murray, Esq. a person of high respectability at Jamaica, was appointed a commissioner during the period of martial law in that island, for providing for the subsistence of the militia of his parish: in the expectation, however, of attack, he drew up articles of capitulation with the enemy, and endeavoured to persuade the colonel of the regiment and others to accede to his propositions. The charges on which he was put to the bar were—

First. For going about to entice and persuade the commissioners appointed in the said parish, for the purposes aforesaid, and the colonel and other officers of the militia of the said parish, to join and engage in an act hostile to his majesty's authority and government, and the peace and safety of this island, by delivering to William Lock, Esq. colonel of the Westmoreland regiment, or uttering or publishing a paper writing, containing propositions disgraceful, cowardly, and endangering the peace and safety of this country.

Second. For being engaged and concerned in an hostile act against his majesty's authority and government; and the peace and safety of this island, by delivering to William Lock, Esq. colonel of the Westmoreland regiment, or uttering or publishing a paper writing, containing propositions disgraceful, cowardly, and endangering the peace and safety of this country.

After minutely investigating every circumstance, the court were of opinion, that he was guilty of both charges, and sentenced him to be degraded and rendered incapable of serving in any military capacity whatever in future, and to pay a fine of 2,000*l.* and stand committed until said fine be paid.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales to be the keeper of his palace or mansion house at Greenwich, in the county of Kent, commonly called the king's house or the queen's house, and also of his park called Greenwich park, to the said palace or house adjoining, with the lodges and other buildings situate therein.

An infant male child, apparently not more than two days old, was secretly conveyed into the shop of Mr. Silvanus James, of Redruth, a few evenings ago. It was asleep, carefully wrapped in woollen, with the following letter:—"Friends—Take under your protection this little helpless infant, and shew more humanity to it than its unfortunate parents have been able to do. It may be thought illegitimate; but 'tis not; though its birth must remain a secret for some time. Its rank is not mean; but it does not signify how meanly it is clothed, so that its health and morals are taken care of. Its mother is a *friend*, but its father is not. Be kind to this poor infant. Probably you may not be a loser by it, when its parent is of age. And let a mother's feelings plead in the breast of a mother."

"To Silvanus James."

Some of our readers may recollect that several years ago some gentlemen who dined at the Windmill, at Salt Hill, died shortly afterwards, supposed to have been poisoned by some preparation in the wine which they drank. A waiter who then lived at the house recently died, but previous to his death he sent for the clergyman of the parish, and informed him that the death of the gentlemen arose from the circumstance of some carp having been dressed the day before, which was set by in a copper stew-pan, in consequence of which the fish was impregnated with poisonous matter from the copper, and proved fatal to those who partook of it. This fact, he said, was known only to the cook and himself, by whom it was imparted to their mistress, who enjoined them to keep it secret. He found himself, however, in his last moments, unable to conceal the mystery any longer. Mrs. Partridge, the then mistress of the Windmill, and the cook, have been dead several years.

DESTRUCTIVE EXPERIMENT.—An experiment of a new-invented machine, for destroying ships at anchor, was lately tried in the Downs, and succeeded in the most complete manner. A large brig was anchored abreast of Walmer Castle, about three quarters of a mile from the shore. Two or three galleys then rowed off and placed the machine across the cable of the brig, which by the running of the tide, was soon forced under her bottom, about the centre of the keel, where it attaches itself. In a few minutes, the clock-work of the machinery having performed its operation, a small cloud of smoke was seen to arise from the

vessel, which, in a moment after, was blown to atoms, without any noise, or any appearance of fire. In about twenty-seven or twenty-eight seconds, not a vestige of the brig was to be seen, as the fragments were then level with the water's edge. General Don, with a number of military and naval officers, went with Sir Sidney Smith to Mr. Pitt's at Walmer Castle, to witness the experiment, and expressed the utmost astonishment at the destructive powers of the invention. The beach was lined with spectators, who could hardly believe what their eyes had witnessed, so sudden and powerful was the destruction of the vessel.

BIRTHS.

At Hanbury-place, Surrey, the Right Hon. Lady Margaret Walpole, of a son. At his house, near Deal, the Lady of Capt. Sir J. Johnstone. In Edinburgh, Mrs. H. Johnston, of Covent-Garden theatre, of a daughter. In St. James's-Square, the Countess of Bristol, of a son. At Salisbury, the Lady of the Rev. Dr. Price, of a son.

MARRIED.

At Askham, Westmoreland, the Hon. G. Carleton, to Miss Henrietta King. The Earl of Enniskellin, of Plasnewydd, Wales, to Lady C. Paget. Sir R. Peel, Bart. M. P. for Tamworth, to Miss Clerke. Richard Price, Esq. third son of Sir Charles Price, Bart. to Miss Heyman. The Rev. W. Ward, Rector of Mile End, Essex, to Miss Hammersley. W. C. Marsh, Esq. of Park-Hall, Essex, to Miss Sophia Swaine. J. Agar, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Mrs. Fletcher. S. C. Brandram, Esq. of Size-lane, to Miss Styan. Colonel Jones, of Conduit-street, to Miss Ironmonger. At Hendon, Lieut. Col. Nicholl, to Miss Sarah Greeves.

DIED.

Mrs. Second, the vocal performer. Mrs. Hook, wife of the composer. At Quebec, General Hunter. At Minehead-House, aged 75, Dorothy, Countess of Lisburne. At Fladong's Hotel, in Oxford-street, the Hon. Colonel Eardley. At Brighton, aged 44, Mrs. Crouch, late of Drury-lane theatre. At Tunbridge, the Lady of Sir C. Boggin. At Cheltenham, D. Scott, Esq. of Dunninald, M. P. At Brompton, Lady Temple. At Kensington-palace, the Rev. S. Thompson, aged 72. At Anstye, Herts. the Rev. E. Mapletoft. Hon. Smith Barry, of Fitzroy-square. Suddenly, James Rooke, Esq. of Bigswear-House, a General of his Majesty's forces, Colonel of the thirty-eighth Regiment of Foot, and M. P. for the County of Monmouth. He was sporting on the Trellick Hills, on Friday sennight, and had just fired at a bird, when he fell from his horse in an apoplexy. In the fifty-second year of his age, at Perth, after a few days illness, the Right Hon. George Baron Kinnaird, of Inchture, in Scotland. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by Charles Kinnaird, Member in the present Parliament for Leominster. Aged 78, Mrs. Hull, wife of the venerable comedian of Covent-Garden theatre.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
NOVEMBER, 1805.

Embellished with
A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE LORD VISCOUNT NELSON, ENGRAVED BY
RIDLEY, FROM A FINE PAINTING.

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1805.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have devoted the greater part of this Number to the interesting subject which engrosses the public attention. Owing to the space occupied by the Life of LORD NELSON; the Gazettes that convey the official intelligence respecting this GREAT VICTORY; and other communications occasioned by an event so interesting and so glorious to the country; we have been under the necessity of postponing a variety of articles, of which we had promised the insertion, and also of several much esteemed favours, the receipt whereof we beg leave now to acknowledge.

We hope next month to be able to insert the following articles:---

An Essay by N. S. (*Norwich*) on the present situation of the Jews in this country.

Lines on Lord Nelson, by MARCIUS.

A letter from M. HOLFORD (*Chester*) respecting the Young Roscius.

Observations by J. F. (*Glasgow*) on the "Poor Man's Sabbath."

PARISANIENSIS on the theatrical performances at *Hull*.

The elegant PROLOGUE to the late King of Sweden's play of "*Curiosity*."

An Address to the Gout, and a variety of other articles, already announced, but which have been necessarily delayed for the reason assigned above.

JUSTUS will perceive that we have not had room for the insertion of his critical remarks on the *Young Roscius*.

We beg also to acknowledge the receipt of the following favours.

OBSERVATOR (*Chester*) on the Young Roscius.

Lines to Lord Nelson by C. H*****th.

An ODE in honour of Lord Nelson, by W. the length whereof will, we fear, not permit us to assign it a place in our work.

A Parody on Shakspeare, by J. B.

The Contented Cottager, by LISETTA.

A Fragment, by H. S---c.

A Communication from Barnstaple, &c. &c..

THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR NOVEMBER, 1805.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

(With a Portrait.)

LORD NELSON was the third son of the Rev. Edmond Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk; he was born in the parsonage house of that parish, September 29, 1758.* The honour of educating him was shared by the high school of Norwich, and a seminary at North Walsham, in the same county. A man whose piety was so exalted at the close of life may be supposed to have been brought up with strong religious impressions. His father indeed could give him little else than a good education, strictness of honour, a large and enlightened morality in his conduct towards men, and an unpresuming confidence ABOVE.† This was his only patrimony, and this he improved.

In the year 1770, at the age of twelve, he entered on board the *Raisonable*, 64 guns, under the command of Captain Suckling, his maternal uncle. At this time hostilities between the courts of England and Spain, relative to the Falkland Islands, were threatened, but not commenced. The matter was compromised with some abatement of English honour, and young Nelson‡ made a voyage to the West Indies with a merchant ship, and returned with sufficient improvement

* His family came originally from Hillborough, in the same county, where, for many years, they possessed a small patrimony, and the patronage of the living. His father married, 11th May, 1749, Catherine Suckling, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Maurice Suckling, prebendary of Westminster, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Charles Turner, of Warham, in Norfolk, by Mary, daughter of Robert Walpole, Esq. of Houghton, and sister to Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, and of Horatio, the first Lord Walpole; whose next sister, Dorothy, was married to Charles, the second Viscount Townshend. His maternal ancestors, the Sucklings, have been seated at Wotton, in Norfolk, near three centuries.

† “My great and good son went into the world without fortune, but with a heart replete with every moral and religious virtue.” Vide Rev. Mr. Nelson’s Letter to his friend, hereafter quoted at length.

‡ It is reported that the ministers mean to recommend to parliament to purchase an estate for the Nelson Family, and call it *Trafalgar*, and to grant a pension of 2000*l.* to his heirs for ever,

improvement in nautical knowledge to be received and rated on board his uncle's ship, the *Triumph*, in 1772.

Young Nelson conceived, at this time, a disgust for the service of the Royal Navy, which Captain Suckling found great difficulty in removing. It was held out to him, as a reward, that if he attended well to his duty, he should be permitted to go in the cutter and decked longboat, which was attached to the commanding officer's ship at Chatham: this operated on the mind of young Nelson as was expected; and by degrees he became an excellent pilot for vessels of that class, which sailed from Chatham to the Tower of London; and also down the Swin Channel, and to the North Foreland. In each subsequent trial of navigating difficult passages, or dangerous coasts, he thus became gradually sensible of his own ability; and created that confidence within himself which essentially forms and establishes the undaunted mind.

In April, 1773, a voyage of discovery was undertaken by Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, towards the North Pole. On this occasion instructions were issued that no boys should be received on board; but the enterprising Horatio was so anxious to be of the party, that he solicited to be appointed cockswain to Captain Lutwidge; and his request was granted. In this expedition he behaved with that peculiar intrepidity which was the character of his life. If any thing was in extremes, it was his courage; indeed, with him, courage was not a passion, but a principle; he could make even an excess virtuous and graceful, and exalt rashness into fortitude. At this early period the eager character of his mind displayed itself. He procured a sort of a boat to move either on or off the ice, to explore channels; and a pleasing anecdote is told of the youth at this time. He was missing one night from the ship; search was made for him in all directions—it was imagined he was lost. As the day broke he was discovered at a distance on the ice, with a musket, in pursuit of an immense bear, which he had followed the whole night, in hopes of killing. The lock of the piece having been injured, it would not go off; he had therefore pursued the animal in hopes of tiring him, and at length effected his purpose with the butt end. On his return Captain Lutwidge demanded what motive could have induced him to quit the ship at such an hour, and in such a season. The young hero, with great simplicity, replied, "I wished, Sir, to get the skin for my father."

Returning to England, he obtained a birth in the *Sea Horse*, of twenty guns, and sailed in it with a squadron to the East Indies.

In this ship Mr. Nelson was stationed to watch in the fore-top, and afterwards he was placed on the quarter deck. In this vessel he visited almost every part of the East Indies, from Bengal to Bus-sora. A series of ill health, however, rendered it expedient for him to return to England; in consequence of which the captain caused him to be conveyed hither.

On the eighth of April, 1777, he received his commission as a lieutenant, and was appointed second in command to the *Lowestoffe* frigate; and, during his continuance in this ship, an incident occurred which deserves notice, as explaining his character at this early time of life. In a strong gale of wind, and a heavy sea, the *Lowestoffe* captured an American letter of marque. The captain ordered his first lieutenant to board her, but he was unable to effect it from the tremendous burst of sea. On his return to the ship, Captain Locker exclaimed, "*Have I no officer who can board this prize?*" On hearing this, the master immediately ran to the gang-way, when lieutenant Nelson suddenly interposed, saying, "*It is my turn now; if I come back it will be yours.*"

Soon after the arrival of Rear Admiral Sir Peter Parker, at Jamaica, in the year 1778, he appointed Lieutenant Nelson third of the *Bristol*, his flag ship; from which, by rotation, he became the first; and under Sir Peter Parker's flag in the *Bristol*, concluded his services in the rank of a lieutenant. On the eighth of December, during the above year, he was appointed on that station commander of the *Badger* brig; in which he protected the Mosquito shore, and the Bay of Honduras, from the depredations of American privateers.

Captain Nelson obtained his post rank in June, 1779. The first ship to which he was appointed was the *Hinchinbroke*, and in the month of January, 1780, he was associated with Major Polson in an expedition against Fort Juan, in the Gulf of Mexico. He superintended the transporting of the troops, in boats, one hundred miles up a river, which none but the Buccaneers had ever navigated.—The fortress was reduced, principally by the valour of Nelson; but the fatigues of the service, together with the climate, materially impaired his health, and he was again compelled to return to England.

As a reward for his exertions he was appointed to the *Albemarle*; but though his situation was improved, his health received another severe check by being confined to a winter station in the North seas for the whole of the ensuing winter.

He was now actively employed till the peace of 1783, when,

with others, he was reduced to half-pay. But his services were required by his country, notwithstanding the war was at an end, and, in the following year, he was appointed to the *Boreas*, a 28 gun frigate, and was ordered to the Leeward Islands. He was here embroiled in differences of a nature rather civil than military, and compelled to give effect to some restrictions and severities of the Custom-house and Excise. In this disagreeable office he escaped the odium of those whom he was obliged to harass and restrain, and received the thanks of his employers for his vigilance and zeal.

In 1787, Captain Nelson was married to Frances Herbert Nesbitt, widow of Dr. Nesbitt, physician, of the island of Nevis. His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence gave away the bride.

The *Boreas* frigate was paid off in the year 1787, and the three succeeding years were passed by Captain Nelson in retirement and domestic tranquillity. This short interval was the only one he had ever been able or desirous to snatch from the calls of his country.

In the year 1790, he solicited employment, but his endeavours were ineffectual. On the 30th of January, 1793, he was appointed to the *Agamemnon* of 64 guns, and placed under the command of Lord Hood, in the Mediterranean. The general opinion of his conduct and abilities as an officer was such, that gentlemen were desirous to place their sons under his command. In all circumstances of danger it was his lot to be put forward; if batteries were to be attacked, troops to be landed, or ships to be cut out of an enemy's port—if any thing was proposed of more than common enterprise and skill, Captain Nelson was the man upon whom all eyes were fixed. At Toulon, at Bastia, and Calvi, Lord Hood bore ample testimony to his services. At Bastia he superintended the landing of troops, and gave repeated proofs of personal intrepidity; at Calvi his exertions were not less. It was at this siege that he lost the sight of his right eye, by a shot from the enemy's fort striking the upper part of the battery which he commanded, and driving some particles of sand against his face.

Captain Nelson was now in perpetual employment; he distinguished himself in the actions with the French fleet on the 13th and 14th of March, and also on the 13th of July, 1795.

At this period Sir John Jervis was appointed to command in the Mediterranean, and Captain Nelson removed from the *Agamemnon* to the Captain of 74 guns. From the month of April he was constantly employed in the most difficult service,—in the blockade of Leghorn, the taking of Port Ferrajo, and the evacuation of

Bastia. In December, 1796, Commodore Nelson, on board the *Minerva* frigate, was dispatched to Porto Ferrajo for naval stores, accompanied by the *Blanche*. On the passage thither, in the night of the 19th of December, 1796, the commodore fell in with two Spanish frigates: he immediately attacked the ship which carried the poop-light, and directed the *Blanche* to bear down to engage the other: at forty minutes past ten at night, the commodore brought his ship to close action, which continued, without intermission, until half past one, when *La Sabina*, of 40 guns, 28 eighteen pounders on her main deck, and 286 men, commanded by Captain Don Jacobo Stuart, struck to *La Minerve*. Captain Preston, in *La Blanche*, silenced the ship he had engaged, but could not effect possession, owing to three more ships heaving in sight.

Commodore Nelson's letter to Sir John Jervis, respecting the above action, dated December the 30th, 1796, may be considered as a noble example of that generous and modest spirit which animates the minds of great men: he assumes no merit to himself, but gives the whole to Captain Cockburne, his officers and crew.

On the 11th of February, 1797, as he was proceeding in the *Minerva* to the rendezvous of the grand fleet, Captain Nelson was chased by two line of battle ships, and fell in with the whole Spanish fleet off the mouth of the Straits. He effected his escape, and joined the admiral off Cape St. Vincent, on the 13th of February. He had scarcely shifted his pendant to his own ship the *Captain*, when the signal was thrown out for the whole British fleet to prepare for action. Every circumstance of this celebrated victory has been sufficiently recorded, and the services of Lord Nelson, on that memorable day, have been duly appreciated.*

In consequence of his eminent services in this action, he was created a Knight of the Bath, and Rear Admiral of the Blue, and was presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

In estimating the services of Lord Nelson, it is not a single achievement that we admire; but it is a series of successes, for the most part planned with judgment and executed with spirit. "Some men," says Lord Bacon, "*follow Fortune, others lead her.*" The admiral appeared to adopt the last plan, and he acted wisely, because fortune is *blind*, and wants a guide.

On the 15th of July, he was detached with a small squadron, to make a vigorous attack on the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe.

* For the particulars of Lord St. Vincent's victory, see M. M. Vol. III. p. 131.

The boats of the squadron were ordered to be manned with great expedition, and the landing was effected in the course of a dark night. The party were in full possession of the town of Santa Cruz for about seven hours. Finding it impracticable to storm the citadel, they prepared for their retreat, which the Spaniards allowed them to effect unmolested, agreeably to the stipulations made with Captain Troubridge. Although this enterprize did not succeed, his majesty's arms acquired by the attempt a great degree of lustre; and as the rear admiral himself handsomely expresses it, in his letter to Earl St. Vincent, *more daring intrepidity never was shewn, than by the captains, officers, and men, he had the honour to command.* Sir Horatio Nelson, in this attack, lost his right arm* by a cannon shot; and no less than two hundred and forty-six gallant officers, marines, and seamen, were killed, wounded, and drowned. The life of Sir Horatio Nelson was providentially saved by Lieutenant Nesbitt, his son-in-law, on this disastrous night: the admiral received his wound soon after the detachment had landed, and while they were pressing on with the usual ardour of British seamen; the shock caused him to fall to the ground, where, for some minutes, he was left to himself; until Mr. Nesbitt, missing him, had the presence of mind to return; when, after some search, in the dark, he at length found his brave father-in-law weltering in his blood on the ground, with his arm shattered, and himself apparently lifeless. Lieutenant Nesbitt, having immediately applied his neck-handkerchief as a tourniquet to the admiral's arm, carried him on his back to the beach; where, with the assistance of some sailors, he conveyed him into one of the boats, and put off to the Theseus, under a tremendous, though ill-directed fire, from the enemy's battery. The next day after the rear admiral had lost his arm, he wrote to Lady Nelson; and, in narrating the foregoing transaction, said, "I know it will add much to your pleasure, in finding that your son Josiah, under God's providence, was instrumental in saving my life." The painful operation of amputating the arm, being performed on board in the night, by some mistake in taking up the arteries the rear admiral afterwards suffered the most excruciating pains, and was obliged to come to England for advice, where he underwent a second operation near the shoulder to prevent mortification.

* His uncle, Capt. Suckling, had given him a small sword, with an injunction that he should only part with it with his life. While advancing to this attack, he was wounded in the right wrist, and the sword quitted his grasp, but recollecting his uncle's words; he recovered it with his left hand before it reached the ground. He always felt great pleasure in relating this circumstance.

It was some months before the surgeons who attended him pronounced him fit for service. On Sir Horatio Nelson's first appearance at court, accompanied by Captain Berry, his sovereign received him in the most gracious and tender manner; and, with the deep sensibility of condolence, lamented the gallant admiral's wounds. "You have lost your right arm," observed his majesty. "*But not my right hand,*" replied Sir Horatio, "*as I have the honour of presenting Captain Berry to you; and besides, may it please your majesty, I can never think that a loss which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country.*"

It was in consequence of the wounds he received on this service, that, agreeably to official usage, he drew up the memorial of which we present our readers with a fac simile. The pension he received was one thousand pounds per annum.

The splendid scene of Lord Nelson's life is now opening. On the 19th of December, 1797, the ship that was intended for Sir Horatio Nelson's flag not being ready, the Vanguard was for this purpose commissioned. On the 1st of April, 1798, he sailed with a convoy from Spithead; but at the back of the Isle of Wight, the wind coming to the westward, was forced to return to St. Helen's. On the 9th he again sailed with a convoy to Lisbon; and on the 29th of April, joined Earl St. Vincent, off Cadiz. On the 30th of April, the day following, Sir Horatio Nelson was detached from Earl St. Vincent, with the Vanguard, Orion, and Alexander, of 74 guns each, the Emerald and Terpsichore frigates, and La Bonne Citoyenne sloop of war, and was afterwards joined by the brave Captain Troubridge of the Culloden, with ten sail of the line. The interesting narrative of the proceedings of his majesty's squadron under the gallant admiral, from its first leaving Gibraltar to the conclusion of the glorious victory of the Nile, August the 1st, 1798, has been already published from the minutes of an officer of rank, who was present.* To this some brief observations shall be added; with a correct detail of events subsequent to that glorious and ever memorable day.

* For the official details see M. M. vol. vi. p. 249. See also a well-written letter, signed ALFRED, p. 342, in which the author calculates the happy consequences of this victory; and passes a well-merited eulogium on Lord Nelson's public and private character.

By my hopes
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young ;
 More daring, or more bold,
 Hath grac'd this latter age with noble deeds !

SHAKSPEARE.

The consummate judgment with which the plan of attack was immediately formed and executed by Rear Admiral Nelson, on an enemy's fleet moored in a compact line of battle ; protected in the van by a battery, and flanked by four frigates, and as many gun-boats ; was worthy of the great and intrepid mind of this distinguished officer. He deservedly received the most public and eminent praise : —his majesty, in the speech from the throne, styles it—*this great and brilliant victory.*

The French fleet was discovered by Captain Samuel Hood, of the *Zealous* ; the action commenced at sun-set. The *Goliath*, Captain T. Foley, and the *Zealous*, Captain Hood, had the honour to receive the first fire of the enemy. The shores of the Bay of Aboukir were soon lined with spectators, who beheld the approach of the English, and the awful conflict of the hostile fleets, in silent astonishment.

Sir Horatio Nelson, as Rear-Admiral of the Blue, carried the blue flag at the mizen ; but from a standing order of Sir John Jervis, the commander in chief, the squadron wore the white, or St. George's ensign, in the action ; and it is remarkable, that this occasioned the display of the cross upon the renowned and ancient coast of Egypt.

A most animated fire was opened from the *Vanguard*, which ship covered the approach of those in the rear : in a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the *Vanguard's* deck, were all down, killed or wounded ; and one gun in particular was repeatedly cleared. Sir Horatio Nelson was so entirely resolved to conquer, or to perish in the attempt, that he led into the action, with six ensigns or flags, viz. red, white, and blue, flying in different parts of the rigging ; he could not even bear to reflect on the possibility of his colours being carried away by a random shot from the enemy.

According to the information we have been able to collect from the officers who were present, it appears that the flag ship of Admiral Bruyes, *L'Orient*, was certainly subdued before she blew up ; and we insert this as an important truth, that it was even the opinion of many that she had previously struck.

The severe wound which Sir Horatio Nelson received, was supposed to have proceeded from langridge shot, or a piece of iron: the skin of his forehead being cut with it at right angles, hung down over his face. Captain Berry, who happened to stand near, caught the admiral in his arms. It was Sir Horatio's first idea, and that of every one, that he was shot through the head! On being carried into the cock-pit, where several of his gallant crew were stretched with their shattered limbs, and mangled bodies, the surgeon, with great anxiety, immediately came to attend on the admiral. No, replied the hero, *I will take my turn with my brave followers!*—The agony of his wound increasing, he became convinced that the idea he had long indulged of dying in battle, was now about to be accomplished. He immediately therefore sent for his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Comyns; and begged of him to remember him to Lady Nelson; and having signed a commission appointing his friend the brave Hardy, commander of the Mutine brig, to the rank of post-captain in the Vanguard, Admiral Nelson took an affectionate leave of Captain Louis, who had come, by his desire, on board; and then with the utmost composure resigned himself to death.

When the surgeon came to examine the wound, it evidently appeared that it was not mortal: this joyful intelligence quickly circulated through the ship. As soon as the painful operation of dressing was over, Admiral Nelson immediately sat down, and that very night wrote the celebrated official letter that appeared in the Gazette. He came on deck just time enough to observe the conflagration of L'Orient. In this battle, which will be recorded in the annals of mankind till the human race shall be wholly extinct,* knowing that the wounded of his own ships would be taken care of, he bent his first attention to those of the enemy. He established a truce with the Commandant of Aboukir, and through him made a communication to the Commandant of Alexandria, that it was his intention to allow all the wounded Frenchmen to be taken ashore to proper hospitals with their own surgeons to attend them, a proposal which was acceded to by the French and carried into execution the following day. Thus, amidst all the glow of patriotism and the exultation of victory, the hero did not lose sight of humanity and a sense of compassion for his suffering fellow-creatures. On the morning after the victory, he issued the following memorandum to the different

* This curious and appropriate Anagram was formed of the Admiral's Name,
 Horatio Nelson;
Honor est a Nilo.

different captains of his squadron, which deserves to be recorded in letters of gold, as a proof of pious gratitude, and an example to all who may be benefited by divine favour.

"Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile, Aug. 2d, 1798.

"Almighty God having blessed his majesty's arms with victory, the Admiral intends returning public thanksgiving for the same at two o'clock this day," and he recommends every ship doing the same as soon as convenient.

[To the respective captains of the squadron.]

Captain Benjamin Hallowell, of the *Swiftsure*, who had ever been on terms of the most intimate friendship with Sir Horatio Nelson, finding his brother officers eager to outvie each other in sending various presents to the admiral, that had been made from the wreck of *L'Orient*, actually ordered his carpenter to make a coffin, solely from the wreck, both as to wood and iron. His orders were punctually obeyed; and one being finished with considerable elegance from the materials of *L'Orient's* main-mast, it was presented to the admiral with an affectionate and polite letter. Sir Horatio Nelson highly appreciated the present of his brave officer; and for some months had it placed upright in his cabin. At length, by the tears and entreaties of an old servant, the admiral was prevailed on to allow its being removed. It is now in the care of an undertaker, in Brewer-Street, and will doubtless accompany the gallant chief to his grave.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the events of this victory.* It resuscitated

* The following letter was written by the venerable father of Lord Nelson, to the Rev. B. Allot, in answer to that gentleman's congratulations on the result of the battle of the Nile.

"My great and good son went into the world without fortune, but with a heart replete with every moral and religious virtue. These have been his compass to steer by; and it has pleased God to be his shield in the day of battle, and to give success to his wishes to be of service to his country.

"His country seems sensible of his services; but should he ever meet with ingratitude, his scars will cry out, and plead his cause—for, at the siege of Bastia, he lost an eye; at Teneriffe an arm; on the memorable fourteenth of February, he received a severe blow on his body, which he still feels; and now a wound on the head. After all, this you will believe his bloom of countenance must be faded; but the spirit beareth up yet as vigorous as ever.

"On the twenty-ninth of September he completed his fortieth year; cheerful, generous, and good; fearing no evil, because he has done none; an honour to my grey hairs, which, with every mark of old age, creep fast upon me."

suscitated Europe, it released Egypt, and raised the honour of the British flag in the eyes of all nations.*

Our limits only allow us, in the further prosecution of this interesting

* It was not in the conduct of a fleet alone that Lord Nelson was seen to advantage. There appeared to be something of the statesman in him as well as of the commander. After the battle of the Nile he made the best use of his victory. The British government in India had taken the alarm at the progress of the French in the Mediterranean. Immediately after the action, the admiral dispatched a messenger overland to Bombay, with the intelligence of this victory. He also communicated the news to the principal cabinets of the continent, and revived their drooping spirits.

Immediately upon receiving the news of the victory off the mouth of the Nile, the Grand Signior directed a superb diamond *aigrette* (called a *chelengk*, or plume of triumph) taken from one of the imperial turbans, to be sent to Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, together with a pelisse of sable fur of the first quality.

He directed also a purse of two thousand sequins to be distributed among the British seamen wounded at the battle of the Nile.

These presents were conveyed to Sir Horatio Nelson in a Turkish frigate.

The following is a translation of the note delivered to Mr. Smith, his majesty's minister plenipotentiary upon the occasion :

"It is but lately that by a written communication it has been made known how much the Sublime Porte rejoiced at the first advice received of the English squadron in the White Sea having defeated the French squadron off Alexandria in Egypt.

"By recent accounts, comprehending a specific detail of the action, it appears now more positive that his Britannick majesty's fleet has actually destroyed by that action the best ships the French had in their possession.

"This joyful event therefore, laying this empire under an obligation, and the service rendered by our much esteemed friend Admiral Nelson on this occasion being of a nature to call for public acknowledgment ; his imperial majesty the powerful, formidable, and most magnificent Grand Signior, has destined as a present in his imperial name to the said admiral, a diamond *aigrette*, (*chelengk*), and a sable fur with broad sleeves ; besides two thousand sequins to be distributed among the wounded of his crew. And as the English minister is constantly zealous to contribute, by his endeavours, to the increase of friendship between the two courts, it is hoped he will not fail to make known this circumstance to his court, and to solicit the permission of the powerful and most august King of England for the said admiral to put on and wear the said *aigrette* and pelisse."

Sept. 8, 1798.

On the 20th March 1802, the king gave his lordship permission to wear the insignia of the order of the crescent which the Grand Signior had transmitted to him. And on the 15th July, the ensigns of Knight Grand Commander of the Equestrian Secular, and capitular order of Saint Joachim ; his lordship's nomination to the same having been signified to him by Ferdinand Charles, reigning Count of Leiningen-Westerbourg, Grand Master of the order, by his letter bearing date at Westerbourg in general chapter on the third day of April 1802.

resting task, to give a correct summary of Lord* Nelson's life, subsequent to his glorious victory of the Nile. On the 22d of September, 1798, he arrived at Naples, and was received as a deliverer by their majesties and the whole kingdom.† December the 12th, the blockade of Malta took place;‡ on the 21st his Sicilian majesty and family

* On the 6th of Oct. 1798, he was created a baron under the title of Lord Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk.

On the 22nd Nov. 1798, Mr. Pitt brought up an address from his majesty, "recommending the Commons to consider of the means of enabling him to extend and secure an annuity of £.2000 per annum to Lord Nelson and the two next heirs male on whom the title should descend, in consideration of the signal and meritorious services performed by his lordship in the memorable and decisive victory obtained over a superior French fleet off the mouth of the Nile, not only highly honourable to himself, but eminently beneficial to these kingdoms."

† The following are extracts from the Queen of Naples' letter to the Marquis De Circello, the Neapolitan ambassador at London. "I write to you with joy inexpressible! The brave and enterprising British Admiral Nelson has obtained a most signal and decisive victory. My heart would fain give wings to the courier who is the bearer of these propitious tidings, to facilitate the earliest acknowledgments of our gratitude. So extensive is this victory in all its relative circumstances, that were it not that the world has been accustomed to see prodigies of glory achieved by the English on the seas, I should almost question the reality of the event. It has produced among us a general spirit of enthusiasm. It would have moved you much to see my infant boys and girls hanging round my neck in tears, expressing their joy at the happy tidings, made doubly dear to us by the critical period at which they arrived. This news of the defeat of Buonaparte's Egyptian fleet has made many disaffected persons less daring, and improved the prospect of the general good. Make my highest respects acceptable to their majesties of England. Recommend the gallant hero, Nelson, to his royal master. He has raised in the Italians an enthusiastic reverence for the English nation. Great expectations were naturally founded on his enterprising talents, but no one could look for so total an overthrow of the enemy. All here are frantic with excess of joy."

‡ After two summonses of the Portugeuse admiral, calling upon the French General Vaubois and Admiral Villeneuve to surrender and deliver up their ships of war, &c. Admiral Nelson, on the 25th October, 1798, sent them a third, proposing that the French soldiers and sailors should be landed in France without being considered as prisoners of war, and that the lives of the Maltese, who had joined them, should be spared, and that he would mediate with their Sovereign for the restitution of his property. "But," added our spirited and resolute admiral, "should these offers be rejected, or should any of the ships escape, notwithstanding my vigilance, I declare that I will not listen to any capitulation which the general may hereafter be obliged to propose to the inhabitants of Malta; and what is more, that I will not interest myself in any manner for the pardon of those who have betrayed their duty to their country."

"I pray you to believe that such is the determination of the English admiral."

family embarked in the Vanguard, and were carried to Palermo* in Sicily. In March he arranged a plan for taking the islands in the bay of Naples, and for supporting the royalists who were making head in the kingdom: this succeeded in every part. In the month of May he shifted his flag to the Foudroyant, being advanced to be Rear Admiral of the Red; and was obliged to be continually on his guard against the French fleet. In June and July, he went to Naples, and, as his Sicilian majesty was pleased to say, "*reconquered his kingdom, and placed him upon his throne.*" On the 9th of August Lord Nelson brought his Sicilian majesty back to Palermo, having been upwards of four weeks on board the Foudroyant. On the 13th his Sicilian majesty presented him with a sword most magnificently enriched with diamonds, said to be worth sixty thousand ducats,† conferred on him the title of Duke of Bronti; and annexed to it the fief of Bronti.‡ On the arrival of the Russian squadron at Naples, Lord Nelson directed Commodore Troubridge to go with the squadron, and closely blockade Civita Vecchia; and to offer the French most favourable conditions if they would evacuate Rome, and Civita Vecchia; which terms the French General Grenier complied with, and they were signed on board the Culloden: thus a prophecy

* He assisted at the councils of His Neapolitan Majesty at Palermo.

† This sword derives additional value from the anecdote which attends it. Charles the Third, on his departure for Spain, presented this sword to the King of Naples, observing, as he gave it, "With this sword I conquered the kingdom which I now resign to you: it ought, in future, to be possessed by the first defender of the same, or by him who restored it to you, in case it should ever be lost."

‡ On the 7th Jan. the king was pleased, by warrant under his royal signet and sign manual, to give and grant to Lord Nelson his licence and permission to receive and bear the great cross of the order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit conferred upon him by Ferdinand the IVth, King of the Two Sicilies. The king was also pleased on the 9th Jan. to permit him to accept for himself and his heirs the title of Duke of Bronti, with the fief of the duchy annexed thereto, also conferred upon him by the said King of the two Sicilies.

London Gazette 12th Sept. 1801.

The territory annexed to the title of Duke of Bronti, yields above five thousand pounds a year. Lord Nelson, it is said, directed that two thousand pounds should be devoted to the use of the peasants of that neighbourhood, whose dress and comforts arising from this liberal donation placed them much above all others in the country. One thousand was assigned for repairs and improvements of the estate; and the other two thousand pounds were regularly transmitted to his lordship.

prophecy made to Lord Nelson on his arrival at Naples was fulfilled, that HE SHOULD TAKE ROME BY HIS SHIPS.

Lord Nelson was now regarded as the safeguard of the kingdom, and the prop of the national glory. It is to him that we are indebted for the victory of Copenhagen* on the 2nd of April, 1801, and the dissolution of the formidable confederacy of the north of Europe.

An

* For a particular account of this battle, see M. M. vol. xi. p. 281, and also the interesting extract from Mr. Carr's Northern Summer, inserted in this volume, p. 44.

The following correspondence passed between Lord Nelson and the Prince Royal of Denmark, near the close of the action.

No. I.

Lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark, when no longer resisting; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, Lord Nelson must be obliged to set on fire all the floating batteries he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them.

To the brothers of Englishmen, the Danes.

No. II.

His Royal Highness the Prince Royal of Denmark has sent one General Adjutant Lindholm* on board to His Britannick Majesty's Vice-admiral the Right Honourable Lord Nelson, to ask the particular object of sending the flag of truce.

No. III.

Lord Nelson's Answer.

Lord Nelson's object in sending the flag of truce, was humanity: he therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore; and Lord Nelson will take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off his prizes, as he shall think fit.

Lord Nelson, with humble duty to His Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark, will consider this the greatest victory he ever gained, if it may be the cause of a happy reconciliation and union between his own most gracious Sovereign, and his Majesty the King of Denmark.

NELSON AND BRONTE.

On the 19th of May, 1801, he was, in consequence of this victory, created a Viscount; and on the 4th of August he received a patent, creating him Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Hilborough in Norfolk; with remainders to Edmund Nelson, Clerk, Rector of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, father of Horatio Viscount Nelson, and his heirs male, &c. and to the heirs male, &c. severally and successively of Susanna, the wife of Thomas Botton, Esq. and sister of the said Horatio Viscount Nelson; and in default of such issue, to the heirs male of Catherine, the wife of George Matcham, Esq. another sister of the said Horatio Viscount Nelson.

* Lord Nelson told Colonel Lindholm, that "the French fought bravely, but that they could not have stood one hour, the fight which the Danes maintained for four.

An invasion having been threatened on the part of France, and a considerable number of small vessels collected along the coasts of the republic, particularly in the harbour of Boulogne, preparatory to such an attack, Lord Nelson had once more an opportunity of exerting his valour and talents. He accordingly hoisted his flag on board the *Unité* frigate, then lying at Sheerness, and took upon him the command of fifteen other frigates, and a considerable number of gun-boats and craft, stationed at Portsmouth, up the straits of Dover, to the northern extremity of the island. On this undertaking, he was invested with very extensive and unusual powers. He was also allowed by the admiralty three aids-de-camp, an indulgence unprecedented, but granted in consideration of the inconveniences he was exposed to, through the want of his right arm. During this enterprize, Lord Nelson made repeated attacks: his successes, though small in themselves, were great and valuable in their aggregate amount; the enemy received an important check; and the individual valour of Britons was, perhaps, never more strikingly displayed.

We pass from this scene to the most glorious epoch of his life,—the recent victory—which at once excites our admiration and regret, and mixes our transport with the most unbounded grief. In this last act of his life, his conduct was splendid and magnanimous beyond example; equally pious and brave, deserving success and obtaining it; he died in the fulness of glory, bequeathing to his country a victory which will probably be more valued, in its effects, by future ages, than by the present; for our posterity, whilst they acknowledge it as the basis of their security and the monument of ancient valour, will not have to mingle with their triumphs the poignant recollection that it was obtained by the loss of a man whom their ancestors had personally seen and revered.

In respect to the battle of the 21st of October, the fullest and the only official details are given in the *Gazette*. It is necessary, however, to subjoin some particulars relative to the last moments of the hero to whom we are so signally indebted. With these details, and a few additional circumstances, we shall close our account; our readers will find it long, we hope not tedious.

Lord

four. I have been in 105 engagements (said he) in the course of my life, but that of to-day was the most terrible of all." Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, in his dispatches to the Admiralty, said, "Were it possible for me to add any thing to the well-earned renown of Lord Nelson, it would be by asserting that his exertions, great as they have hitherto been, never were carried to a higher pitch of zeal for his country's service."

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Lord Nelson had received from the Admiralty, on the 1st or 2d of October, such information as induced him to believe that the enemy would soon put to sea. He had arranged, before he left London, to assume the command of the fleet, a plan by which he would fight the enemy upon a new principle; it was, we understand, extremely simple, but it was no sooner made known than it carried conviction to every naval officer; it afforded a complete remedy for that inconvenient system, which requires a vast variety and frequent changes of signals. "I shall never distract my fleet," he said, "in the day of battle, with a superabundance of signals." On the 4th of October he ordered all captains on board the *Victory*, and laid before them his new plan. It was one of the peculiar features of Lord Nelson's character, to be able, by the clearness and precision of his plans and orders, to make every man understand him in an instant;—the new plan carried immediate conviction to them—they all exclaimed, that it could not but be successful. The last orders given before the action was a short but comprehensive one—"England expects every man to do his duty." When he came in sight of them, he exclaimed, with his usual energy and piety, "Thank God! we have them at last." He determined himself to fight the Spanish admiral's ship, the superb *Santissima Trinidad*. It is worthy of remark, that he had before gained the highest honour in grappling with the *Santissima Trinidad*, in the action of the 14th of February, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent. She was the largest ship in the world; carried 136 guns, and had four decks. Lord Nelson ordered his own ship to be carried along-side his *old acquaintance*, as he called her, and she was lashed to her.

How well the action was fought, how severe the conflict, Admiral Collingwood's excellent letter sufficiently informs us. The enemy were engaged at the muzzle of their guns. Every one knows how full their ships always are of men; every 74 gun ship has about nine hundred men; the *Santissima Trinidad* had sixteen hundred, including a corps of troops, amongst whom were some sharpshooters. Captain Hardy, who saw from the manner in which these sharpshooters fired from the main-top of the *Santissima Trinidad* into the *Victory*, that their object was to pick out the officers, and more particularly of course that greatest of all heroes, repeatedly requested Lord Nelson to change his coat, which was decorated with the stars of the different orders, or at least to put on a great coat over it. His lordship replied that he had not time to do it.—The first that was killed near his lordship, was his secretary Mr.

Scott; he was killed by a musket ball, which entered his head, and he fell dead instantly. The second shot, a few minutes after, struck his lordship, and entering below his left shoulder, took a direction through the vital parts; he staggered against the officer near him, and was immediately carried below. The surgeons were busy upon the wounded—his lordship desired to take his turn. As soon as the surgeon examined the wound, he saw it was mortal. The gallant hero had his eyes fixed attentively upon him—he saw the surgeon turn pale, and his countenance assume the deepest impression of grief—"It is mortal, I see," he said. The surgeon did not, or could not speak. He desired to be placed upon a chair, and directed Captain Hardy to attend him—He spoke no more of his wound, except when he first communicated to the captain the surgeon's conviction. He employed the short time he lived, about an hour, in dictating orders relative to the battle, in receiving reports, in enquiring what was the condition of the enemy, and what ships had struck.

He had from the first thought that he should be wounded; but he spoke of the probability of it with his usual calmness. When he found, just before the action, that he had placed the enemy in such a situation that they could not avoid an engagement, he displayed the utmost animation, and his usual confidence of victory; he said to Captain Hardy, and the other officers who surrounded him on the quarter deck, "Now they cannot escape us; I think we shall at least make sure of twenty of them—I shall probably lose a leg, but that will be purchasing a victory cheaply." Even had the victory been purchased with that loss alone, it would not have been cheaply purchased; but how much dearer a price has been paid for it! To the last moment of his precious life, though the cavity of the chest was filling with blood, he was able to give directions with the utmost clearness and precision. Like General Wolfe, breathing out his life on the heights of Abraham, he enquired "whether the enemy gave way?" He was gratified with the intelligence conveyed to him almost every moment, that more of the enemy's ships had struck. As life ebbed fast away, the number augmented. He was told that fifteen had struck; he seemed enraptured with the intelligence. The last that struck before his death was the superb *Santissima Trinidad*. When he heard that she had struck, he appeared convulsed with joy; he lived but a few moments afterwards. In his last moments, with that piety which had ever formed a distinguishing feature of his character, he

returned thanks to God that he had permitted him to die in the arms of victory. He desired his blessing to be conveyed to all who were the nearest to his heart,* and whom he could have wished to have again embraced—"I know," said he, "I am dying; I could have wished to survive to breathe my last upon British ground, but the will of God be done." He laid his head upon the shoulder of Captain Hardy, who remained with him to the last, and in a few moments his gallant soul escaped for ever!—Admiral Collingwood had previously received the account of his being mortally wounded. Lord Nelson had sent him his final instructions, his affectionate regard, and his last farewell. It was known too on board the *San-tissima Trinidad* that he had been wounded: just after he had received the wound there was a general shout on board the Spanish ship.

Besides the honours† and rewards already mentioned, Lord Nelson

* One of the last letters which Lord Nelson wrote, was dated about a fortnight before the memorable battle, in which he yielded his invaluable life. The following is an extract from it:—

"The reception I met with on joining the fleet, caused the sweetest sensation of my life. The officers who came on board, to welcome my return, forgot my rank as commander in chief in the enthusiasm with which they greeted me. As soon as these emotions were past, I laid before them the plan I had previously arranged for attacking the enemy, and it was not only my pleasure to find it generally approved, but clearly perceived and understood. The enemy are still in port, but something must be immediately done to provoke or lure them to a battle. My duty to my country demands it, and the hopes centered in me I hope in God will be realized. In less than a fortnight expect to hear from me, or of me, for who can foresee the fate of battle? Put up your prayers for my success, and may God protect all my friends."

† *Arms.*] The arms first granted to Lord Nelson, were, Or, a cross fretty sable, a bend gules surmounted by another engrailed of the field, charged with three bombs fired proper.

And for the crest, a wreath of the colours, the stern of a Spanish man of war proper, thereon inscribed "*San Josef*."

Supporters.] On the dexter, a sailor armed with a cutlass, and a pair of pistols in his belt, proper; the exterior hand supporting a staff, thereon hoisted a commodore's flag, gules. On the sinister, a lion rampant regardant proper, in his mouth a broken flag-staff, therefrom flowing a Spanish flag, Or and Gules.

Augmentation granted November, 1798.—*The Motto was chosen by his Majesty.*

Arms.] A chief undulated argent, thereon waves of the sea, from which a palm-tree issuant between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister, all proper.

Crest

Nelson had a pension on the Irish establishment; he is also said to have received 10,000*l.* from the East India Company; from the Turkey Company a piece of plate of great value; from the city of London a sword most richly ornamented; from the mother of the Grand Signior a rose set with diamonds, valued at 1000*l.*; from the Emperor of Russia, a box set with diamonds estimated at 2500*l.*; from the King of Sardinia a similar present, worth 1200*l.*; from the Island of Zante a gold-headed sword and cane, as an acknowledgment that had it not been for the battle of the Nile, they could not have been liberated from French cruelty; and from the City of Palermo a gold box and chain brought on a silver waiter; also the freedom of that city, which constitutes him a grandee of Spain.

Earl Nelson and Mr. Hazlewood are the executors. Lord N. has bequeathed 1000*l.* a year to his lady. There are but one hundred and seventy acres lying about the house at Merton; but it was the intention of the gallant hero, if he had been allowed to reap the harvest of wealth, to have created a noble place. The classical character of Merton Abbey, in our history, once the seat of our parliament, and the residence of our kings, with the river Wandle running through it, had peculiar charms for his heart; and he more than once formed the plan, and enjoyed the idea of sitting down here with his affectionate family upon an extensive domain. In his last will he has expressed a desire that his body may be interred by the side of his revered father at Burnham Thorpe, *unless his majesty should be graciously pleased to direct otherwise.*

His majesty *has* been pleased to direct otherwise. The funeral will take place in St. Paul's Cathedral. Great preparations are making there, and also at Greenwich Hospital, for the solemn ceremony.

A few farther interesting particulars respecting the great victory in which Lord Nelson lost his life have recently transpired.

Lord Nelson joined the fleet the 28th September, but at so late an hour in the evening, that he did not make the communication till the next morning. He wrote a letter to one of his most intimate friends

Crest.] On a Naval Crown Or, the Chelengk, or plume of triumph, presented to him by the Grand Signior, with the motto, "Palmarum qui meruit ferat."

Supporters.] In the left hand of the sailor a palm-branch, and another in the paw of the lion, both proper, with the addition of a tri-coloured flag and staff in the mouth of the latter.

friends on the 1st of October, in which there is the following passage:—"I believe my arrival was most welcome, not only to the commander of the fleet, but also to every individual in it; and when I came to explain to them my plan of attack, it was like an electric shock—some shed tears, all approved.—*It was new; it was singular; it was simple*; and from admirals downwards it was repeated—it must succeed, if ever they will allow us to get at them."

On the 6th October he wrote a letter, in which he said—"I have not the smallest doubt that the enemy are determined to put to sea, and our battle must soon be fought, although they will be so very superior in number to my present force, yet I must do my best, and have no fears *but that I shall spoil their voyage*; but my wish is to do much more: and, therefore, hope that the Admiralty have been active in sending me ships, *for it is only numbers which can annihilate*. A decisive stroke on their fleet would make half a peace. If I can do that, I shall as soon as possible ask to come home and get my rest, at least for the winter. If no other inducement was wanting for my exertion, this would be sufficient, for what greater reward could the country bestow than to let me come to you, my friends, and to dear, dear Merton—and to come to you a victor would be victory thrice gained—"

October 7th.—"Since writing yesterday, I am more and more assured that the combined fleets will put to sea.—*Happy will they be who are present—and disappointed will those be who are absent.*"

His diamonds have been stated to be of great value. These things generally fall short of the estimate, and we are sure that all those who admire the valour of Lord Nelson, will lament to hear, that before he went out to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet, he was obliged to dispose of such of his jewels as were not of a nature to be left to his family, as trophies to illustrate the titles conferred on him by his king, and the sovereigns in alliance with his country. He disposed of snuff-boxes, and other articles, to Messrs. Rundell and Bridges; but the chief presents (including the chelengk and sword of the Grand Signior) he has left to descend with the title.

The king has granted to William Nelson, D. D. elder brother and heir to the late Viscount Nelson, "who," as the patent runs, "after a series of transcendant and heroic services, fell gloriously on the 21st. of October last, in the moment of brilliant and decisive victory," the dignity of a viscount and earl, under the title of

Viscount Nelson and Earl Nelson of Trafalgar and of Merton. The barony only descended to Dr. Nelson by his brother's decease.

His Majesty was extremely affected on receiving the account of the noble admiral's death, and omits no opportunity of testifying his regret at the mournful event. In his answer to the City Address, he thus expresses himself. "The loss of the distinguished commander, under whom this great victory has been achieved, I most sincerely and deeply lament. His transcendent and heroic services will, I am persuaded, exist for ever in the recollection of my people, and whilst they tend to stimulate those who come after him to similar exertions, they will prove a lasting source of strength security and glory to my dominions."

These are all the circumstances we have been enabled to collect respecting this illustrious character. The uncommon interest which he has excited in the public mind has tempted us to exceed the limits to which we usually confine this department of our work. The history of his achievements will, doubtless, be conveyed to posterity in a more faithful and ample biography. The present sketch contains, we believe, the substance of all that is yet known concerning him.

On his talents and his virtues it would be needless to expatiate. All acknowledge them, all are anxious to testify their admiration of them. We had prepared a summary of some of the most remarkable victories recorded both in ancient and modern history, with which his glorious career might be drawn into an honourable comparison; but want of room obliges us to reserve it till our next number.

One example, however, has been already pointed out in the public prints, and we shall quote it here.

Lord Nelson's character and military exploits may be put on a parallel with those of Agrippa in a few words: *eminent merit attended with remarkable modesty*. Like the Roman, he was victorious in both hemispheres, and with the fleets of France and Spain.—Like Agrippa also, Lord Nelson's glory was not confined to one element. He has triumph'd by sea and land. Agrippa could boast of the splendid trophies of the rostral crown, and the sea green standard. Lord Nelson could likewise boast of similar honours. The fame with which Virgil has so beautifully distinguished Agrippa, in his description of a sea fight, may be thus rendered and justly applied to Lord Nelson:

Next with kind gales, the care of every god,
NELSON led on his squadron through the flood.

A naval crown adorn'd the warrior's brows,
And fierce he pour'd amid th' embattl'd foes. *Pitt.*

We will conclude this account with three lines from the same poet, equally appropriate to the "*deathless hero of Trafalgar and the Nile.*"

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

TITLES AND RIBBONS

ARE, with a philosophical contempt, called by some mere gewgaws; and never mentioned but with scorn and indignation. It is entertaining to observe philosophers, who cannot see a ribbon across a man's shoulders, or hear a title pronounced, without falling into a passion, endeavour to ridicule the weakness of those who grieve at being deprived of them: for if it is weak to lament the loss of what they call gewgaws, it seems fully as weak not to be able to bear that they should be in the possession of others. Considering how universal the *affectation* of this contempt is, it seems surprising that the *reality* is so very rare. Like the fox in the fable, contemplating the grapes, mankind in general speak with disdain of titles and ribbons, when they are at such a distance as precludes the hope of attaining them; but snatch at them with eagerness as soon as they are brought within their reach.

J. M.

NAÏVETÉ.

NO word is oftener used than this; none is so frequently misapplied, and by very few is the term understood. I believe the best account of it is given by a French critic, M. Marmontel, who explains it thus:—That sort of amiable ingenuity, or undisguised openness, which seems to give us some degree of superiority over the person who shews it: a certain infantine simplicity, which we love in our hearts, but which displays some features of the character that we think we could have art to hide; and which, therefore, leads us to smile at the person who discovers this character. La Fontaine, in his fables, is given as the great example of such *naïveté*.

J. S.

COWPERIANA.

No. XIII.

BEATTIE AND BLAIR APPRECIATED.

“ I HAVE lately been employed in reading Beattie and Blair's Lectures: The latter I have not yet finished. I find the former the most agreeable of the two; indeed the most entertaining writer upon dry subjects, that I ever met with. His imagination is highly poetical, his language easy and elegant, and his manner so familiar, that we seem to be conversing with an old friend upon terms of the most sociable intercourse, while we read him. Blair is on the contrary rather stiff; not that his style is pedantic, but his air is formal. He is a sensible man, and understands his subjects; but too conscious that he is addressing the public, and too solicitous about his success, to indulge himself for a moment in that play of fancy which makes the other so agreeable. In Blair we find a scholar, in Beattie both a scholar and an amiable man; indeed so amiable, that I have wished for his acquaintance ever since I read his book.— Having never in my life perused a page of Aristotle, I am glad to have had an opportunity of learning more than (I suppose) he would have taught me, from the writings of two modern critics. I felt myself too a little disposed to compliment my own acumen upon the occasion: for though the art of writing and composing was never much my study, I did not find that they had any great news to tell me. They have assisted me in putting my observations into some method, but have not suggested many, of which I was not, by some means or other, previously apprized. In fact, critics did not originally beget authors: but authors made critics. Common sense dictated to writers the necessity of method, connexion, and thoughts congruous to the nature of their subject: genius prompted them with embellishments; and then came the critics. Observing the good effects of an attention to these items, they enacted laws for the observance of them in time to come; and having drawn their rules for good writing, from what was actually well written, boasted themselves the inventors of an art, which the authors of the day had already exemplified. They are however useful in their way; giving us at one view a map of the boundaries which propriety sets to fancy, and serving as judges to whom the

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public may at once appeal, when pestered with the vagaries of those who have had the hardiness to transgress them.

"Beattie is the only author I have seen, whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination, that makes even the driest subject and the leanest a feast for an epicure in books. He is so much at his ease too, that his own character appears in every page; and, which is very rare, we see not only the writer but the man: and that man so gentle, so well tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him, if one has any sense of what is lovely.

"I have read six of Blair's Lectures, and what do I say of Blair? that he is a sensible man, master of his subject, and, excepting here and there a Scotticism, a good writer, so far at least as perspicuity of expression and method contribute to make one. But, oh! the sterility of that man's fancy: if indeed he has any such faculty belonging to him. Perhaps philosophers, or men designed for such, are sometimes born without one; or perhaps it withers for want of exercise. However that may be, Dr. Blair has such a brain as Shakspeare somewhere describes, 'dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.'"

"Since I dispatched my last, Blair has crept a little farther into my favour. As his subjects improve, he improves with them: but upon the whole I account him a dry writer; useful no doubt as an instructor, but as little entertaining as with so much knowledge it is possible to be. His language is, except Swift's, the least figurative I remember to have seen; and the few figures found in it, are not always happily employed. I take him to be a critic very little animated by what he reads; who rather reasons about the beauties of an author than really tastes them, and who finds that a passage is praise-worthy, not because it charms him, but because it is accommodated to the laws of criticism, in that case made and provided."

A short Description of the present Manners and Customs

OF

THE INHABITANTS OF TONGATABOO,

ONE OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

*Collected from a Person between two and three Years resident
among them.*

THIS island, which is one of the group denominated the Friendly Islands, is situated close to Happee and Anamoie, with the inhabitants of either or both of which they are generally involved in war; in consequence of which the population of all the islands has suffered considerably, and is at present by no means extensive.

Of this island Ducava is acknowledged the principal chief, and is universally respected as such; but he is not however without a competitor in the person of a younger brother, who, without disputing, seems to be vested with the first executive power, and shares his kinsman's dignity.

The subjects of this dingy potentate are admitted to a plurality of wives, though few, if any, extend the license further than a pair; and this custom appears to be established on a principle of policy, as the number of females exceeds that of the opposite sex, in a two-fold proportion, owing to an unrelaxed depopulation, consequent on destructive usages and perpetual warfare. Although estranged to any religious sentiment or notion, superstitious prejudices prevail among them in common with the inhabitants of other countries to which the torch of reason has not yet extended its illuminating ray. Obstinate refusing to credit the possible existence of any other country than their own, they adopt, by common consent, the strange and ludicrous supposition that such European visitors as have in too many instances unfortunately touched at their inhospitable spot, have fallen in a state of exile from the clouds, and still retain the power of exciting thunder. Devoid of every idea that could be productive of a probable inference, they regard an European with a jealous eye, because his difference of complexion implies something preternatural; but as wanton barbarity and a monstrous plea of necessity are alike admitted in justification of homicide, their cannibal voracity, regardless of complexion,

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reduces all within their power to one unhappy level. To such an excess (as our information declares) do they carry the abominable propensity, that, upon every visitation of famine, or extreme scarcity, occasioned by an unfavourable season, they forsake their habitations, and fortify themselves in caverns, as the only means of preservation against each other, when in stronger parties prowling at midnight in search of human prey. At such a season none dares to venture out by night alone, lest he should behold his friends and family no more; but this is the dernier resort, and is admissible only in the last extremity. Upon their prisoners of war they exercise every inhuman torture, and afterwards greedily solace upon the wretched victim; and frequently even boasted that those of the Portland's unfortunate crew, whom they treacherously inveigled and murdered on their shore, served to assuage their inordinate and cursed appetites.

Their general deportment towards each other is not, however, forbidding or austere; their sports are athletic, and their persons nervous; they clothe partially, and never appear in a state of perfect nudity, which would not be permitted by their chiefs. Their war weapons consist of the bow and arrow, spear and club. Their canoes are numerous and variously constructed; those used in the ordinary purposes of ferrying and fishing are small, but dexterously managed, and their war boats, which possess much regularity of form, are very large and commodious. One of these, we are informed, was launched during the short period of the Union's stay, and was reported to be capable of containing three hundred men. The island produces vegetables, yams, cocoa nuts, plantains, and bananas, in tolerable abundance, when favoured by the season; besides which, the natives hold in high estimation the flesh of a small-sized animal of the dog kind, which many prefer to the finest fish.

When consistent with safety they reside in huts open on one or two sides, and roofed with the plantain leaf laid firmly on cocoa nut branches as rafters: and were they as studious in improving the gifts of nature as their own perfidy of disposition, no manner of doubt can be entertained that they might have lived a happy people, and maintained to the spot of their nativity an exalted rank among the Friendly Islands.

THE SOCIETY
FOR
THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS rather surprised to see that an attempt was made, some time in the last month I believe, by the society for the suppression of vice, to deprive the Royal Circus company of their licence. The magistrates very properly enquired upon what grounds they were to refuse a renewal of it, and they were told that *spectacles* of a very immoral tendency were constantly exhibited there. In support of this assertion they could bring no sufficient or satisfactory proof, in consequence of which the magistrates permitted the theatre to be repaired.

I shall request permission to occupy a page or two of the Mirror with an enquiry into the motives and the conduct of this society. In their last report they tell a most lamentable tale of the increase of atheism and profaneness, of the spread of sedition and jacobinism; and when we look to the methods which they have used to "suppress" these crimes, we find that 341 shopkeepers have been fined for selling goods, and 282 publicans been tried for suffering their houses to be kept open on a Sunday. Never was the fable more completely verified.

"Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus."

An extract or two from their address to the public will amuse.

"It is a truth too evident to be denied, not only that vice has of late advanced upon us with almost unexampled rapidity, but that it has assumed a more bold and daring appearance, stalking abroad in open day, both in defiance of shame and the correction of the laws. Not only have those habits of propriety, those customary regularities, that exterior and prescribed decency of conduct, which deprive vice of its grossness, gradually declined, and almost wholly disappeared from among the lower orders: but a laxity of principle, a stupid indifference to virtue and religion, a morbid dissoluteness of morals, appear more or less to have pervaded all ranks of society. Our soil is tainted, society is infected, religion is gradually waning into formality, a general negligence, not to say a disesteem on this important subject too generally prevails; vice is daily making such inroads among us, that, unless it be timely opposed, it affords but

too certain a presage that religious principle will be swept away, and general licentiousness abound."

Really, the assertions which are contained in the foregoing paragraph seem so entirely the effusions of fancy, that were they sent into the world upon the *ipse dixit* of one man alone, I should be tempted to pity the poor fellow, and recommend him to be taken good care of by his friends; but as they are given in the report, and consequently as the opinion of a numerous society, they deserve more serious attention. The charge of profligacy and licentiousness, of the total want of all attention to the duties of religion and morality, is so steadily asserted and so confidently repeated, that it calls for abundant proof on the part of the assertor. But he here fails most lamentably, as indeed he must; for, on a subject like this, we do not want to look through the spectacles of other men; our own eyes, our own ears, are as competent to decide for us as all the reports of this society. On a subject of this kind the experience of any man, who sees the faces of his fellow men, is as good as that of the author or authors of the above quoted paragraph. Let then any unprejudiced man be called on for his opinion, whether vice has "of late advanced upon us with *unexampled* rapidity?" Whether "a stupid indifference to virtue and religion, a morbid dissoluteness of morals, have pervaded all ranks of society?" Whether "our soil is tainted, and society infected with a general negligence and disesteem of religion?" and whether "religious principle is in danger of being swept away?"—and he will answer, certainly, in the negative to every one of these questions. Let us now, for a moment, see how far these gentlemen have the authority of Scripture for *enforcing* a regard to the Sabbath day.—"Let no man," says St. Paul, "judge you in respect to the Sabbath day."* Again, "One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."† Such is the decision of St. Paul, and, warned by it, let not any man presume to condemn his fellow-creatures for not complying with his particular forms of observance of the Sabbath.

The following extract will serve to shew the absurdity of the author's speculations.

"It will scarcely be denied that INFIDELITY, BLASPHEMY, TREASON, and LICENTIOUSNESS have been let loose among us *upon design*. The dissolution of moral order has been attempted *upon system*; and it has surely appeared, beyond all reasonable doubt,

* Col. chap. ii. ver. 16.

† Rom, chap. xiv. ver. 5.

that associations have been formed for the most nefarious purposes, which have *threatened the very existence* of civil society."

We are naturally startled at assertions so truly alarming, and we eagerly enquire what members of these "associations" have been brought to the punishment they so completely deserve, and who are the conspirators whose iniquitous exertions "threatened the very existence of civil society." When we look for the names and the crimes of the persons who have been convicted, or attempted to be convicted, we find, to our utter amazement, that they are poor, illiterate, petty shopkeepers, and publicans, whose ideas never extend beyond Meux's or Whitbread's Entire. Poor Mr. Cross, whose ingenuity in the invention of *spectacles* and pantomimes, has often and very justly been celebrated in the Mirror, would, I dare say, be not a little amazed to be told that he and his unfortunate brethren of the Royal Circus were engaged in a plot to overturn religion and morality. The loyal songs with which their late house so often resounded, will surely exempt them from the charge of inculcating sedition.

The exertions of this society seem uniformly directed at the vices and the amusements of the poor. They make no attempt to put a stop to the gaming houses at the west end of the town, where so many fortunes are constantly won and lost; but if a tradesman of the lower order is found amusing himself at a public house with a hit at gammon, or a game at all-fours, their spies, ever on the watch, give information to their employers, who use their endeavours to deprive the poor publican of his licence. Acting on the same principle, they never interfere with what may be called the politer places of public amusement, but they take every possible care to prevent the shop-keeper in the Borough having an evening's rational entertainment at the Royal Circus. The following extract will prove how tenderly they touch the vices of the rich.

"It is by no means the intention of the society to enforce those provisions of the law, which, from the evident change of manners, may be considered as obsolete, or to shock the feelings of modern life, by attempting to circumscribe those ordinary gratifications, which the enlarged freedom of the present times has sanctioned and prescribed. Regard must be had to the complexion of the times, that delicacy be not violated by the attempted suppression of customs, which are considered as harmless or allowed; and that refinement be not deprived of those ordinary enjoyments, which, from gradual usage, have grown into such prescription and habit, that any attempt

at correction might prove ineffectual or hazardous. Indecency at one period of civilization, is considered as decency at another."

This extract is not less extraordinary than the other. We were there told that heresy, blasphemy, sedition, and licentiousness, were making the most alarming inroads upon society. But here modern licentiousness is called "enlarged freedom," "ordinary enjoyment," "harmless custom." Surely these expressions would have come with a much better grace from a modern man of fashion, than from a society for the suppression of vice.

It is a very strong ground of objection to this society, that they encourage and promote a system of espionage, not less extensive than it is iniquitous. While they are attempting to suppress vices and crimes, many of which are only imaginary, they are actually creating and encouraging a practice the most nefarious, a practice which has only been resorted to by the worst of men in the worst of times. Their spies are lurking in every hole and corner, and as they are paid so much *per information*, they lodge them without the least regard to truth or justice. Thus a Jew was summoned before the magistrates for permitting unlawful dancing in his house on a sabbath day, when it turned out, on enquiry, that the man was keeping the feast of the passover. I would by no means wish to censure, indiscriminately, all the members of this society; many of them are persons of true respectability, but when we see men affecting to be so much more pious and virtuous than their neighbours, we cannot help looking rather closely into their pretensions.

Nov. 1st 1805.

I am, Sir, &c.

E. D.

DR. SANGRADO.

"DR. T——" said a citizen's lady, "has an excellent method of cure; he orders no medicine but what is warm and comfortable to the stomach; and the regimen he prescribes, consists of nourishing soups and jellies, which he says, support the system, and not hot water and bleeding, like Dr. Sangrado, who starves his patients."

"Who is Doctor Sangrado?" said Sir Robert.

"I know nothing farther about him," replied she, "for I never employed him myself; but I suppose he is some Scotch doctor; for none could have a prejudice in favour of starving, but those who are accustomed to it from their infancy."

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

An Historical and Critical Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy. By Joseph Cooper Walker, M. R. I. A. 8vo. 7s. pp. 312. Longman and Co. 1805.

To the unwearied labours and ingenious researches of Mr. Cooper, M. R. I. A. i. e. Member of the Royal Irish Academy, the public is already indebted for two works of very superior merit,—*Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, published in the year 1786, and *Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, in 1799. From this quarter, on the present subject, every thing was to be expected, and much has been performed. The literature of Italy appears now to be about to rise with new splendour in England. The exertions of such writers as Mr. Roscoe, Sir Richard Clayton, Mr. Greswell, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Matthias, cannot prove ineffectual. To co-operate with such writers, is an honour to which Mr. W. presumes to aspire.

His design, and the modest statement of the powers which he brought to the accomplishment of it, are exposed in these words :

“ Having dispatched the *Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, I thought a further use should be made of my collection of Italian dramas, which, through the active kindness of my friends, and my own exertions, has increased considerably, and is still increasing. I was therefore induced to turn my attention to the revival of the drama in Italy, a subject which some of the reviewers seemed to think I had treated too slightly. An amplification of the introduction to my former work was my original plan ; but as I advanced, I had so often occasion to extend the boundaries I had marked out for myself, that my labours at length brought forth a volume. To this pleasing yet arduous task, several years have been devoted. Every means of obtaining information that my retired situation could afford, has been employed. Something, I trust, I have done, but still much remains to be done. The subject is by no means exhausted. I have only chalked out a path, which others, I hope, will follow with more success. To the praise of genius I have no claim ; but the humble merit of patient industry, will not, I flatter myself, be totally denied me.” Pref. p. iv.

In his first section *On the Revival of the Drama in Italy*, he principally endeavours to shew that the modern secular drama did not rise out of the mysteries and moralities, and appears, with much judgment and reading, very satisfactorily to prove the existence of a stage in Italy, that was neither merely sacred nor pantomimical, pre-

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vicious to the time of Guiliamo Dati, who flourished about the year 1445. The co-existence of secular dramatic poets is a natural conclusion. Observing on the *histriones* tolerated by the fathers, he makes these remarks, which give rise to a very agreeable anecdote.

"It would seem, however, that the *histriones* of these holy fathers were mere buffoons, such as used to frequent the convivial meetings of the Romans, and sometimes appeared at the table of the munificent Can Grande, in the time of Dante.* They were, in fact, the legitimate descendants of the ancient Mimi, a race of strolling jesters or buffoons, of which the ARLECCHINO of the modern stage is the representative. To the *histriones*, then, I am of opinion, the Italian stage has little obligation: indeed I could not be easily convinced that they promoted essentially the revival of the drama in Italy, though I am ready to admit that their talents might have occasionally assisted in supporting it during its infancy. What others wrote, they represented." P. 4.

The first decided attempt in Italy at a regular drama, was made, says Mr. W. by Albertino Mussato, the historian who lived about the year 1300. He took Seneca for his model, on which Tiraboschi observes, *Ma un cattivo originale non poteva fare che una piu cattiva copia*. Mussato, however, received a laurel for his *Eccerinis*, a tragedy, of which our essayist gives an analytical review.

To the rude effusions of the TROUBADOURS, to whom Dante and Petrarch were under infinite obligations, he thinks, p. 7, the revival of the drama in Italy may, perhaps, in a great degree, be ascribed. The JOUJLEURS share the honour. In a note he adds, "Perhaps it will yet appear that the favourite tales, as well as the customs and manners of the east, were introduced into Europe by the crusaders. Indeed Mr. Warton considers the Saracens, either at their emigration into Spain, about the ninth century, or at the time of the crusades, as the first authors of romantic fabling among the Europeans." We are rather inclined to the belief of Dr. Drake. "That something," says he, "was added to the Scandinavian system of fabling, through the medium of the crusades, and through the introduction of Arabian literature into Spain, cannot rationally be doubted, but that the great outlines of romantic fiction had been previously chalked out in Europe by the Northern Scalds, and that

* The Can observing that these Buffoni drew off the notice of his court from Dante, who was then his guest, asked, perhaps tauntingly, how it happened that they should be so much admired, and command such general attention, while Dante sat at his table unheeded? To this the poet, proud and full of his wrongs, haughtily replied, "You will cease to wonder, when you consider, that similarity of manners is the strongest bond of attachment." Tirab. V. 5.

to their literature, mythology, and poetry, we may trace the origin of romance, appears too obvious to be denied." See this questionably treated in the third volume of Drake's Literary Hours.

Because to Tommaso Bambasio (to whom Petrarch gave the surname of *Roscius*, with perhaps about as much wisdom as we often betray in conferring it) he bequeathed his lute, to be employed in celebrating the glory of God, and *non pro vanitate seculi fugacis*, it by no means follows, as Mr. W. would have it, p. 14, that the testator had used it when chanting the praises of his mistress, and consequently understood music.

With a great variety of curious matter and instructive research, Mr. W. pursues his subject. We lament that we cannot attend him throughout so minutely as we could wish. His account of the *Rappresentazione, Festa, Storia, Misterio, or Esemplio*, and his *expose* of Italian dramas, of numerous dates and descriptions, will be found often very interesting,* and sometimes, it must be confessed, rather dull. The work is, however, on the whole, a desirable acquisition to literature. He is much indebted to Vasari.

Mr. Walker acknowledges obligations for rare books, and hints to Mr. Browne, I. A. Eccles, Rev. H. J. Todd, Signior Gaetano Polidori, Signior Tom. de Ocheda, Roscoe, and Dr. Anderson. The idea of subjoining translations of his Italian extracts was judicious, and in furnishing these he has been assisted by the Rev. H. Boyd, W. Preston, Miss Watts, and Miss Bannerman. These are great names on this occasion, but they have not always done justice to their fame,

*Marte, se oscur ancor ti paron l'ore,
Vienne al mio dolce ospizio, ch'io l'aspetto;
Vulcan non v'è, che ci disturbi amore.
Vien, ch'io l'invito nuda in mezzo il letto.
Non indugiar, ch'el tempo passa e vola,
Coperto m'ho di fior vermigli il petto.*

Lorenzo de' Medici.

Compared with the original, which is in the richest style of Little's amatory poems, what can be more flat than this version, if we may call it one?

* The appendix contains much agreeable information. In No. V. we are struck with the co-incidence between act ii, scene 2, of the *Mandragola* of Machiavelli, and act iii. scene 8, of Congreve's *Double Dealer*. However, as he is not said to have cultivated Italian literature, it is probable he was unacquainted even with the existence of the *Mandragola*.

Come soldier ! if the hand of night
Has clos'd the curtains to thy mind ;
No husband here, with jealous spite,
My dark retreat shall ever find.

O come, my soldier, to my arms,—
Away ! the winged hours fly.
See how the rose improves my charms,
And sweetly scents the bower of joy." P. 108.

If it could not have been done better with decency, it should not have been done at all.

The troublesome times in which our author composed this essay, are proposed at the end of his preface as an excuse for its want of "elaborate finishing," but his style of composition seems to have suffered nothing from the events alluded to. It is as good as usual. Indeed Mr. W. is not remarkable for the brilliance of his literary dress. If, however, to borrow a simile, like naked mountains with mines of gold, he is without superficial attractions, he will still be valued and frequented for his treasures.

Memoirs of Samuel Foote, Esq. with a Collection of his genuine Bon-Mots, Anecdotes, Opinions, &c. mostly Original; and three of his Dramatic Pieces not published in his Works. By William Cooke, Esq. 3 Vols. 12mo. Phillips. 1805.

It will be long before the talents of Foote, "the singularity of his genius, the sprightliness of his wit, the exuberance of his fancy, and the frequent utility of his satire," are entirely forgotten. At present he lives in the memory of many who knew the man, and have enjoyed his humour—

Humour, with arched brow, and leering eye,
Shrewd, solemn, sneering, subtle, slow and sly,
Serious herself, yet laughter still provoking,
By teasing, tickling, jeering, gibing, joking.

Prol. to the Nabob.

Numbers, too, of congenial souls, since born, still keep their eye upon his remains, and often feelingly exclaim, "He should have died hereafter!" The few thirty years, therefore, which have removed him from this scene, have yet left him so interesting to the public mind, that they will be grateful to Mr. Cooke, through whose industry he now flourishes, and again "looks green."

From Mr. C.'s nine years acquaintance with Foote himself, as well as from the friendly terms on which he afterwards lived with

the intimates of Foote's earlier days, (see introd. vol. i.) we may safely depend on the authenticity of his materials; and from our knowledge of the events of that period, and from the great amusement experienced by us in the perusal of these "Memoirs," we cannot allow that he is guilty of any unbecoming presumption, when he not only thinks "that his performance will be found the best that has yet appeared, but is rather sanguine in thinking it the best that can now be effected." Introd. ix.

As this is a book that will be in every body's hands, we shall not present the reader with a dry outline of what Mr. C. has so entertainingly filled up. Not entering, therefore, into dates and particulars of Foote's life, we shall merely make a few extracts, and some general remarks.

We are much interested in the mother of Samuel Foote, from whom it seems he inherited his humour, and who was in person "the very model of her son." This "*model*," Mr. C. tells us, was "*short, fat, and flabby*;" but we shall give the whole of this passage.

"The father died soon after the establishment of his children in the world, but the mother lived to the extreme age of *eighty-four*, through various fortunes. We had the pleasure of dining with her in company with a grand-daughter of her's, at a barrister's chambers in Gray's Inn, when she was at the advanced age of *seventy-nine*; and though she had full sixty steps to ascend before she reached the drawing room, which looked into the gardens, she did it without the help of a cane, or any other support, and with all the activity of a woman of forty.

"Her manners and conversation were of the same cast; witty, humorous, and convivial; and though her remarks, occasionally, (considering her age and sex) rather strayed "beyond the limits of becoming mirth," she, on the whole, delighted every body, and was confessedly the heroine of that day's party.

"She was likewise in face and person the very model of her son Samuel—short, fat, and flabby, with an eye that eternally gave the signal for mirth and good humour: in short, she resembled him so much in all her movements, and so strongly identified his person and manners, that by changing habits, they might be thought to have interchanged sexes.

"And here, perhaps, it will be necessary to pause, in order to trace the source from which her son might probably have derived that abundant store of wit and humour he so early displayed, and circulated through the whole course of his life.

"'Genius (says Dr. Johnson) is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction:' and we are told by the same author, 'that the late Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's treatise on painting.' This definition, no doubt, will generally apply to the cultivation of arts and sciences; but *true wit* is neither altogether inductive, nor mechanical; a man may read works of humour till he is blind, and spend his last guinea in the company of wits, without becoming one

himself: deny him the original stamina, education, like armour upon the weak, will but incumber him, and habit render him petulant and troublesome, destined to settle in, perhaps, a miserable punster, or the uniform narrator of a twentieth told tale.

"Where then shall we look for this first impulse in Foote? he could not have it from his father, who, by every account, was a plain, regular country gentleman; nor from his brother, who was so *imbecile* both in mind and body, that he had scarcely power to provide for himself in any department of life. May we not, then, with some propriety ascribe this extraordinary natural talent as hereditary from his mother? who not only transmitted to him her face and person, but likewise the model of her mind, which, polished by a higher education, and a selection of congenial company, ripened into all that richness and luxuriance of fancy, which was so long the delight and admiration of the gay, the fashionable, and literary world." Vol. i. p. 12.

In the second volume we have a note containing the following curious anecdote respecting these oddities, in which a further resemblance will be perceived.

"Under one of her temporary embarrassments, she wrote the following laconic epistle to our hero; which, with his answer, exhibits no bad specimen of the thoughtless dispositions of the two characters:—

"Dear Sam,

"I am in prison for debt: come and assist your loving mother,

"E. Foote.

"Dear Mother,

"So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,

"Sam. Foote.

"P. S. I have sent my attorney to assist you; in the mean time let us hope for better days." Vol. ii. p. 4.

The various circumstances of Foote's life are well related, and afford an abundance of interest. Many anecdotes of his contemporaries appear without much irrelevancy, and towards the close of the hero's career, a very strange incident respecting the unfortunate Dr. Dodd is for the first time made public. We shall transcribe it.

"The day after the doctor was convicted at the Old Bailey of the crime for which he afterwards suffered, (a crime which, he must have known, can never afford even a hope for the royal mercy in this commercial country) he sent a note to the late Mr. William Woodfall, the original printer of the *Morning Chronicle*, requesting the favour of speaking to him on a very particular subject. This must have been a distressing summons to any one, but more particularly to a man of Woodfall's humanity: not to go, would be unkind; to go, would be incurring a scene of distress painful to his feelings. But Woodfall could never hesitate on a question of active and disinterested friendship: and he hastened to Newgate on the very morning of receiving the invitation.

“ On entering the apartment where the doctor sat, he found it impossible to avoid taking some notice of his unhappy situation ; but as he was commiserating it in an embarrassed, sympathizing manner, the doctor, with great apparent composure, interrupted him by saying, ‘ Oh ! Mr. Woodfall, this is not the business I sent for you about. Sit, down, and I will explain.—Though I have not the pleasure of personally knowing you, I am not unacquainted with the line of your professional business ; which, I understand, engages you much in the habits of the theatres, the managers, and theatrical pursuits in general. I likewise have a particular respect for your judgment in those matters ; and on this account, I think you can be of some service to me.’—Here the other offering his civilities, the doctor proceeded.—‘ You must know, then, that being in my earlier days, like yourself, a lover of the drama, I sketched out a comedy, the hint of which I took from the story of Sir Roger de Coverley in the Spectator. This piece I have finished, *since my residence in Newgate* ; and if you will be so good as to revise it, and give me your interest with the manager, I shall feel myself much obliged to you.’

“ Mr. Woodfall, finding himself relieved by the conference taking so different and unexpected a turn, instantly acceded to this proposal, took the manuscript away with him, suggested some alterations, which the doctor readily complied with, and afterwards corresponded with him on this subject till the week before his execution.” Vol. i. p. 195.

Every thing relating to the celebrated *Duchess of Kingston* and Foote, who satirised her under the title of *Lady Kitty Crocodile*, in the *Trip to Calais*, is told with great neatness, judgment, and delicacy. The shameful consequences of this unhappy event, certainly tended to expedite the death of the satirist, with which, attended by an appropriate reflection, Mr. Cooke terminates his first volume.

The second opens with some very judicious remarks, illustrating Foote's *private and public character*, which occupy fifty-five pages, and the remainder of this volume, and the greater part of the third, are taken up with his “ *Bon-Mots, Characters, Opinions, &c. &c.*” During the reign of any distinguished wit, each jest that has not an ostensible father, is ascribed to him—he is the lord of the manor, and all strays are his. Loads have consequently been heaped into Foote's granary, and are publicly exposed as belonging to him, without his having any original title to the spurious fruit. Mr. Cooke has on this occasion exercised his judgment, and given us few for the genuineness of which he could not answer. Many of Foote's best witticisms have still unavoidably escaped Mr. C.'s search, and some, through misinformation, he has told incorrectly, and with less point than they really possess. Such is the case with the one related at p. 106, vol. ii. of *Churchill*. The joke is far better put by the present *Rev. Bate Dudley* of himself. He tells it amongst his

friends to this effect. Waistcoats trimmed with fur were very fashionable at a certain period of Foote's time, and seeing Dudley at a coffee-house, with one, of which he seemed not a little proud, the wit stepped up to him, and taking hold of his waistcoat, exclaimed "Ah! what *fur* atque sacerdos!"

From this crop of humour, our gleanings in another place render it here unnecessary to take any samples. We may observe, however, by the way, that as the editor noted the origin of some of Foote's bon-mots, as in the instance of that at p. 81, vol. ii. originally uttered by the emperor Augustus, he might have done the same with several others. *Videlicet*,

" CAPE WINE.

" Being at the same table another day, when the Cape was going round in remarkable small glasses, his lordship was very profuse on the excellence of the wine, its age, &c. 'But you don't seem to relish it, Foote, by keeping your glass so long before you?'—'Oh yes, my lord; perfectly well: I am only admiring how *little* it is considering its *great age*.'" Vol. ii. p. 59.

This is the *μικρος ὡς πολλων ετων* of *Phryne, the courtesan*. See Casaubon's *Athenæus*, p. 585, E.* But Mr. Cooke was probably not aware of this source, since his knowledge of Greek letters, (Vol. iii. p. 172) does not appear to be on a par with Garrick's acquisition of "Greek words;" Vol. ii. p. 11. He has been tolerably lucky in printing the quotation, but has certainly not hit it to a T.

The latter part of the third volume is composed of *three dramatic pieces of Samuel Foote, not published in his works; a letter from Mr. Foote to the reverend author of the remarks, critical and christian, on the Minor; copy of the original licence under which Foote held the Haymarket theatre; and, an account of the trial for the murder of Sir John Dinely Goodere, Bart.* The first of these little dramatic pieces will remind the reader of Mr. Colman's *Sylvester Daggerwood*. Crambo the poet, with his tragedy, is Mr. C.'s *Fustian*, Foote's piece was perhaps not unknown to him.

The style of this work does credit to Mr. Cooke's taste. It is easy and unaffected, and the matter which it introduces is such as cannot fail to be highly relished by all those who love mirth and good humour.

* The jest has been thus turned by "Old Nick."

"Some one sending Phryne a very small quantity of excellent wine, which he said was ten years old, she replied:

"What ten years old? 'tis good then, I'll engage,

"But faith 'tis very little of its age!"

Poems suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia-Minor, Syria, and Greece; with Prefaces, extracted from the Author's Journal. Embellished with two Views of the Source of the Scamander, and the Aqueduct over the Simois. By the late J. D. Carlyle, B. D. F. R. S. E. Chancellor of Carlisle, Vicar of Newcastle upon Tyne, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Durham. 4to. pp. 149. 1l. 1s. White. 1805. Concluded from p. 110.

THE poetical effusions suggested by scenes in Asia-Minor, Syria, and Greece, are,

On passing an evening with a caravan of Arabs and Caraminians.

On viewing the vale and city of Nicæa, at sun-rise.

Written on hearing a cuckoo in the valley of St. Saba.

On visiting the source of the Scamander, after having ascended Ida.

On leaving Athos.

On viewing Athens from the Pnyx, by the light of a waning moon.

On being disappointed in a prospect of Parnassus, from the heights between Eleusis and Megara.

Written on the banks of the Bosphorus.

These elegant pieces are introduced by short prefaces, extracted from the author's journal. In the verses "on being disappointed in a prospect of Parnassus," (a disappointment, figuratively speaking, very frequent among poets!) he pleasingly observes :

" Ne'er, ne'er since youth's unconscious spring

First drank the vivid ray,

Ne'er have I chid time's lagging wing,

Or known the listless day.

For every feature, groves or fields,

Men, cities, rocks or seas,

Each object art or nature yields

The Muse can mould to please ;

To her, nor weeds deform the ground,

Nor hurricanes the air,

No desert can be barren found,

No precipice be bare." P. 66—67.

And these remarks Professor Carlyle has exemplified in his poems, which, with the most graceful traits of art, exhibit all the fascination and interest of simplicity and truth. We might select a more elevated strain of poetry, but none presents itself with more

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agréments than this moral scene, extracted from the piece, entitled
"On passing an evening with a caravan of Arabs and Caraminians."

Now sleeping in the same retreat,
Greeks, Phrygians, Turks, together lie ;
And stranger still, here mingling meet
A wandering Arab tribe and I.

Oh ! let me haste to join the band,
And each unfolding scene survey,
That long I've lov'd—that oft I've scann'd,
Depicted in the poet's lay.

I recognise each feature—there,
In groups the camels cluster round ;
And as the slender meal they share,
Their tinkling bells responsive sound.

The blazing pine that near them glows,
Red mixing with the moon's pale beam,
Along the cemetery throws
Its quivering light—its dubious gleam.

The scanty tent that close behind
Half shuns the fire, and half bends o'er—
Yet scant, and fluttering with the wind,
Enough for those who want no more.

The swarm within, that glad prepares
The welcome eve's allow'd repast,
Hailing the planet,* which declares
The period of the day's long fast.

The beckoning chief points out a seat,
And bids me share the friendly board ;
Oh sweeter far the humble treat,
Than pomp can deck, or pride afford !

Plain is the dish, and coarse the fare—
Yet plain and free the circling youth,
And hospitality is there,
Nature, simplicity, and truth.

No thoughts but what the tongue dare speak,
Within the artless bosom dwell ;
Or were it mute, the mantling cheek,
And sparkling eye, the tale would tell :

* As it was Ramadhan, they were not permitted to eat till after sun-set. Journal,
P. 6.

Each rising image stands confest—
 At once display'd—at once descried—
 As ocean's smooth expanded breast
 Shews every rock that crowns his side.

Nature, these genuine charms are thine—
 How different are the scenes of art?
 Where all is fair, and all is fine,
 And all is finish'd but the heart.

There's the soft speech,—the polish'd style—
 The complimentary reply—
 The practis'd look—the ready smile,
 That hides a truth, or hints a lie.

But hark yon shout ! yon cry of rage—
 The sabre starting from its sheath—
 See the mad youths in fight engage,
 Hear, hear the dreadful shriek of death !

Nature, these charms are thine !
 The ocean's breast that mocks control,
 Where passion, rage, revenge, combine
 To wake the tempest of the soul.

These charms are thine !—and should I e'er
 With rapture swell thy praise again,
 Memory shall raise that shriek I hear,
 To dissipate the idle strain." P. 12.

The songs in the tale of Zoheir and Amkettoom, are full of beauty, especially "*The Child of Sorrow*." The epigram from the Arabic is not without point.

"*On an ignorant physician at the time of a pestilence.*

Death and the doctor to destroy
 Poor mortals have agreed—
 But why need both their cares employ,
 When one can do the deed." P. 98.

A few such rhymes as *shook, unlucky, shudder,*
stuck, jockey, t'other, we might notice,

but they are trifles, and more to be ascribed to the "fell serjeant Death," than to our author, who, with time, was capable of leaving no hold to censure. We much regret that an account of a tour through the Таοαρ, which the Professor had almost completed, is not to appear.

The list of subscribers is resplendent with a galaxy of bright stars, whose lustre is increased by their present position.

Love and Satire : containing the sarcastic Correspondence of Julius and Eliza. To which are prefixed a few brief Memoirs of an unfortunate Lover. 12mo. 2s. Allen. 1805.

THIS is a very unequal work, but has at least two shillings worth of entertainment in it. Of Cupid's arrows, Anacreon says, that Venus dipt them all in honey, but that the little god mingled gall with it. Those which pierced the heart of *Julius* appear to have suffered in a very trifling degree from the mixture ; while those which struck the lady (if any did so) were strongly impregnated with the baser ingredient. There is some liveliness occasionally displayed on both sides, but the tenderness exclusively belongs to the knight, and the coarseness to the dulcinea ; to whom we may say, borrowing a witticism applied to Mrs. Clive : " From what we have heard, madam, of the nature of tartar and brimstone, you appear to us to be the *cream* of the one, and the *flower* of the other." To a soft epistle, full of professions, she thus replies :

" TO JULIUS.

Thou visionary child of moon-struck love,
 Poor sighing, crying, sonnet singing knave,
 More than ten thousand lovers' pangs I feel,
 When thus in rueful rhymes I hear thee rave.

In vain, for thee, my cheeks with health may bloom ;
 No love, but Plato's, hath your heart to boast :
 You build the marriage altar on my tomb,
 And only want possession of my ghost.

And if these midnight serenades you keep,
 'Tis clear you must soon gain your heart's desire ;
 For what with rage, disgust, and loss of sleep,
 Upon my soul I'm ready to expire."

There are but two tolerable stanzas in his long answer, which we shall quote :

" Dearest girl, you're facetious as fair,
 But you err in your witty conjecture :
 By Cupid and Hymen I swear
 I wish not to bed with your *spectre*.

Believe me, I ne'er should think fit
 To be match'd with a ghost of such merit ;
 You're a girl of such infinite wit,
 That I dread to encounter your *spirit*."

Love, to the disinterested, is but an insipid thing, and writers on such subjects would do well were they oftener to imitate Cupid, and mix some pungent article with their satiating sweets.

A Version of the Psalms of David, attempted in Metre. By Joseph Cottle. 2nd Edit. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1805.

It was once observed by a wag at a village church, whilst the rustic singers poured forth the pious strains of *Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins*, that, to have heard his psalms so translated, and so sung, would certainly have driven *David* mad. We cannot promise that *Mr. Cottle's "Paraphrases"* would have given the royal psalmist much more satisfaction. The beautiful simplicity and dignity of these divine compositions are lost in the shackles and jingling of our rhyme. If we say any thing complimentary to *Mr. C.* it must be that he has shewn some ingenuity in doing that which "no man has done well."

The Paraclete. By T. P. Lathy. 5 Vols. 12mo. 20s. Lane and Co. 1805.

TWENTY shillings! This is, indeed *Mr. Lane*, rather better than your usual productions, but consider, good Sir, consider; *twenty shillings!* a man might buy a good book for that sum.

Six more Letters to Granville Sharp, Esq. on his Remarks upon the Uses of the Article in the New Testament. By Gregory Blunt, Esq. 8vo. 5s. Johnson.

UNDER the assumed title of *Gregory Blunt*, some unhappy madman here presents us with all the impotence of a furious anti-Trinitarian. The present Lord Bishop of *St. David's* has, in a charge, said every thing that it is necessary to advance with respect to these pitiful epistles. "They are very well calculated to mislead the unlearned reader by abstract questions, gratuitous assertions, and hypothetical examples; but communicate nothing on the score of authority, which bears any comparison with the unanimous consent of the Greek fathers; and nothing at all which has any pretence to grammatical observations."

Ode to Time. 1805. 8vo. 6d. Cawthorne.

To read odes to time, or "to expostulate

—————why time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,"

this short poem is a proof unrequited that the converse of the last proposition will not hold, for here is much brevity and no wit.

A Sketch of the Political State of Europe at the Beginning of February, 1805. By W. Hunter, Esq. 8vo. 4s. Stockdale. 1805.

MR. HUNTER appears to be a *Clair-voyant*, or clear-sighted man, but he sees nothing new. He treats of the recent events of Europe fairly enough, as far as truth goes, but with a heaviness beyond all cheerful bearing.

Letters from France, in 1802. By Henry Redhead Yorke, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s. Symonds. 1804.

HAVING heard that Mr. Yorke, after suffering the severity of the law, had raised "his branded hand in honour's cause," we called for his book, exclaiming with the Justice in the *Critic* ;

'Tis well—'tis justice arms him !

O ! may he now defend his country's laws

With half the spirit he has broke them all !

Act iii. Scene 1.

His change we applaud—his motive or his sincerity we have nothing to do with. Our business is with his book.

Mr. Yorke's "Letters" will well repay the trouble of an attentive perusal. Some little intemperance occasionally appears, and the cloven foot is not always concealed with sufficient art. In the second volume Mr. Y. tells us that he "honours learning," but from various specimens of ignorance in Latin, Italian, French, &c. we are inclined to think that we ought to read *dishonours*. His meeting with *Thomas Paine*, at Paris, is among a numerous list of interesting incidents in these volumes. We cannot pass it by, but must from necessity curtail it. After many attempts to find this second Catiline, this man "*satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum*," and hearing him every where execrated, he at last discovered that he lived at an American bookseller's, up two pair of stairs, in the *Rue du Théâtre Français*. A woman with some hesitation at his enquiry, at length said, "He is taking a nap, but I'll go and wake him."

"In two minutes she returned, and ushered me into a little dirty room, containing a small wooden table and two chairs. 'This,' said she, 'is Mr. Paine's room.' I never sat down in such a filthy apartment in the whole course of my life. The chimney hearth was an heap of dirt ; there was not a speck of cleanliness to be seen ; three shelves were filled with pasteboard boxes, each labelled after the manner of a minister of foreign affairs, *Correspondance Americaine, Britannique, Française ; Notices Politiques ; Le Citoyon Français*,

85c. In one corner of the room stood several huge bars of iron, curiously shaped, and two large trunks; opposite the fire-place a board covered with pamphlets and journals, having more the appearance of a dresser in a scullery than a sideboard. Such was the wretched habitation of Thomas Paine, one of the founders of American independence; whose extraordinary genius must ever command attention; and whose writings have summoned to action the minds of the most enlightened politicians of Europe!

"After I had waited a short time, Mr. Paine came down stairs, and entered the room dressed in a long flannel gown. I was forcibly struck with his altered appearance. Time seemed to have made dreadful ravages over his whole frame, and a settled melancholy was visible in his countenance.

He recollected Mr. Yorke with difficulty, and after some less interesting conversation, observed of the French:

"They have shed blood enough for liberty, and now they have it in perfection. *This is not a country for an honest man to live in*; they do not understand any thing at all of the principles of free government, and the best way is to leave them to themselves. *You see they have conquered all Europe only to make it more miserable than it was before.*"

Upon this Mr. Y. remarked that he was surprised to hear him speak in such desponding language of the fortune of mankind, and that he thought much might yet be done for the republic.

"'Republic,' he exclaimed, 'do you call this a republic? Why, *they are worse off than the slaves at Constantinople*; for there they expect to be bashaws in heaven, by submitting to be slaves below; but here *they believe neither in heaven nor hell*, and yet are slaves by choice. I know of no republic in the world, except America, which is the only country for such men as you and I. It is my intention to get away from this place as soon as possible, and I hope to be off in autumn; you are a young man, and may see better times; but I have done with Europe and its slavish politics.'" Vol. 2.

Such must ever be the disappointment of him who sows tares, and expects to reap corn. His last bolt is shot, and the misery and distraction which he strove to spread abroad, are now justly heaped, a heavy weight, on his own sinful head.

The Progress of Refinement, an allegorical Poem: with other Poems.

By the Rev. W. Gillespie. 12mo. 6s. Mundell and Son, Edinburgh, Longman and Co. London. 1805.

"To commence author," says Dr. Johnson, "is to claim praise, and no man can justly aspire to honour but at the hazard of disgrace." Had the Rev. Mr. Gillespie weighed this sentiment in his mind, during the absence of vanity, we doubt not that his unbiassed good sense would have saved us the disagreeable task of pronouncing his poems, with rare exceptions, not worth reading.

The governor of Tilbury Fort once said,

"The Spanish fleet thou canst not see—because
It is not yet in sight."

But he was an ignorant, straight forward Englishman—Mr. G. would have taught him better, since he tells us, that a lady can see what is out of sight.

"She sees her native hills please the eye no more."

Memoirs of C. M. Talleyrand de Perigord, one of Buonaparte's principal Secretaries of State, &c. Containing the Particulars of his Private and Public Life, of his Intrigues in Boudoirs as well as in Cabinets. By the Author of the Revolutionary Plutarch. 12mo. 2 Vol. 12s. 6d. Murray. 1805.

WE thought that all that was diabolical in invention had been exhausted in describing the father of mischief, but we find ourselves deceived. To paint an enemy in black colours is excusable, but surely, surely this is no colouring for a human or any other being! Much of this must be the fruit of an imagination which bids fair to eclipse that of Mr. M. G. Lewis, when most horribly inspired.

Flights of Fancy. By Mrs. J. T. Serres. 8vo. Ridgway. 1805.

THESE *Flights* are not very high, but considering that Mrs. Serres is a sort of *Atall* in the polite arts,* we shall not be severe on genius perhaps weakened by distribution. We may address Mrs. S. in the words of Hamlet, a little varying their sense. "We have heard of your painting† too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make *yourself* another—" and a very pretty one it is, if the likeness here given be correct, which not doubting, we will not be outdone in gallantry by Pope, but either not see her errors, or look in her face and forget them all.

Memoirs of M. de Brinboc, containing Views of English and Foreign Society. 3 Vols. 12mo. Cadell. 1805.

WERE we to discommend this story, we should at least expect to hear our blame styled *the repulsive criticism of unworthy sons of Aristarchus*, since the abuse of old apple women is called, in Vol. 3, "the repulsive oratory of unworthy daughters of Pomona." But we shall not give occasion to such fine language, contenting ourselves with observing, that there is considerable merit in the tale, though not much taste in the relation of it.

* See Rev of St. Julian, M. M. No. 120.

† Mrs. S. is also an artist.

Memoirs of a Picture, containing the Adventures of many conspicuous Characters, connected with the Arts, and including a general Biographical Sketch of the late George Morland. By William Collins. 3 Vols. 12mo. Symonds. 1805.

THE life of Morland the painter, which occupies the second volume of this work, is the medulla of the whole. The extenuation of Mr. Collins does credit to his friendship, and his eulogy, had it been doubled, would have been deserved. All the rest is *leather and prunella*.

Tracts on East India Affairs: viz. Collegium Bengalense, a Latin Poem, &c. By George Chapman, LL. D. 6d. 12mo. Moir and Creech, Edinburgh.

WERE we to talk of numerous absurdities, puerilities, and errors in the Latin composition of this learned Scotch LL. D. he would probably shake his "*erudite head*" at us, and passionately exclaim, as one formerly did to a friend, "What, would you send me to school again!" to which we would reply, in the words of the wit, "And why not—would it do you any harm do you think?"

Māgus used with this quantity in his Sapphic ode, proves Dr. Chapman to be no *conjurer*, and many other proofs of this nature would soon, on his return to school, entitle him to a flogging.

Grates ages deinde regi

Georgio, Melevilio, Velesio

Mitibus, &c. St. 21.

Alas, poor Sappho! and didst thou invent thy beautiful measure for the "*base uses*" of this barbarous doctor!

After all, the English translation of this ode, added to the *dissertation* which accompanies it, is worth *sixpence*.

Buonaparteana; or Sketches to serve for an Enquiry into the Virtues of the Buonaparte Family: contained in a Number of curious and authentic Anecdotes, never before published. With an Appendix, containing Extracts from a Moral Work, suppressed by Buonaparte. 12mo. 2s. Longman and Co.

AN *ana* that should embrace all the atrocities of Buonaparte and his government, would be ill-accommodated in a duodecimo volume. Of the authenticity of those now before us, we can say nothing, but we are ready to allow that they are frequently curious, and have "*likelihood*" to make them interesting. We should have been much more pleased with this *ana*, if, without altering its date, it had appeared in the regular way, *i. e.* after the subject was in his grave.

 THE BRITISH STAGE.

Britatio vita, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.

The Imitation of Life---The Mirror of Manners---The Representation of Truth.

SHAKSPEARE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is a matter much to be regretted by every admirer of dramatic literature, that we are so destitute of information respecting the lives and characters of so many of our English poets, particularly *Shakspeare*, whose writings have given, and must continue to give, such infinite pleasure to every reader endowed with any taste for poetry or dramatic writing.

Anecdotes of authors and actors, since his day, having been so carefully collected and published, do but remind us of the loss we have sustained, in not having had handed to us some account of the private and histrionic occurrences which, undoubtedly, must have pretty strongly marked the life of this inimitable writer. And though now near two hundred years since he retired from the stage, a time when his merit was not, perhaps, held in such estimation as it now is, I doubt not but many interesting particulars might yet be collected respecting him. I am myself in possession of *one* anecdote, which I shall now present you with, hoping every one of your numerous readers, who can favour the world with any other, will cheerfully do the same, by which means we may hope that such particulars (not generally known) may be collected and handed down to posterity with his works, which we have every reason to expect will be looked upon as the most substantial of their nature ever yet offered to an ingenious world.

It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of our immortal *Shakspeare*, and used frequently (as was the custom with people of great rank in those days) to appear upon the stage before the audience, and to sit delighted behind the scenes while the plays of our bard were performed. One evening *Shakspeare* performed the part of the King, but in what play I do not perfectly recollect to have heard, perhaps *Henry the Fourth*: the audience knew of her majesty's being in the house. She crossed the stage while *Shakspeare* was performing his part, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it!--when behind the scenes, she caught his

eye and moved again, but still he would not throw off his character to notice her; this made her majesty think of some means to know *whether he would, or not, depart from the dignity of his character, while on the stage.* Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakspeare noticing, took up with these words, so immediately after finishing his speech, that they seemed as belonging to it.

“And tho’ now bent on this *high* embassy,

“Yet *stoop* we to take up our cousin’s glove!”

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the queen, who was highly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him on its propriety!—Would that our performers of the present day were so attentive to the business of the scene, and did not, on the slightest occasion, depart from the dignity of their characters, and thereby injure the effect, to bow to the applause of the gallery.

I do not now recollect my authority for the above anecdote, but believe it was handed to me in such a manner, that I did not then doubt of its authenticity.

I shall be glad if you will give this paper a place in your valuable miscellany, and trust that some of your correspondents will follow my example, and give to the public any little addition to it in their power.

I am, with respect, yours, &c.

Manchester, Nov. 11, 1805.

A CONSTANT READER.

MR. GIFFORD'S EDITION OF MASSINGER.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the *Life of Massinger*, prefixed to Mr. GIFFORD's edition of that poet, lately published, Mr. G. makes the following observation: “It does not appear, from the strictest search, that a stone, or inscription of any kind, marked the place where his dust was deposited: even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life.”—“March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, A STRANGER!” *Introduction*, page xlv.

The inference which Mr. Gifford seems to have drawn from this memorandum, is certainly inconclusive. Considering that Massinger died in his own house, on the Bankside; that he was buried in

the neighbourhood, viz. at *St. Mary Overy's*, in Southwark; that he was interred in the same grave with Fletcher; that he was attended to the spot by the comedians; that these comedians, and also the poets of that day, must be pretty well known in Southwark, where many of them resided, and where stood the theatre in which several of their plays were acted; all these circumstances I say considered, it is far from probable, and indeed scarcely possible, that the registrars of *St. Mary Overy* should be ignorant that this Philip Massinger, whose burial they were recording, was Philip Massinger the poet.

I am not acquainted with the particular forms which are observed in parish registers, but I should presume that the term STRANGER, thus applied to Massinger, meant no more than that he was an *ex-parishioner*. In that case the denotement was, perhaps, necessary; for we know, at the present day, that in some, if not in all parishes, the fees are increased when the person interred is brought from another parish, that is, in other words, when he is a stranger.

I am, &c.

MARCUS.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

(Continued.)

ACANTHUS AND CEPHISA, an heroic pastoral, acted at the Opera House, 1752, in honour of the birth of the *Duke of Burgundy*. By Messieurs *Marmontel* and *Rameau*.

Rameau has celebrated, by his musical compositions, all the great events which occurred in France during his time; he was employed to compose some divertissements for the *Princess of Navarre*, on the first marriage of the dauphin: the year after he raised the *Temple of Glory*, in honour of the victory obtained by his countrymen at *Fontenoy*; and he sung this battle in the prologue to the *Feasts of Polyhymnia*. On the second marriage of the dauphin, he employed his genius in the *Feasts of Hymen*, and in the prologue to *Mars* he solemnized the treaty of *Vienna*, and the peace which soon followed. In *Acanthus and Cephisa* he celebrated the birth of a prince, who was the hope of the nation. The zeal of the city of *Paris*, its magnificence, the abilities of an extraordinary mechanist, the genius of the first musician of the time, the charming voices of Mr. *Geliote* and Mademoiselle *Fell*, the talents of an excellent ballet master, the most splendid dresses and decorations, were all called

forth on this occasion. In short the author, M. Marmontel, had a combination of persons endowed with superior qualities to assist him, and had besides the good wishes of all ranks of people in his favour. The intention of the composer in the overture was to imitate the public rejoicings.

The *Unexpected Accommodation*, a comedy, in one act, in verse, by M. de la Grange, 1717,

When this play was performed at the French theatre, a wag applauded vehemently, and cried out, at the same time, "What wretched stuff this is!" the people near him were surprised at this contradictory behaviour, and begged he would explain himself. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "I have received an order of admittance to applaud; I promised to do so, and I will keep my word; but I am an honest man, and must do justice to my real sentiments of the piece, which is one of the worst that ever was attempted to be brought upon the stage." The sensations of this person became general, and the spectators applauded exactly in the manner he did, and hissed at the same time.

OTWAY'S VENICE PRESERVED.

When in your Brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatick wedded by our Duke.

THESE lines refer to the custom of the Doge of Venice marrying the sea, of which the following is the origin.

Sibastian Ziani, Doge of Venice, took part with Pope Alexander III. against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, whose son Otho, at the head of a fleet of seventy-five sail, he defeated, off the Punta di Salvori, in Istria, taking forty-eight of the ships, among which was the Admiral Gally, wherein Otho himself was. Ziani, returning into the city, was met by the Pope, who, congratulating him upon his success, presented him with a gold ring, saying,—
"Take this ring, and with it bind the sea to thee in wedlock: This you and your successors shall do every year, that latest posterity may know that you have acquired the dominion of this sea by right of conquest, and that, as the wife is subject to her husband, so is that to the Republic of Venice." And accordingly the ceremony of marrying the sea, by throwing in a gold ring, was performed every year, with great solemnity, on Ascension Day.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

On seeing prefixed to the Title of the Official Account in the Newspapers of the DEATH of ADMIRAL Lord Viscount NELSON, in the great Victory off Cadiz, Oct. 21, 1805, these words—

"NELSON, THE GALLANT NELSON, IS NO MORE."

NELSON NO MORE!—And can that glorious fire,
That soul of highest energies expire?
NELSON NO MORE!—To Earth's remotest bounds
His name o'er NILE, the BALTIC, CADIZ sounds :
His deathless name shall flow with all the tides
Where thunders WAR, or tranquil COMMERCE glides.
FAME her eternal gates for him unfolds;
Through the wide tribes this our fair Planet holds,
Wherever Seas and circling Oceans roll,
NELSON, thy honour spreads to either Pole,
Go then, to WOLFE, in Death-crown'd Triumph great;
Equal'd to him in both the boons of Fate :
And ABERCROMBIE, whose illustrious meed,
Like him to conquer, and like him to bleed.
Each destin'd for lov'd BRITAIN to obtain
Corrival Glories on the Land and Main.
Go, to the Glory of the THEBAN* Band,
Exulting in a Death which sav'd the Land.
Nor for thy Death Fate let us weakly blame,
A Death in gallant Fight, the Warrior's Claim,
Which seals his honours, lifts to Heaven his praise,
And in a moment gives him endless days.
And never adverse FLEETS in conflict mov'd,
That higher Claim to NAVAL GLORY prov'd.
The Life which others yield by THEE was given ;
And VIRTUE consecrates it's close to HEAVEN.
Think *those no more* whose narrow selfish mind
Liv'd only for themselves, not for their kind;
O'er whom their beams Virtue nor Glory shed ;
Useless while living, unremember'd dead :
Though e'en to these Futurity extends,
And a dread hour for time abus'd impends.

* EPAMINONDAS.

But His, the dauntless, generous, feeling heart,
 Who fill'd so nobly his allotted part,
 With powers illustriously Man's scope to fill,
 The Seaman's daring, the Commander's skill;
 Wonders by comprehensive GENIUS wrought :
 In all emergencies *collected Thought* * :
 Who, above mortal boasts and earthly pride,
 HEAVEN, 'mid the Blaze of Conquest, grateful ey'd :
 'Mid ceaseless perils for protracted breath,
 Thankful;—and, this GREAT ACT achiev'd, for DEATH.
 Around his *Palm* and *Laurel* circled URN
 O ! let not feeble Lamentation mourn ;
 O ! let not weak dim-sighted Grief deplore
 “ NELSON, our glorious NELSON, is no more.”
 Let nobler tears enthusiastic flow ;
 For vain Regret pure Admiration's glow.
 What left he, Man could hope, yet unfulfill'd :
 What length of days could brighter trophies yield ?
 If but this span of Life be worth our care,
 Give none to GLORY aught that *Time* might spare.
 But for the GENEROUS BRAVE, beyond the Tomb
 If amaranthine Wreaths for ever bloom ;
 And if to pious Confidence on high
 Bliss opes the Portals of ETERNITY :
 O ! never dream that NELSON *is no more* ;
 NELSON, now pass'd beyond Time's narrow shore ;
 Think him remov'd from Earth, and Toils, and Wars,
 To more exalted Being 'mid the STARS.†
 Bury, Nov. 11, 1805. C. L.

ODE,

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

WHAT means that sigh?—
 What means the tear that shines in every eye?
 And seems amid the general joy
 The transport to destroy ?

* His last signal by Telegraph before the Action—“ ENGLAND expects every Man to do his Duty.”

† Perhaps in every view nothing could be more proper than to name the Star of the First Magnitude in the ship *Argo* called *Canopus*, NELSON.

Hark ! the exulting guns in bursts proclaim,
To listening myriads, Britannia's fame !
The bells announce it to the raptur'd ear !
Her foes are sunk in night and wrapt in shame,
And dare no more on Ocean's waves appear !

And—see ! Britannia weeps !
And Sorrow o'er her bosom creeps ;
Though seated safely on a guardian rock,
From which abroad her watchful eye she turn'd,
And saw her foes steal forth—instant her bosom burn'd
To check their thoughtless pride !
She call'd her sons—and sudden by their side
Their foes appear'd in sight !
And soon they sunk beneath th' o'erwhelming shock !
The bosom of old Ocean, ting'd with fire,
Reflected Albion's triumph to the sky !
Her thunder roll'd along the azure void !
And with destruction did her vengeance fly !
The groans of dying heroes fill'd the air !
Their ensigns taken, and their hopes destroy'd ;
Victims of terror and despair,
Did they expire,
And glide into oblivion's night !

But—ah ! that victory how dearly bought !
For while with patriot fame and valour fir'd,
Fearless to shield his country's fame he fought—
Pierc'd by an envious ball—Nelson expir'd !
The seaman's courage chang'd to grief, his eyes
Betray'd the anguish lurking at his heart !
The hero's bosom melted into sighs,
And felt the softest touch that sorrow can impart !

And hear the chief of Gaul exclaim—
“ He's gone ! he's gone !—the rival of my fame ;
“ Now will I rule the seas,
“ With tyrant power as I please—”
But other Nelsons on the main
Shall make his ensigns stoop again !
And lo ! the Gallic genius lifts her head !
And smiles to see her dreaded rival dead !

But mark ! a thousand heroes, fir'd by vengeance, frown,
And loud invoke his name
Who led them oft to fame !
He shrinks again—and in despair sinks down !

O ! how my soul that hero did admire !
How I did love that man !
Fraught with the warrior's and the statesman's fire
Since first his course began !
By merit only rais'd ;
For merit only prais'd ;
How oft have Albion's foes with terror fled,
And trembled at his name ;
How oft presumptuous vent'ring have they bled,
And mourn'd their murder'd fame !
A hundred times in terror o'er the world
Britannia's vengeance has he hurl'd !
Old Nile beneath his thunders shook,
And the proud Dane has trembled at his look !

But now, no more,
Wrapt in the peaceful silence of the tomb,
Shall he with terror shake the Gallic shore !
How mournful—yet how glorious ! his doom—
Admir'd he liv'd, his country's pride,
And in the arms of victory he died !
Lov'd for his sympathising, feeling, mind !
Most fearless, yet most kind !

E'en now, methinks, I see, to watch the fight,
His spirit hover in the middle air :
And to abodes of bliss her journey stay !
He views the men he led, with sweet delight,
The silken honours of their rivals tear !
Sees conquest bless his native land,
And vict'ry crown th' illustrious band ;
And soars in raptures sweet, to realms of endless day !
And ever dear his cherish'd name shall be
To every Briton as it is to me !

J. BOUNDEN.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

OCT. 29.—A new comedy, called the *Prior Claim*, the joint production of Mr. Pye, the poet Laureat, and Mr. Arnold, the son of the late eminent composer.

"*Colonel Raymond*, (a) enamoured of *Maria Freeman*, (b) obtains (previous to his embarkation for India with his regiment) the consent of her father to an union on his return. Intelligence, however, reaches England, that the *Colonel* was slain at the storming of Seringapatam; in consequence of which, *Mortimer* (c) is received as the favoured lover, and a day fixed upon for their marriage. A short time before this event is to take place, the *Colonel* arrives, accompanied by his faithful servant *O'Shatter*, (d) and learning what is going on, demands an interview with *Sir William*, (e) and insists upon his "*Prior Claim*" to the hand of *Maria*. *Sir William* discloses to the *Colonel* the reasons which have induced him to appoint the day for an union between his daughter and *Mortimer*, to whom she is tenderly attached, which reasons are founded upon the report of his death. He, however, as a man of honour, adheres to the promise given to the *Colonel*, and insists upon his daughter's accepting his hand. The *Colonel*, highly suspicious of her attachment to *Mortimer*, condescends to listen in the garden, at the last meeting between *Mortimer* and *Maria*, when, his feelings being overcome by the generous sentiments of *Mortimer*, who consents to forego his own happiness, in order to favour the *Colonel's* wishes, instantly relinquishes his claims to her hand, and consents to their union."

In this plot there is nothing very interesting; but Mr. Pye has shewn some judgment in the conduct of it, and supported several scenes with much forcible and elegant writing. The *Colonel* is the only character that lays any claim to novelty; and he is little to be imitated or commended, who insists, under the circumstances in which he is placed, on the hand of a lady, who tells him, in pretty plain terms, that her affections never were his, and are irrevocably fixed on another. But though he shews neither delicacy nor generosity, there is an honest warmth in his behaviour, which prevents him from being disgusting. Barrymore played the part extremely well. The comedy has been acted only nine nights, to indifferent houses.

Nov. 1.—*Terpsichore's Return*—a ballet, composed by Mr. D'Egville, as an introduction for Mademoiselle Parisot, who certainly astonishes as an attitudinarian, but does not afford much delight as a dancer. To give something like incident to the dance, *Pan* is called in to make love to *Terpsichore*. The constitutional warmth of this Deity is well known, and, on the stage, his amours are generally rendered offensively coarse, by the grimace and gestures of the performer. The *Goat*, too, was disgusting. Such exhibitions reflect disgrace on the stage.

2.—BRAHAM and STORACE appeared, for the first time, for some years, on this stage, in the *Siege of Belgrade*. They both sang delightfully, and were re-

- (a) Mr. Barrymore. (b) Miss Duncan. (c) Mr. Elliston.
(d) Mr. Johnstone. (e) Mr. Dowton.

received with rapturous applause by a house crowded in every part. A Mr. Miller, who was engaged in the Covent-Garden oratorios last Lent, made his first appearance in *Anselm*. He sings with judgment and taste, and will probably become a favourite. He is brother to the lady who appeared several seasons ago in *Emilia Galotti*, and whose death we lately announced in our obituary.

11.—*A new melodramatic Piece to commemorate the Victory and Death of Lord Nelson* was performed on this evening. The impression made by these little temporary pieces is seldom suitable to the glorious occasion which calls them forth. A few *pasteboard ships*, a *squib* or too, let off by the carpenters, and some *sorry daub*, bearing the name of the victorious hero, which are generally resorted to, throw a sort of ridicule upon events that, out of the theatre, we contemplate with mingled gratitude, delight, and admiration. The late victory, clouded as it was with the death of the conqueror, increased the difficulty of bringing the subject upon the stage. The method adopted by the managers of this house was very judicious. Some lines, from the classical pen of Mr. Cumberland, partly elegiac, partly encomiastic, are spoken, alternately, by Mr. Elliston and Mrs. Powell. The intervals between the dialogue are filled up with solemn and appropriate music, and a well-composed air is most affectingly sung by Braham. The whole concludes with "*Rule Britannia*," with additional verses written for the occasion.

12.—*The Cabinet* was acted for the first time at this theatre; but independently of Braham and Storace, in a style which will not bear a comparison with the performance at the other house.

13.—*The Weathercock*, in two acts, by Mr. Allingham, who has produced some very pleasant comedies, and, as a writer of farces, has no living competitor. The point upon which the farce turns, is certainly not new; a young man, flying from one pursuit to another, fond of all professions, and adhering to none, has been frequently exhibited. Morton, but lately, and most successfully, presented a humorous example of this volatility in his *Tangent*, drawn, perhaps, immediately after Polyphilus, in Johnson's *Rambler*. Mr. Allingham's *Weathercock* veers about, however, with the most entertaining celerity. Whether he assumes the *barrister's* gown, the *soldier's* cockade, the *gardener's* pruning hook, the *Quaker's* broad brim, or the *beau's* opera fan, he is always brisk and whimsical, and keeps our attention directed to the vane, to whatever point of the compass it turns. The character performed by Miss De Camp also undergoes some changes of dress, but this is only done to fix the wavering affections of the object of her attachment, and guide him to a more useful and substantial plan of life. Bannister and Miss De Camp are excellent in these two characters. The latter introduces two airs, the composition of Mr. King. The second is very pleasing, and sung in the actress's best manner. There is a slight sketch of a character in *Counsellor Briefwit*, who deals in monosyllables and short scraps of Latin. Mathews displayed his usual comicality, both in dressing and acting the part.

The chief purpose of farce is to make one laugh. This we did heartily and unceasingly through the present production, which will have a long and profitable run through this season, and will no doubt maintain a foremost station on the stock list of the theatre.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Nov. 7.—*Nelson's Glory*.—A little piece, brought out on the spur of the occasion, with a very good comic song, to the tune of the *Tight little Island*, by Mr. Fawcett, and a concluding scene from the *Naval Pillar*, on which the names of our modern naval heroes are inscribed. A whole length painting of Lord Nelson, in a reclining posture, supported by the clouds, descends, and Rule Britannia is of course sung amid the applauses of the whole house. In our account of the other theatre, we have expressed our opinion of these exhibitions. They afford us no pleasure. They are puerile and trifling. But the people have been led to expect them; and the managers, no doubt, did their best to meet the public expectation.

14.—*The Delinquent; or, Seeing Company*.—A comedy by Mr. Reynolds, possessing all his usual whim, his pleasing satire, and his happy ridicule of modern folly and perversion, with more than his usual proportion of elegant sentiment and serious incident. The plot is too intricate to be unfolded in a few words, and we have not room for the detail which it requires. The outline is this. The *Delinquent* (Sir Arthur) is a baronet who has been impoverished and driven from his family and country by the dissipation of his wife. The lady, desirous of atoning for her errors, under another name, assumes the character of a governess, and in that capacity undertakes the charge of her own daughter, who of course is ignorant of the relationship. The baronet is found abroad by a former acquaintance, Sir Edward Specious, who proposes his return to England, with the promise of protecting him from his creditors. He accepts the offer, being secretly anxious to revisit his native land, and, if possible, discover his beloved child. Circumstances have reduced him to a state of dependence on Sir Edward, who, meditating the seduction of a young lady named Olivia, induces the *Delinquent*, by promises and by threats, to assist him in his nefarious project of carrying her off. In executing this purpose, he discovers that the innocent creature whom he is hurrying to destruction is the object of his most anxious search. Sir Edward abandons his iniquitous design. Olivia's instructress is discovered to be Sir Arthur's penitent wife; and all parties are restored to happiness.

The situation of the father and daughter will remind the reader of *Father Schedoni* and his daughter, in Mrs. Radcliffe's romance, so ingeniously [dramatized by Mr. Boaden, in the *Italian Monk*.

The comedy was well acted, and received with universal applause. Mrs. H. Johnston made her appearance for the season in *Olivia*, and met with a most flattering reception.

21.—*The Wild Islanders; or, the Court of Peking*.—A ballet, by Mr. Byrne, tastefully composed, and most splendidly decorated. The *Wild Islanders*, Mr. Byrne, his son Oscar, and Miss Lupino, are entrapped on board a Chinese vessel, and brought to the court of the emperor, who is highly delighted with their manners and agility. The *mirror scene*, as done at the Opera house, and at Vienna, (originally suggested, no doubt, by the story of the *Peruvian Princess*) is introduced, with considerable effect.

23.—*The Country Girl*, by Miss MUDIE!—A word or two will suffice respecting the performance of this evening. There was nothing pleasing in

person or manners of the child ; no shew of talent that any other little girl might not, with instruction, display ; the general sentiment excited among the audience was that of disgust, not unmingled with pity for the unhappy little object placed before them ; and the disapprobation which manifested itself, after her first scene, rose in the fourth act to a height which required Mr. Kemble's appearance on the stage, to assure them, that if permitted to finish the character, Miss Mudie should not again perform. On her re-appearance in the fifth act, the uproar was revived, and Miss Searle finished the character amidst the same noise and confusion which had prevailed through the whole of the play. The theatre, perhaps, never exhibited a scene so little to the credit of the managers ; so humiliating to the actors ; so painful and offensive to the audience ; or so truly and irrecoverably disgraceful to the BRITISH STAGE.

* * *The Provincial Drama, &c. are postponed for want of room.*

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

VICTORY OF TRAFALGAR.

EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE.

Admiralty Office, Nov. 6.—Dispatches, of which the following are copies, were received at the Admiralty, this day, at one o'clock, A. M. from Vice-Admiral Collingwood, commander in chief of his majesty's ships and vessels off Cadiz.

Euryalus, off Cape Trafalgar, Oct. 22.

SIR,

The ever-to-be-lamented death of Vice Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, who, in the late conflict with the enemy, fell in the hour of victory, leaves to me the duty of informing my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that, on the 19th instant, it was communicated to the commander in chief, from the ships watching the motions of the enemy in Cadiz, that the combined fleet had put to sea. As they sailed with light winds westerly, his lordship concluded their destination was the Mediterranean, and immediately made all sail for the Streight's entrance, with the British squadron, consisting of 27 ships, three of them sixty-fours, where his lordship was informed, by Captain Blackwood, (whose vigilance in watching, and giving notice of the enemy's movements, has been highly meritorious) that they had not yet passed the Streights. On Monday the 21st instant, at day-light, when Cape Trafalgar bore E. by S. about seven leagues, the enemy was discovered six or seven miles to the eastward, the wind about west, and very light ; the commander in chief immediately made the signal for the fleet to bear up in two columns, as they formed in order of sailing ; a mode of attack his lordship had previously directed, to avoid the inconvenience and delay in forming a line of battle in the usual manner. The enemy's line consisted of 33 ships, (of which 18 were French and 15 Spanish,) commanded in chief by Admiral Villeneuve ; the Spaniards, under the direction of Gravina, wore, with their heads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great closeness and correctness ; but as the mode of attack was unusual, so the

structure of their line was new—it formed a crescent convexing to leeward—so that in leading down to their centre, I had both their van and rear abaft the beam; before the fire opened, every alternate ship about a cable's length to windward of her second a head and a stern, forming a kind of double line, and appeared, when on their beam, to leave a very little interval between them; and this without crowding their ships. Admiral Villeneuve was in the *Bucentaur* in the centre, and the *Prince of Asturias* bore *Gravina's* flag in the rear; but the French and Spanish ships were mixed without any apparent regard to order of national squadron. As the mode of our attack had been previously determined on, and communicated to the flag officers and captains, few signals were necessary, and none were made, except to direct close order as the lines bore down. The commander in chief, in the *Victory*, led the weather column, and the *Royal Sovereign*, which bore my flag, the lee. The action began at twelve o'clock, by the leading ships of the columns breaking through the enemy's line, the commander in chief about the tenth ship from the van; the second in command about the twelfth from the rear, leaving the van of the enemy unoccupied; the succeeding ships breaking through, in all parts, astern of their leaders, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns. The conflict was severe; the enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their officers; but the attack on them was irresistible; and it pleased the Almighty Disposer of all events to grant his majesty's arms a complete and glorious victory. About three P. M. many of the enemy's ships having struck their colours, their line gave way; Admiral *Gravina*, with ten ships, joining their frigates to leeward, stood towards *Cadiz*. The five headmost ships in their van tacked, and standing to southward, to windward of the British line, were engaged, and the sternmost of them taken; the others went off, leaving to his majesty's squadron nineteen ships of the line (of which two are first rates, the *Santissima Trinidad* and the *Santa Ana*), with three flag officers, viz. Admiral Villeneuve, the commander in chief, Don *Ignatio Maria d'Aliva*, vice-admiral; and the Spanish rear-admiral Don *Balthazar Hidalgo Cisneros*. After such a victory it may appear unnecessary to enter into encomiums on the particular parts taken by the several commanders; the conclusion says more on the subject than I have language to express; the spirit which animated all was the same; when all exert themselves zealously in their country service, all deserve that their high merits should stand recorded; and never was high merit more conspicuous, than in the battle I have described. The *Achille* (a French 74) after having surrendered, by some mismanagement of the Frenchmen, took fire and blew up; two hundred of their men were saved by the tenders. A circumstance occurred during the action, which so strongly marks the invincible spirit of British seamen, when engaging the enemies of their country, that I cannot resist the pleasure I have in making it known to their Lordships: the *Temeraire* was boarded, by accident or design, by a French ship on one side, and a Spaniard on the other; the contest was vigorous, but, in the end, the combined ensigns were torn from the poop, and the British hoisted in their places. Such a battle could not be fought without sustaining a great loss of men. I have not only to lament, in common with the British navy, and the British nation, in the fall of the Commander in Chief, the loss of a hero, whose name will be immortal, and his memory ever dear to his

country; but my heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend, to whom, by many years intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection; a grief to which even the glorious occasion in which he fell, does not bring the consolation which perhaps it ought; his Lordship received a musket ball in his left breast about the middle of the action, and sent an officer to me immediately with his last farewell, and soon after expired. I have also to lament the loss of those excellent officers, Captains Duff of the Mars, and Cooke of the Bellerophon; I have yet heard of none others. I fear the numbers that have fallen will be found very great, when the returns come to me; but it having blown a gale of wind ever since the action, I have not yet had it in my power to collect any reports from the ships. The Royal Sovereign having lost her masts, except the tottering foremast, I called the Euryalus to me, while the action continued, which ship lying within hail, made my signals, a service Captain Blackwood performed with great attention: after the action I shifted my flag to her, that I might more easily communicate my orders to, and collect the ships, and towed the Royal Sovereign out to seaward. The whole fleet were now in a very perilous situation, many dismasted, all shattered, in thirteen fathom water, off the shoals of Trafalgar; and when I made the signal to prepare to anchor, few of the ships had an anchor to let go, their cables being shot; but the same good Providence which aided us through such a day, preserved us in the night, by the wind shifting a few points, and drifting the ships off the land, except four of the captured dismasted ships, which are now at anchor off Trafalgar, and I hope will ride safe until these gales are over. Having thus detailed the proceedings of the fleet on this occasion, I beg leave to congratulate their Lordships upon a victory which, I hope, will add a ray to the glory of his Majesty's crown, and be attended with public benefit to our country.

I am, &c.

William Marsden, Esq.

(Signed)

C. COLLINGWOOD.

The order in which the ships of the British squadron attacked the combined fleets, on the 21st of October, 1805.

VAN.—Victory, Temeraire, Neptune, Conqueror, Leviathan, Ajax, Orion, Agamemnon, Minotaur, Spartiate, Britannia, Africa, Euryalus, Sirius, Phœbe, Naiad, Pickle schooner, Entreprenante cutter.

REAR.—Royal Sovereign, Mars, Belleisle, Tonnant, Bellerophon, Colossus, Achille, Polyphemus, Revenge, Swiftsure, Defence, Thunderer, Defiance, Prince, Dreadnought.

(Signed)

C. COLLINGWOOD.

GENERAL ORDER.

Euryalus, October 22, 1805.

The ever-to-be-lamented death of Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Brontë, the Commander in Chief, who fell in the action of the 21st, in the arms of victory, covered with glory, whose memory will ever be dear to the British navy and the British nation, whose zeal for the honour of his king, and for the interests of his country, will be ever held up as a shining example to a British seaman—leaves to me a duty to return my thanks to the right hon. the rear-

admiral, the captains, officers, seamen, and detachments of royal marines, serving on board his majesty's squadron now under my command, for their conduct on that day; but where can I find language to express my sentiments of the valour and skill which were displayed by the officers, the seamen, and marines in the battle with the enemy, where every individual appeared an hero on whom the glory of his country depended; the attack was irresistible, and the issue of it adds to the page of naval annals a brilliant instance of what Britons can do, when their king and their country need their service.—To the right Hon. Rear Admiral the Earl of Northesk, to the captains, officers, and seamen, and to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the royal marines, I beg to give my sincere and hearty thanks for their highly meritorious conduct, both in the action, and in their zeal and activity in bringing the captured ships out from the perilous situation in which they were, after their surrender, among the shoals of Trafalgar, in boisterous weather. And I desire that the respective captains will be pleased to communicate to the officers, seamen, and royal marines, this public testimony of my high approbation of their conduct, and my thanks for it.

(Signed)

C. COLLINGWOOD.

To the Right Hon. Rear Admiral the Earl of
Northesk, and the respective Captains and
Commanders.

GENERAL ORDERS.

The Almighty God, whose arm is strength, having of his great mercy been pleased to crown the exertions of his majesty's fleet with success, in giving them a complete victory over their enemies, on the 21st of this month: and that all praise and thanksgiving may be offered up to the Throne of Grace for the great benefits to our country and to mankind: I have thought proper that a day should be appointed of general humiliation before God, and thanksgiving for this his merciful goodness, imploring forgiveness of sins, a continuation of his divine mercy, and his constant aid to us in the defence of our country's liberties and laws, without which the utmost efforts of man are nought; and direct therefore that

be appointed for this holy purpose.

Given on board the Euryalus, off Cape Trafalgar, 22nd October, 1805.

(Signed)

C. COLLINGWOOD.

To the respective captains and commanders.

N. B. The fleet having been dispersed by a gale of wind, no day has yet been able to be appointed for the above purpose.

* .

Euryalus, off Cadiz, Oct. 24, 1805.

SIR,

In my letter of the 22nd I detailed to you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the proceedings of his Majesty's squadron on the day of the action, and that preceding it, since which I have had a continued series of misfortunes, but they are of a kind that human prudence could not possibly provide against, or my skill prevent. On the 22nd, in the morning, a strong southerly wind blew, with squally weather, which however did not prevent the activity of the officers and seamen of such ships as were manageable from get-

ting hold of many of the prizes, (thirteen or fourteen,) and towing them off to the westward, where I ordered them to rendezvous round the Royal Sovereign, in tow by the Neptune: but on the 23rd the gale increased, and the sea ran so high, that many of them broke the tow-rope, and drifted far to leeward before they were got hold of again, and some of them taking advantage of the dark and boisterous night, got before the wind, and have perhaps drifted upon the shore and sunk. On the afternoon of that day the remnant of the combined fleet, ten sail of ships, which had not been much engaged, stood up to leeward of my shattered and straggling charge, as if meaning to attack them, which obliged me to collect a force out of the least injured ships, and form to leeward for their defence. All this retarded the progress of the hulks, and the bad weather continuing, determined me to destroy all the leewardmost that could be cleared of the men, considering that keeping possession of the ships was a matter of little consequence compared with the chance of their falling again into the hands of the enemy; but even this was an arduous task in the high sea which was running. I hope, however, it has been accomplished to a considerable extent: I entrusted it to skilful officers, who would spare no pains to execute what was possible. The captains of the Prince and Neptune cleared the Trinidad and sunk her. Captains Hope, Baynton, and Malcolm, who joined the fleet this moment from Gibraltar, had the charge of destroying four others. The Redoubtable sunk astern of the Swiftsure while in tow. The Santa Ana, I have no doubt, is sunk, as her side was almost beat in; and such is the shattered condition of the whole of them, that, unless the weather moderates, I doubt whether I shall be able to carry a ship of them into port. I hope their lordships will approve of what I (having only in consideration the destruction of the enemy's fleet) have thought a measure of absolute necessity. I have taken Admiral Villeneuve into this ship. Vice-Admiral Don Aliva is dead. Whenever the temper of the weather will permit, and I can spare a frigate, (for there were only four in the action with the fleet, Euryalus, Sirius, Phoebe, and Naiad: the Melpomene joined the 22nd, and the Eurydice and Scout the 23rd). I shall collect the other flag officers, and send them to England, with their flags, (if they do not all go to the bottom), to be laid at his Majesty's feet. There were four thousand troops embarked, under the command of General Contamin, who was taken with Admiral Villeneuve in the Bucentaure.

I am, &c.

(Signed)

C. COLLINGWOOD,

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Admiralty Office, Nov. 11.—The letter (and its enclosure) of which the following are copies, were received at this office last night, from Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Sir Richard John Strachan, Bart. commander of his Majesty's Ship the *Cæsar*, addressed to William Marsden, Esq.

Cæsar, Nov. 7, 1805.

SIR,

The accompanying copy of a letter, addressed to the Honourable Admiral Cornwallis, I request you will be pleased to lay before the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, with my apology for the hasty manner in which it is written, I have the honour to be, &c.

R. J. STRACHAN.

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Cæsar, West of Rochefort 264 miles,
Nov. 4, 1805. Wind S. W.

Sir,

Being off Ferrol, working to the westward, with the wind westerly, on the evening of the 2nd, we observed a frigate in the N. W. making signals; made all sail to join her before night, and followed by the ships named in the margin.* We came up with her at night; and at the moment she joined us, we saw six large ships near us. We were delighted. I desired him to tell the captains of the ships of the line astern to follow me, as I meant to engage them directly; and immediately bore away in the Cæsar, for the purpose, making all the signals I could, to indicate our movements to our ships: the moon enabled us to bear away in a line abreast, closely formed; but we lost sight of them when it set, and I was obliged to reduce our sails, the Hero, Courageux, and Æolus, being the only ships we could see. We continued steering to the E. N. E. all night, and in the morning observed the Santa Margarita near us; at nine we discovered the enemy, of four sail of the line, in the N. E. under all sail. We had also every thing set, and came up with them fast; in the evening we observed three sail astern; and the Phœnix spoke me at night. I found that active officer, Captain Baker, had delivered my orders, and I sent him on to assist the Santa Margarita in leading us up to the enemy. At day-light we were near them, and the Santa Margarita had begun, in a very gallant manner, to fire upon their rear, and was soon joined by the Phœnix. A little before noon, the French, finding an action unavoidable, began to take in their small sails, and form in a line, bearing on the starboard tack; we did the same, and I communicated my intentions by hailing to the captains "that I should attack the centre and rear," and at noon began the battle; and in a short time the van ship of the enemy tacked, which almost directly made the action close and general; the Namur joined soon after we tacked, which we did as soon as we could get the ships round, and I directed her, by signal, to engage the van; at half past three the action ceased, the enemy having fought to admiration, and not surrendering until their ships were unmanageable. I have returned thanks to the captains of the ships of the line and the frigates, and they speak in high terms of approbation of their respective officers and ships' companies. If any thing could add to the good opinion I have already formed of the officers and crew of the Cæsar, it is their gallant conduct in this day's battle. The enemy have suffered much, but our ships not more than is to be expected on those occasions. You may judge of my surprise, Sir, when I found the ships we had taken were not the Rochefort squadron, but from Cadiz. I have the honour to be, &c.

R. J. STRACHAN.

Hon. William Cornwallis, Admiral of the
White, and Commander in Chief, &c.

FIRST LINE---STARBOARD TACK.

British Line.---Cæsar, of 80 guns. Hero, of 74 guns. Courageux, of 74 guns.

French Line.---Duguay Trouin, of 74 guns, Captain Touffet. Formidable, of 80 guns, Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. Mont Blanc, of 74 guns, Captain Villegrey. Scipion, 74 guns, Captain Barouger.

* Cæsar, Hero, Courageux, and Namur. Bellona, Æolus, Santa Margarita, far to seaward in the south-east.

SECOND LINE (when the *Namur* joined) LARBOARD TACK.

British Line.—*Hero*, of 74 guns, Hon. Captain Gardner. *Namur*, of 74 guns, Captain Halsted. *Cæsar*, of 80 guns, Sir R. J. Strachan. *Courageux*, of 74 guns, Captain Lee.

French Line.—*Duguay Trouin*, *Formidable*, *Mont Blanc*, *Scipion*.

N. B. The *Duguay Trouin* and *Scipion* totally dismasted: the *Formidable* and *Mont Blanc* have their foremasts standing.

Our Frigates—*Santa Margarita*, *Æolus*, *Phoenix*, and *Revolutionaire*.

The *Revolutionaire* joined at the time the *Namur* did, but, with the rest of our frigates, in consequence of the French tacking, were to leeward of the enemy, I do not know what is become of the *Bellona*, or the other two still we saw on the night of the second instant. The reports of damage, killed, and wounded have not been all received. The enemy have suffered much.

[It appears, from consulting Admiral Collingwood's dispatches, that the French vessels, the *Duguay Trouin*, *Formidable*, *Mont Blanc*, and *Scipion*, formed, with another which struck her colours, the five headmost ships of the enemy's van. They were not engaged in the first instance with Lord Nelson's fleet, but after the heat of the battle they stood to windward, and one of them being taken in a partial action, the rest succeeded in effecting their escape.]

LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty Office, Nov. 12.—Copy of a letter from Rear Admiral Sir Richard John Strachan, Bart. to William Marsden, Esq. dated on board his majesty's ship the *Cæsar*, off Falmouth, the 8th instant.

SIR,

Not having the returns when the *Æolus* left us, and now having occasion to send in the *Santa Margarita* to procure pilots to take the French ships into harbour, I transmit you the returns of killed and wounded, in the action of the 4th; and also a copy of the thanks alluded to in my letter, which I request you will communicate to their lordships. I dare say their lordships will be surprised that we have lost so few men. I can only account for it from the enemy firing high, and we closing suddenly.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. J. STRACHAN.

I have as yet no very correct account of the loss of the enemy, or of their number of men. The *Mont Blanc* had 700; 63 killed, and 96 wounded, mostly dangerous. The *Scipion*, 111 killed and wounded. The French Admiral, Monsieur Dumanoir le Pelley, wounded; the captain of the *Duguay Trouin*, killed; and second captain wounded.

A list of killed and wounded in his majesty's ships undermentioned, in action with a French squadron, on the 4th of November, 1805.

Cæsar—4 killed and 25 wounded.

Hero—10 killed and 51 wounded.

Courageux—1 killed and 13 wounded.

Namur—4 killed and 8 wounded.

Santa Margarita—1 killed and 1 wounded.

X X 2

Revolutionnaire—2 killed and 6 wounded.

Phoenix—2 killed and 4 wounded.

Eolus—3 wounded.

Total—24 killed and 111 wounded—135.

OFFICERS KILLED.

Hero—Mr. Morrison, second lieutenant of Marines.

Santa Margarita—Mr. T. Edwards, boatswain.

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Hero—Lieutenant Skelkel; Mr. Titterton and Mr. Stephenson, second lieutenants of Marines.

Courageux—Mr. R. Clephane, first lieutenant; Mr. Daws, master's mate; Mr. Bird, midshipman; and Mr. Austin, gunner.

Namur—William Clements, captain of Marines; Thomas Osborn, second lieutenant; and F. Beasley, midshipman.

(Signed) R. J. STRACHAN.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty Office, Nov. 16.—Copy of a letter from the Right Hon. Lord Collingwood, Vice-admiral of the Red, &c. to W. Marsden, Esq. dated on board the *Buryalus*, off Cadiz, October 28, 1805.

SIR,

Since my letter to you of the 24th, stating the proceedings of his majesty's squadron, our situation has been the most critical, and our employment the most arduous that ever a fleet was engaged in. On the 24th and 25th it blew a most violent gale of wind, which completely dispersed the ships, and drove the captured hulls in all directions.—I have since been employed in collecting and destroying them, where they are at anchor upon the coast, between Cadiz and six leagues westward of San Lucar, without the prospect of saving one to bring into port.—I mentioned in my former letter the joining of the *Donegal* and *Melpomene*, after the action; I cannot sufficiently praise the activity of their commanders, in giving assistance to the squadron in destroying the enemy's ships. The *Defiance*, after having stuck to the *Aigle* as long as it was possible, in hope of saving her from wreck, which separated her for some time from the squadron, was obliged to abandon her to her fate, and she went on shore.—Captain Durham's exertions have been very great. I hope I shall get them all destroyed by to-morrow, if the weather keeps moderate. In the gale, the *Royal Sovereign* and *Mars* lost their foremasts, and are now rigging anew, where the body of the squadron is at anchor, to the N. W. of San Lucar.

I find that on the return of *Gravina* to Cadiz, he was immediately ordered to sea again, and came out; which made it necessary for me to form a line, to cover the disabled hulls: that night it blew hard, and his ship, the *Prince of Asturias*, was dismasted, and returned into port; the *Rayo* was also dismasted, and fell into our hands; Don Enrique M'Douel had his broad pendant in the *Rayo*, and from him I find the *Santa Ana* was driven near Cadiz, and towed in by a frigate.

I am, Sir, &c.

C. COLLINGWOOD.

P. S. I enclose a list of the killed and wounded, as far as I have been able to collect it.*

* A complete list having been received, with Lord Collingwood's subsequent account, this return is of course omitted, as unnecessary.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Admiralty Office, Nov. 27, 1805.—Copy of a letter received last night by the Hon. Captain Blackwood, from Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood, commander in chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels in the Mediterranean, to William Marsden, Esq. dated on board his Majesty's ship, the Queen, off Cape Trafalgar, Nov. 4. 1805.

SIR,

On the 28th ultimo I informed you of the proceedings of the squadron to that time. The weather continuing very bad, the wind blowing from the S. W. the squadron not in a situation of safety, and seeing little prospect of getting the captured ships off the land, and great risk of some of them getting into port, I determined no longer to delay the destroying them, and to get the squadron out of the deep bay.

The extraordinary exertion of Captain Capel, however, saved the French *Swiftsure*; and his ship, the *Phæbe*, together with the *Donegal*, Captain Malcolm, afterwards brought out the *Bahama*. Indeed, nothing can exceed the perseverance of all the officers employed in this service. Captain Hope rigged and succeeded in bringing out the *Ildefonso*, all of which will, I hope, have arrived safe at Gibraltar. For the rest, Sir, I enclose you a list of all the enemy's fleet, which were in the action, and how they are disposed of, which, I believe, is perfectly correct.

I informed you, in my letter of the 28th, that the remnant of the enemy's fleet came out a second time, to endeavour, in the bad weather, to cut off some of the hulks, when the *Rayo* was dismasted, and fell into our hands; she afterwards parted her cable, went on shore, and was wrecked. The *Indomptable*, one of the same squadron, was also driven on shore, wrecked, and her crew perished.

The *Santa Ana* and *Algeziras* being driven near the shore of Cadiz, got such assistance as has enabled them to get in; but the ruin of their fleet is as complete as could be expected, under the circumstances of fighting them close to their own shore. Had the battle been in the ocean, still fewer would have escaped. Twenty sail of the line are taken or destroyed; and of those which got in, not more than three are in a repairable state for a length of time.

Rear-Admiral Louis, in the *Canopus*, who had been detached with the *Queen*, *Spencer*, and *Tigre*, to complete the water, &c. of these ships, and to see the convoy in safety a certain distance up the Mediterranean, joined me on the 30th.

In clearing the captured ships of prisoners, I found so many wounded men, that to alleviate human misery as much as was in my power, I sent to the Marquis de Solana, governor-general of Andalusia, to offer him the wounded to the care of their country, on receipts being given: a proposal which was received with the greatest thankfulness, not only by the governor, but the whole country resounds with expressions of gratitude. Two French frigates were sent out to receive them, with a proper officer to give receipts, bringing with them all the English who had been wrecked in several of the ships, and an offer from the Marquis de Solana of the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain for their being carefully attended.

I have ordered most of the Spanish prisoners to be released; the officers on parole; the men for receipts given, and a condition that they do not serve in war, by sea or land, until exchanged.

By my correspondence with the Marquis, I found that Vice-Admiral D'Alava was not dead, but dangerously wounded, and I wrote to him a letter, claiming him as a prisoner of war: a copy of which I enclose, together with a state of the flag officers of the combined fleet. I am, &c.

C. COLLINGWOOD.

A list of the combined fleets of France and Spain in the action of 21st October, 1805, off Cape Trafalgar, shewing how they are disposed of.

1. Span. ship San Ildefonso, of 74 guns, Brigadier Don. J. De Vargas; sent to Gibraltar.
 2. Span. ship San Juan Nepomuceno, of 74 guns, Brigadier Don C. Churruca; sent to Gibraltar.
 3. Span. ship Bahama, of 74 guns, Brigadier Don A. D. Galiano; sent to Gibraltar.
 4. French ship *Swiftsure*, of 74 guns, Mons. Villemadrin; sent to Gibraltar.
-
5. Span. ship *Monarca*, of 74 guns, Don J. Argumosa; wrecked off San Lucar.
 6. French ship *Fougeux*, of 74 guns, Mons. Beaudouin; wrecked off Trafalgar, all perished, and thirty of the Temeraire's men.
 7. French ship *Indomptable*, of 84 guns, Mons. Hubert; wrecked off Rota, all perished.
 8. French ship *Bucentaur*, of 80 guns, Adm. Villeneuve, com. in chief; Capt. Prigny and Magendie; wrecked on the Porques, some of the crew saved.
 9. Span. ship San Francisco de Asis, of 74 guns, Don L. de Flores; wrecked near Rota.
 10. Span. ship *El Rayo*, of 100 guns, Brigadier Don H. Macdonel; wrecked near San Lucar.
 11. Span. ship *Neptuno*, of 84 guns, Brigadier Don C. Valdes; wrecked between Rota and Catolina.
 12. French ship *Argonaute*, of 74 guns, Mons. Epron; on shore in the port of Cadiz.
 13. French ship *Berwick*, of 74 guns, Mons. Camas; wrecked to the northward of San Lucar.
 14. French ship *Aigle*, of 74 guns, Mons. Courrege; wrecked near Rota.
-
15. French ship *Achille*, of 74 guns, Mons. D'Nieuport; burnt during the action.
 16. French ship *Intrepide*, of 74 guns, Mons. Infornet; burnt by the Britannia.
 17. Spanish ship San Agustin, of 74 guns, Brigadier Don F. X. Cagigal; burnt by the Leviathan.

-
18. Span. ship *Santissima Trinidad*, of 140 guns, Rear-Admiral Don Baltazar H. Cisneros; Brigadier Don F. Uriarte; sunk by the *Prince*, *Neptune*, &c.
19. French ship *Redoubtable*, of 74 guns, Mons. Lucas; sunk astern of the *Swiftsure*; *Temeraire* lost thirteen, and *Swiftsure* five men.
20. Span. ship *Argonauta*, of 80 guns, Don A. Parejo; sunk by the *Ajax*.
-
21. Span. ship *Santa Ana*, of 112 guns, Vice-Admiral Don Ignacio D'Alava; capt. Don J. de Gardoqui; taken, but got into Cadiz in the gale, dismasted.
22. French ship *Algeziras*, of 74 guns, Rear-Admiral Magon (killed); Capt. Mons. Bruaro; taken, but got into Cadiz in the gale, dismasted.
23. French ship *Pluton*, of 74 guns, Mons. Cosmao; returned to Cadiz in a sinking state.
24. Span. ship *San Juste*, of 74 guns, Don M. Gaston, returned to Cadiz; has a foremast only.
25. Span. ship *San Leandro*, of 64 guns, Don J. de Quevedo, returned to Cadiz dismasted.
26. French ship *Neptune*, of 84 guns, Mons. Maistral, returned to Cadiz, and perfect.
27. French ship *Heros*, of 74 guns, Mons. Poulain; returned to Cadiz, lower masts in, and Adm. Rossillie's flag on board.
28. Span. ship *Principe de Asturias*, of 112 guns. Adm. Don F. Gravina; Don A. Escano, &c.; returned to Cadiz dismasted.
29. Span. ship *Montanez*, of 74 guns, Don F. Alcedo; returned to Cadiz.
-
30. French ship *Formidable*, of 80 guns, Rear-Adm. Dumanoir; hauled to the southward, and escaped.
31. French ship *Mont Blanc*, of 74 guns, Mons. Le Villegries; hauled to the southward, and escaped.
32. French ship *Scipion*, of 74 guns, Mons. Berenger; hauled to the southward, and escaped.
33. French ship *Duguay Trouin*, of 74 guns. Mons. Touffet; hauled to the southward, and escaped.

N. B. These four ships were captured by Sir Richard Strachan on the fourth instant.

ABSTRACT.

At Gibraltar	- - - - -	4
Destroyed	- - - - -	16
In Cadiz, wrecks	- - - - -	6
In Cadiz, serviceable	- - - - -	3
Escaped to the southward	- - - - -	4

Total 33

A list of the names and rank of the flag-officers of the combined fleet of France and Spain, in the action of the 21st of October, 1805.

Admiral Villeneuve, commander in chief; Bocerantur---Taken.

Admiral Don Frederico Gravina; Principe de Asturias---Escaped, in Cadiz, wounded in the arm.

Vice-Admiral Don Ignatio Maria D'Alava; Santa Ana---Wounded severely in the head, taken, but was driven into Cadiz in the Santa Ana.

Rear-Admiral Don Baltasar Hidalgo Cisneros; Santissima Trinidad---Taken.

Rear-Admiral Magon; Algeiras---Killed.

Rear-Admiral Dumanoir; Formidable---Escaped.

Euryalus, off Cadiz,

October 27, 1805.

MY LORD MARQUIS,

A great number of Spanish subjects having been wounded in the late action, between the British and the Combined Fleets of Spain and France, on the 21st instant, humanity, and my desire to alleviate the sufferings of these wounded men, dictate to me to offer to your excellency their enlargement, that they may be taken proper care of in the hospitals on shore, provided your excellency will send boats to convey them, with a proper officer, to give receipts for the number, and acknowledge them in your excellency's answer to this letter, to be prisoners of war, to be exchanged before they serve again.

I beg to assure your excellency of my high consideration, and that

I am, &c.

(Signed)

C. COLLINGWOOD.

To His Excellency the Marquis de Solana, Captain-General of Andalusia, Governor, &c. &c. Cadiz.

CONDITIONS on which the Spanish wounded Prisoners were released, and sent on Shore to the Hospital.

I GUILLEME VALVERDE, having been authorised, and empowered, by the Marquis de Solana, Governor-general of Andalusia and of Cadiz, to receive from the English squadron the wounded prisoners, and such persons as may be necessary to their care, which release, and enlargement of the wounded, &c. is agreed to, on the part of the commander in chief of the British squadron, on the positive condition, that none of the said prisoners shall be employed again, in any public service of the crown of Spain, either by sea or land, until they are regularly exchanged.

Signed on board his Britannic majesty's ship the *Euryalus*, at sea, the 30th October, 1805.

(Signed)

GUIL. DE VALVERDE,
Edecan de S. E.

SIR,

Euryalus, off Cadiz, October 30, 1805.

IT is with great pleasure that I have heard the wound you received in the action is in a hopeful way of recovery, and that your country may still have the benefit of your future service.

But, sir, you surrendered yourself to me, and it was in consideration only of the state of your wound, that you were not removed into my ship. I could not disturb the repose of a man supposed to be in his last moments; but your sword, the emblem of your service, was delivered to me by your captain, and I expect that you consider yourself a prisoner of war, until you shall be regularly exchanged by cartel. I have the honour to be, &c.

C. COLLINGWOOD.

To Vice-Admiral Don Ignatio Maria D'Alava.

Sent under cover to Admiral Gravina.

An abstract of the killed and wounded on board the respective ships composing the British squadron, under the command of the Right Honourable Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, in the action of the 21st of October, 1805, off Cape Trafalgar, with the combined fleets of France and Spain.

Victory.---4 officers, 3 petty officers, 32 seamen, 18 marines, killed; 4 officers, 3 petty officers, 59 seamen, 9 marines, wounded.---Total 132.

Royal Sovereign.---3 officers, 2 petty officers, 29 seamen, 13 marines, killed; 3 officers, 5 petty officers, 70 seamen, 16 marines, wounded.---Total 141.

Britannia.---1 officer, 8 seamen, 1 marine, killed; 1 officer, 1 petty officer, 33 seamen, 7 marines, wounded.---Total 52.

Temeraire.---3 officers, 1 petty officer, 35 seamen, 8 marines, killed; 3 officers, 2 petty officers, 59 seamen, 12 marines, wounded.---Total 123.

Prince.---None.

Neptune.---10 seamen, killed; 1 petty officer, 30 seamen, 3 marines wounded. Total 44.

Dreadnought.---6 seamen, 1 marine, killed; 1 officer, 2 petty officers, 19 seamen, 4 marines wounded.---Total 33.

Tonnant.---Not received.

Mars.---1 officer, 3 petty officers, 17 seamen, 8 marines, killed; 4 officers, 5 petty officers, 44 seamen, 16 marines, wounded.---Total 98.

Bellerophon.---2 officers, 1 petty officer, 20 seamen, 4 marines, killed; 2 officers, 4 petty officers, 97 seamen, 20 marines, wounded.---Total 150.

Minotaur.---3 seamen, killed; 1 officer, 1 petty officer, 17 seamen, 3 marines, wounded.---Total 25.

Revenge.---2 petty officers, 18 seamen, 8 marines, killed; 4 officers, 38 seamen, 9 marines, wounded.---Total 79.

Conqueror.---2 officers, 1 seaman, killed; 2 officers, 7 seamen, wounded.---Total 12.

Leviathan.---2 seamen, 2 marines, killed; 1 petty officer, 17 seamen, 4 marines, wounded.---Total 26.

Ajax.---2 seamen, killed; 9 seamen, wounded.---Total 11.

Orion.---1 seaman, killed; 2 petty officers, 17 seamen, 4 marines, wounded.---Total 24.

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Agamemnon---2 seamen, killed ; 7 seamen, wounded.---Total 9.
Spartiate---3 seamen, killed ; 1 officer, 2 petty officers, 16 seamen, 1 marine, wounded.---Total 23.
Africa---12 seamen, 6 marines, killed ; 2 officers, 5 petty officers, 30 seamen, 7 marines, wounded.---Total 62.
Belleisle---2 officers, 1 petty officer, 22 seamen, 8 marines, killed ; 3 officers, 3 petty officers, 68 seamen, 19 marines, wounded.---Total 126.
Colossus---1 officer, 31 seamen, 8 marines, killed ; 5 officers, 9 petty officers, 115 seamen, 31 marines, wounded.---Total 200.
Achille---1 petty officer, 6 seamen, 6 marines, killed ; 4 officers, 4 petty officers, 37 seamen, 14 marines, wounded.---Total 72.
Polyphemus---2 seamen, killed ; 4 seamen, wounded.---Total 6.
Swiftsure---7 seamen, 2 marines, killed ; 1 petty officer, 6 seamen, 1 marine, wounded.---Total 17.
Defence---4 seamen, 3 marines, killed ; 23 seamen, 6 marines, wounded.---Total 36.
Thunderer---2 seamen, 2 marines, killed ; 2 petty officers, 9 seamen, 1 marine, wounded.---Total 16.
Defiance---2 officers, 1 petty officer, 8 seamen, 6 marines, killed ; 1 officer, 4 petty officers, 39 seamen, 9 marines, wounded.---Total 70.
TOTAL---21 officers, 15 petty officers, 283 seamen, 104 marines, killed ; 41 officers, 57 petty officers, 870 seamen, 196 marines, wounded.---Total 1587.
(Signed) C. COLLINGWOOD.

Return of the names of the officers and petty officers killed and wounded on board the ships of the British squadron in the action with the combined fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st October, 1805.

KILLED.

Victory---The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B. Vice-Admiral of the White, Commander in Chief, &c. &c. &c. John Scott, Esq. Secretary ; C. W. Adair, Captain, R. Marines ; W. Ram, Lieut. R. Smith, and A. Palmer, Midshipmen ; T. Whipple, Captain's Clerk.
Royal Sovereign---B. Gilliland, lieut. W. Chalmers, master ; R. Green, second lieut. of R. Marines ; J. Aikenhead, and T. Braund, midshipmen.
Britannia---F. Roskrige, lieut.
Temeraire---S. Busigny, capt. of R. Marines ; J. Kingston, lieut. of R. Marines ; L. Oades, carpenter ; W. Pitts, midshipman.
Prince---None. *Neptune*---None. *Dreadnought*---None. *Tonnant*---No Return.
Mars---George Duff, captain ; Alex. Duff, master's mate ; E. Corlyn and H. Morgan, midshipmen.
Bellerophon---John Cooke, first captain ; E. Overton, master ; John Simmens, midshipman.
Minotaur---None.
Revenge---T. Grier, and E. F. Brooks, midshipmen.

Conqueror---R. Lloyd and W. M. St. George, lieuts.

Leviathan---None. *Ajax*---None. *Orion*---None. *Agamemnon*---None.

Spartiate---None. *Africa*---None.

Belleisle---E. Geall and J. Woodin, lieuts. G. Nind, midshipman.

Collossus---T. Scriven, master.

Achille---F. J. Mugg, midshipman.

Polyphemus---None. *Swiftsure*---None. *Defence*---None. *Thunderer*---None.

Defiance---T. Simens, lieutenant. W. Forster, boatswain; J. Williamson, midshipman.

WOUNDED.

Victory---J. Pasco and G. M. Bligh, lieuts. L. B. Reeves and J. G. Peake, lieutenant of R. Marines; W. Rivers (slightly), G. A. Westphall, and R. Bulkeley, midshipmen; J. Geoghehan, agent victualler's clerk.

Royal Sovereign---J. Clavell and J. Bashford, lieuts. J. Le Vesconte, second lieutenant of R. Marines; W. Watson, master's mate; G. Kennicott, G. Thompson, J. Campbell, and J. Farrant, midshipmen; I. Wilkinson, boatswain.

Britannia---S. Trounce, master; W. Grint, midshipman.

Temeraire---J. Mould, lieutenant. S. J. Payne, lieutenant of R. Marines; J. Brooks, boatswain; T. S. Price, master's mate; J. Eastman, midshipman.

Prince---None.

Neptune---Hurrell, captain's clerk.

Dreadnought---J. L. Lloyd (slightly), lieutenant. A. M'Culloch and J. Saffin, midshipmen.

Tomant---No Return.

Mars---E. Garrett and J. Black, lieutenants; T. Cook, master; T. Norman, second captain of R. Marines; J. Yonge, G. Guiren, W. J. Cook, J. Jenkins, and A. Luckraft, midshipmen.

Bellerophon---J. Wemys, captain of R. Marines; T. Robinson, boatswain; E. Hartley, master's mate; W. N. Jewel, J. Stone, T. Bant, and G. Pearson, midshipmen.

Minotaur---J. Robinson, boatswain; J. S. Smith, midshipman.

Revenge---R. Moorsom, captain (slightly); L. Brokenshaw, master; J. Berry, lieutenant and P. Lily, (slightly) captain of R. Marines.

Conqueror---T. Wearing, lieutenant of R. Marines; P. Mendel, lieutenant of his Imperial Majesty's navy, (both slightly.)

Leviathan---J. W. Watson, midshipman, (slightly.)

Ajax---None.

Orion---Sause, C. P. Cable, midshipmen; (both slightly.)

Agamemnon---None.

Spartiate---J. Clarke, boatswain: --- Bellairs and --- Knapman, midshipmen.

Africa---M. Hay, acting lieutenant; J. Tynmore, captain of R. Marines; H. West and A. Turner, master's mates; F. White, (slightly) P. J. Elmhurst, and J. P. Bailey, midshipmen.

Belleisle---W. Terrie, lieutenant. J. Owen, first lieutenant of R. Marines; A. Gibson,

boatswain; W. H. Pearson, and W. Culfield, master's mates; S. Jago, midshipman; J. T. Hodge, volunteer, first class.

Colossus—J. N. Morris, captain; G. Bully, lieutenant. W. Forster, acting lieutenant. J. Benson, lieutenant of R. Marines; H. Milbanke, master's mate; W. Herringham, F. Thistlewayte (slightly) T. G. Reece, H. Snellgrove, R. M'Lean, G. Wharrie, T. Renou, and G. Denton, midshipmen; W. Adamson, boatswain.

Achille—P. Prynn (slightly), and J. Bray, lieutenants. Pralms Westroppe, captain of R. Marines; W. Leddon, lieutenant of R. Marines; G. Pegge, master's mate; W. H. Staines and W. J. Snow, midshipmen; W. S. Warren, volunteer, first class.

Polyphemus—None.

Swiftsure—A. B. Hancock, midshipman.

Defence—None.

Thunderer—J. Snell, master's mate; A. Galloway, midshipman.

Defiance—P. C. Durham (slightly), captain; J. Spratt and R. Browne, master's mates; J. Hodge, and E. A. Chapman, midshipmen.

(Signed) C. COLLINGWOOD.

BIRTHS.

In Grosvenor-Square, the Right Hon. Lady Petre, of a son. The Lady of the Hon. and Rev. Wm. Capel, of a daughter. In Stanhope-Street, May Fair, the Countess of Conyngham, of a son. In Edinburgh, Lady Charlotte Campbell, of a daughter. The Lady of Sir William Elliott, Bart. of Stobs, in Scotland, of a son.

MARRIED.

Lord Viscount Duncannon, to Lady Mary Fane. T. Sheridan, Esq. to Miss Callender, of Preston-House-Hall, near Edinburgh. At Powderham Castle, Devonshire, Lord Edward Somerset, to the Hon. Miss Louisa Courtenay. At Buckden, Lincolnshire, Sir J. Duberly, to Miss St. Barbe. The Earl of Enniskillen, of Plasnewydd, Wales, to Lady C. Paget. Sir R. Peel, Bart. M. P. for Tamworth, to Miss Matilda Clerke.

DIED.

At Colchester, Lady S. Montgomery. At Weimar, the Duke of Brunswick Oels, aged 65. At Barachny House, Charlotte Duchess Dowager of Athol. At Stroud, Kent, Thomas Hulkes, Esq. Alderman of the City of Rochester, and father of James Hulkes, Esq. one of the Members of Parliament for Rochester. At Drimmie House, Scotland, the Right Hon. Lady Kinnaird. At Fleurs, Scotland, William Ker, Duke of Roxburgh, &c. aged 77. In Norfolk-Street, W. E. Agar, Esq. At Portsmouth, Rear-Admiral R. Palliser Cooper.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
DECEMBER, 1805.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. LISTON, OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, ENGRAVED
BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE PAINTING.

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1806.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In our next a fine portrait of the Honourable Mr. SKEFFINGTON, from a highly finished miniature by Mr. Barber.

We cannot certainly refuse a situation to any well-written defence of the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*, in reply to the observations of E. D.

We by mistake announced last month, a letter from M. HOLFORD, (Chester.) No observations from any person of that name have appeared in this work, respecting the Young Roscius. Those inserted in the present number, are from a different quarter.

We thank a SUBSCRIBER for his letter on the pleasure of seeing *Tragedy*; but we have already given a place to several essays on the same subject.

Lines on "the *Rose Tree*;" and on "the *Death of a Lady*;" by J. NORRINGTON, (Plymouth) the first opportunity.

It has not been in our power to oblige ALLEN-LOWIN-BURBAGE, this month.

In our lists of the two winter companies, in the *Mirror* for September last, arranged from recollection only, there are some material omissions, which we beg leave here to supply. In the Drury Lane list, we forgot to insert the names of Mr. Palmer; Mr. Cherry; Mr. Russell, and Miss Duncan. In that of Covent Garden, those of Mr. Hull; Mrs. Beverly; Mrs. Emery; Madame Frederick; Miss Waddy; and possibly some others, whose merits entitled them to notice under their different classes.

Again we entreat *patience* from our numerous poetical contributors.

"*A'Hushaby* for Miss Mudie," is now unnecessary. The anecdotes respecting this lady's family, we must also decline publishing.

Remarks on the fallibility of circumstantial evidence in criminal cases; with several extraordinary facts: for the consideration of jurymen,—are intended for the ensuing number.

It would be quite contrary to our plan, to publish separately from the number the curious *fac simile* of Lord Nelson's memorial, presented last month; a measure very strongly recommended by several correspondents, from different parts of the country.



*Mr. Liston,
in the Character of Jacob Gambley.*

Pub by Verner & Hood, Peabody, Dec. 31, 1806.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR DECEMBER, 1805.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

THE LATE ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQ.

MR. ROBERT JEPHSON, having entered, early in life, into the military line, was advanced to the rank of captain in the 73d regiment of foot, on the Irish establishment; when that regiment was reduced in the year 1763, he was put on the half-pay list, on which he afterwards continued. The study of war did not totally engross Mr. Jephson's attention; the arts of peace, and the *Belles Lettres*, strongly occupied his mind. He displayed good natural parts, well improved by education; he spoke pleasingly, his language was good, and he had a vein of satirical humour, very agreeable to all but those against whom it was pointed. These qualifications recommended him to the attention of Lord Townshend, who came to the government of Ireland in 1767, and who made Captain Jephson master of the horse, and procured him a seat in the house of commons. Indeed the captain was grateful for these favours, and constantly supported the measures of government; and strenuously defended the character of Lord Townshend, when it was openly attacked in the house, after he had departed. On the 11th Feb. 1774, when the great debate came on, respecting a bill to relax the severity of the laws against the papists, Captain Jephson took a conspicuous part, and made a very long and eloquent speech in their favour. His style was flowery; he used the most solid argument, and aimed at moving the passions; quitting, on that occasion, his usual satirical turn, which had obtained him the name of the "*Mortal Momus*." But this restraint was not frequently used. In the debate on removing the custom-house of Dublin, (March 7, 1779) and in that on a motion for sending 4000 troops from Ireland to America he indulged his talent for humour. Lord Townshend having left Ireland, his successor, Lord Harcourt, had not that taste for wit and humour, which distinguished his predecessor, and made Captain Jephson very agreeable to him. The captain, indeed, continued in his office, but did not seem to have that countenance shewn him in the castle as before; and on the general election, in 1776, he was not returned. However, Mr. Hugh Massey being made a peer, the lord-lieutenant was convinced Captain Jephson's

talents would be useful, and he was elected in October 1776, to fill Lord Massey's vacant seat of Old Leighlin, in the county of Carlow, a borough at the disposal of the bishop of Leighlin and Fernes.—However, Captain Jephson did not distinguish himself so much in the house as formerly, but frequently gave his silent vote. Having applied his mind to dramatic writing, he produced "*Braganza*," tragedy, acted at Drury Lane, 1775; "*The Law of Lombardy*," ditto, 1779; "*The Count of Narbonne*," tragedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1781; "*The Campaign; or, Love in the East-Indies*," opera, first acted at Dublin, and then at Covent Garden, 1785, without success, and afterwards reduced to an entertainment of two acts, under the title of "*Love and War*," 1787; "*Julia: or, the Italian Lover*," tragedy, acted at Drury Lane, 1787; and, "*The Conspiracy*," ditto, 1796. He altered a farce of Vaughan's, called "*The Hotel; or, Double Valet*," which (for the second title) he called "*The Servant with two Masters*," 1784, and which was acted at Covent Garden, under the title of "*Two Strings to your Bow*," 1791. Of this piece he was said to be the author, though the real author was living; a title which *alterers* now-a-days assume! His tragedies, like all dramatic productions, have had their opponents and defenders, but it must be confessed, that few *modern* ones can excel them. It did not seem enough to Captain Jephson to figure as the soldier, shine as an orator, excel as a man of wit and humour, and please the greater number of critics, as a dramatic writer, but he resolved to attempt the buskin. In this design he met with an agreeable opportunity. The Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, member for the county of Dublin, and keeper of the Phoenix Park, had a great love for the stage, and had erected a most elegant theatre in the park. The tragedy of "*Macbeth*," and the farce of "*The Citizen*," were thrice performed there to a most brilliant audience, in January 1778, and the character of Macbeth was ably supported by our author. He published also, in 1794, "*The Confessions of James Baptiste Couteau*," in two volumes, a severe satire on the depravity of French manners; and, in the same year, he sent abroad "*Roman Portraits*," a poem, in heroic verse, with historical remarks and illustrations. He died in July, 1803.

THE PENANCE OF JANE SHORE.

BEFORE Paul's Cross, in 1483, was brought, divested of all her splendour, Jane Shore, the charitable, the merry concubine of Edward IV. and, after his death, of his favourite, the unfortunate

Lord Hastings. After the loss of her protectors, she fell a victim to the malice of crook-backed Richard. He was disappointed (by her excellent defence) of convicting her of witchcraft, and confederating with her lover to destroy him. He then attacked her on the weak side of frailty. This was undeniable. He consigned her to the severity of the church: she was carried to the bishop's palace, cloathed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to the cathedral, and the cross, before which she made a confession of her only fault. Every other virtue bloomed in this ill-fated fair with the fullest vigour. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time.— On his death she was reduced to necessity, scorned by the world, and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings. “In her penance she went,” says Holinshed, “in countenance and pase demure, so womanlie, that, albeit she were out of all araie, save her kirtle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the woondering of the people cast a comelie rud in her cheeks, (of whiche she before had most misse), that hir great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie than curious of hir soule. And manie good folkes that hated hir living, (and glad were to see sin corrected), yet pitied they more hir penance, than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, than anie virtuous affection.”

Rowe has flung this part of her sad story into a poetical dress; but it is far from depreciating the moving simplicity of the old historian.

The poet has adopted the fable of her being denied all sustenance, and of her perishing with hunger; but that was not the fact. She lived to a great age, but in great distress and miserable poverty; deserted even by those to whom she had, during prosperity, done the most essential services. She dragged a wretched life, even to the time of Sir Thomas More, who introduces her story into his life of Edward V. The beauty of her person is spoken of in high terms. “Proper she was, and faire: nothing in hir bodie that you would have changed; but you would have wished hir somewhat higher. Thus saie they that knew hir in hir youth.—Now is she old, leane, withered, and dried up; nothing left but ravelled skin and hard bone; and yet, being even such, who so well advise her visage, might gesse and devise, which parts how filled would make it a faire face.”

J. S.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE DESERT.

From Griffith's Travels.

"LITTLE conversation took place between my companion and myself: he was very ill; and we both dreaded the return of noon, when in general the heated air began to affect us, and travelled on in silent hope of speedy relief.

"At two o'clock P. M. the Simoolets blew stronger than usual from the S. E. and on joining the mohaffah, I soon observed an afflicting change had taken place in the countenance of my friend. It was now that, in aggravation of all my sufferings, I foresaw the impossibility of his long resisting the violent burning blasts which, with little intermission, continued to assail us. The thermometer hanging round my neck, was up to 116; and the little remaining water, which was in a leathern bottle, suspended at the corner of the mohaffah, had become so thick, resembling the residuum of an ink-stand, that, parched and thirsty as I felt, I could not relieve my distress, by any attempt to swallow it.

"At length I perceived evident marks of our approaching the long-looked-for well, where some relief was to be expected. The hasty march of the leading camels and stragglers, all verging towards one point, convinced me we were not far from the place of our destination. Willing to communicate the glad tidings to my friend, I rode to him, and expressed my hope, that he would be soon refreshed by a supply of water: he replied, 'Thank God! but I am almost dead.' I endeavoured to cheer his spirits; and then urging my horse, advanced to the spot where I observed the camels were collecting together. In about half an hour I found myself amongst a circle of animals, greedily contending for a draught of muddy water, confined in a small superficial well, about five feet in diameter. Pressing to the edge, I laid myself upon my belly, and, by means of my hand, supplied myself with a fluid, which, however filthy in itself, and contaminated by the disgusting mouths of as many camels and men as could reach it, was a source of indescribable gratification. It is wholly out of the power of language to convey any idea of the blissful enjoyment of obtaining water, after an almost total want of it, during eight and forty hours, in the scorching regions of an Arabian desert, in the month of July.

"But this moment of gratification was soon succeeded by one of peculiar horror and anxiety. Scarcely had I quenched my thirst before the mohaffah arrived. I flew with a bowl full of water to

my friend, who drank but little of it, and in great haste. Alas ! it was his last draught ! His lovely child, too, eagerly posited her mouth of roses, blistered by the noxious blast !

“ With difficulty Joannes and myself supported my feeble friend to where the tent had been thrown down from the camel’s back. He stammered out a question respecting the time of the day ; to which I answered it was near four : and requesting the Arabs to hold over him part of the tent (to which it required too much time) I unpacked, as speedily as possible, our liquor chest, and hastened to offer him some visnee (a kind of cherry brandy) ; but nature was too much exhausted ! I sat down, and receiving him in my arms, repeated my endeavours to engage him to swallow a small portion of the liqueur. All human efforts were vain ! Gust after gust of pestilential air dried up the springs of life, and he breathed his last upon my bosom !

“ Let the reader of sensibility reflect upon the concomitant circumstances which attended this afflicting scene, and then refer to the sensations that will be created in his own breast, to form some idea of those which must have lacerated mine ! Let him paint to himself a traveller, of an age alive to every feeling, in the midst of the desert of Arabia, with the corpse of his respected friend, burnt to the appearance of a cinder, black, yet warm on one side of him ; and on the other, the daughter of that friend, the most angelic child that nature ever formed, unconscious of her loss, and with the prattle of innocence enquiring, ‘ where her dear papa was gone to ? ’ It was a scene as little to be supported as described ; and the honest tears I shed, bore ample testimony to the wounded sensibility of my heart.

“ But a short time, however, could be allowed to assuage my grief, or to indulge it. Who was to perform those last sad offices of friendship, so requisite, and yet so difficult ? Who would undertake to prepare with decency for the grave, the disfigured remains of my kind companion ? Who would assist in these disgusting yet pious occupations ? The servant and myself were all that professed the christian religion, and we alone could execute its duties.

“ With as much propriety as the circumstances admitted, we therefore performed the melancholy task ; and having induced the Arabs to dig a grave near the remains of a village not far from the wells, I directed the body to be carried there, following it with the dear Marianne, who knelt by me whilst I offered up to God the pure effusions of a heart overwhelmed by distress, but submissively bowing to the decrees of his divine will.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
THE LATE MR. EDWIN.

(Continued from p. 222.)

IN the middle of Mr. Mossop's season, Edwin received an invitation from Mr. Ryder to go to Waterford in the summer, and perform under the management of that gentleman; he was offered a capital cast of parts, and that offer was sweetened by the kindnesses of Mr. Ryder and his family, which Edwin experienced in a very eminent degree.

In the course of the summer Edwin received an invitation to the Edinburgh theatre, and the death of Mr. Stamper,* the low comedian, operated as an incitement in the manager to solicit the assistance of Mr. Edwin. Affairs were nearly brought to an issue, and an engagement between them determined on, but the want of a sufficient sum of money to accomplish so long a journey, forced Edwin once more to fight under the banners of Mossop, and he left Waterford, October the 15th, 1766, in company with Mr. Remington, the comedian, to walk back again to Dublin.

That theatre opened soon after Edwin's arrival in the capital, and though the payments were irregular and scanty, discretion made up the deficiency—three weeks often passed on without a moiety of a week's demand, and then, perhaps, there was an office of payment on a Saturday night, after the performance: on the arrival of that, actors, painters, carpenters, taylor, scene men, fiddlers, lamplighters, door-keepers, composers, property men, copyists, prompter, call-boy, and authors, all pressed forward to the office, treading on each others heels and toes, wrestling, snarling, jostling, and digging with the elbows, like so many candidates for the laurel, when the destinies bisect the thread of a courtly poet's existence.

Thus in strong compacted bodies moved the motley famished congress towards the chest which contained the sinews of dramatic legislation—a hundred tongues wagged at once in the full diapason of horror, and seriously demanded, as with one voice, *if money was to be had?*

Mr. Christie, the treasurer, held a most unpleasant office, and the titles bestowed on him by those who were unfortunate enough to be left out of the list of payments, were not composed of the pleasantest syllables of the language.

* It is worthy of remark, that the late celebrated Mr. Parsons of Drury Lane theatre, was selected to succeed Mr. Stamper, in consequence of Edwin's refusal; by this circumstance we learn, that those great men in their professional capacity were cotemporary in fame during the progress of juvenility.

Ejaculations of despair, and looks of melancholy, were heard and seen in almost every visage. Alecto and her inexorable companions, seemed to marshal the vicissitudes of the awful moment.

Peretti, the Italian singer's mode of addressing the treasurer, was rather whimsical: "Signor Christie, tella me, Sir, is dere any monies for me?" As the answer, in nine instances out of ten, was conveyed in a snug negative, he usually followed up the demand thus: "Cotta blessa my soul—cotta dam—dis is pretty vel bad—ah me wish me was at Londres—Cotta blessa Covent Garden in Londres—Cotta a blessa a you, Signor Beard—*voi avete un buono cuore.*"

Edwin had the good fortune to be of much use in the business of the Dublin theatre, and consequently often had the satisfaction to receive one half or a third of his salary; a blessing that was not generally extended to his compeers.

This situation, however, was not long desirable; in company with a brother comedian he left Mr. Mossop, and made a short stay at Manchester; where failing to procure an engagement, he assisted (it is said) Mr. Harrup in the conduct of the Manchester Mercury.

His first performance in England, after his return from Dublin, was in Mr. Heaton's company, at Bewdley in Worcester-shire, in the year 1767. Here he was made, as the actors phrase it, *useful*, and assumed all characters of all descriptions in tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, pantomime, interlude, prelude, &c. and enacted, without compunction or shame, *Bajazet*, *Hob*, and *Chronenhotonthologos*, on the same night.

His next engagement was at Preston, where he took the field in the character of *Coriolanus*; but the magistrates having permitted *Mr. Punch and his merry family* to exhibit in the same town, the living votaries of Thespis, unable to enter into competition with their wooden rivals, Mr. Hamilton, the manager, and his whole troop, soon resigned their station, and Edwin set off in a broad-wheeled waggon to London, where he took a lodging at No. 8, up two pair of stairs, in Hemming's Row, for which he was to pay three shillings and sixpence weekly. He was reduced to a state of complete poverty, when he received a letter from his old manager Mr. Heaton, containing the offer of an instantaneous engagement, with a certain salary of fifteen shillings weekly, and what was more conciliating to a young mind, an unlimited choice of parts. The threats of hunger in perspective, and the gratification of his ambition, rekindled the cooling embers of dramatic solicitude. Upon the

death of Arthur, the low comedian at Bath, Mr. Lee, the manager, instantly dispatched a letter to Bewdley, containing the offer of handsome terms to our hero, who, flattered by the proposal to succeed so great and estimable a man, gave in his resignation to Mr. Heaton, and arrived in Bath on the second of October, 1768.

The first character he here assumed, was *Periwinkle*, in the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, on the seventh of the same month; and the second, *Sir Harry Sycamore*, in *The Maid of the Mill*; and so nearly perfect was he in both, that, notwithstanding Arthur had been a great favourite with the critics of Somersetshire, Edwin was received with evident marks of attention and applause.

It was at this æra that he became first acquainted with Mrs. Walmsley, who was then a reputable milliner in Horse-street; with this lady he lived many years, and had by her several children, one of them the gentleman whose sudden death in Dublin we have recently recorded.

In June 1775, he was engaged at Foote's theatre, in the Haymarket, at a salary of three pounds per week, and in the latter part of that month, made his first professional bow to a London audience, in the part of *Flaw*, in Foote's comedy of the *Coxenors*. His success in this attempt did not equal the expectation of his friends at Bath. His second part was *Jobson*, in the *Devil to Pay*; in this character his latent greatness as a comedian began to glimmer, and the critics of the day spoke of him in the language of hope, and Foote approved of his demeanour; but the first time he was uplifted by universal applause, was the morning after he had played *Billy Button*, in the *Maid of Bath*; all the papers of the day registered him a valuable acquisition, and what was before doubtful, now became established.

He finished his career at the Haymarket for that season with *eclat*, and returned to his friends in the West with accumulated glory; this was the last season of Foote's management, and when that theatre, with its concomitant appurtenances, were conveyed over to the *elder* Colman, the lively subject of this memoir was included in the transfer.

In the summer of 1776, he repeated his dramatic essays in the metropolis. The first parts he performed under Mr. Colman's management, were *Hardcastle*, in *She stoops to Conquer*, and *Midas*. Miss Farren, (the present Countess of Derby) made her original curtesy to the town, on the same night, in the character of *Miss Hardcastle*.

[To be continued.]

OBSERVATIONS ON THE "POOR MAN'S SABBATH."

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Gray.

MR. EDITOR.

THE numerous and almost unqualified encomiums which the greater part of our literary journals have bestowed on Mr. Grahame's poem of the "Sabbath," and the total silence which they have observed in regard to the one in question, induces me to offer a few observations on the circumstance. Being convinced that whatever may ameliorate the situation of indigent or neglected genius, will readily find a place in your elegant miscellany.

The poem which gives birth to these remarks, is the production of John Struthers, a self-taught bard, and who, like Bloomfield, (when composing the *Farmer's Boy*) moves in no higher sphere of life than that of a journeyman shoemaker; a situation, perhaps, of all others, the most uncongenial for the poet.

Yet, notwithstanding these, and many other disadvantages, Mr. Struthers has produced a poem, that does no less honour to himself than the Muse of Caledonia, and which will long be read with attention and unmixed pleasure. It is written in the stanza of "Beattie's Minstrel," and exhibits a bold and genuine picture of the manner in which the *Sabbath* is celebrated by our Scottish peasantry. It has also *originality** of design, strength of colouring, and,

* A gentleman (an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Grahame's) having heard of the *Poor Man's Sabbath*, long previous to its publication, waited on the author, and procured a copy of the MS. telling him he would recommend the work to his friend, a bookseller in Edinburgh, and who, he had no doubt, would usher it into the world in the most elegant and splendid manner.

Our author received this proposal with gratitude, but heard nothing further on the subject. About fourteen months after this circumstance, however, "The Sabbath," a poem, by Mr. James Grahame, made its appearance! The manuscript was then enquired after, but "it had fallen aside," and has not yet been recovered! The bookseller, the friend of our poet's *patron*, was "windin' up

and, in general, happiness of execution. The author evidently possesses a clear judgment, vigorous mind, lively fancy, and evinces a thorough

his business, and did not wish to undertake any thing new in the publishing line !!!”

Whether these facts sufficiently account for the following *coincidences*, in the above mentioned poems, as well as in the *name*, the candid reader will form his own judgment:—

*But chief in freedom from the weary wain
Exulting, roams at large the bounding steed.*

Struthers.

— The toil-worn horse set free,
Unheedful of the pasture roams at large.

Grahame.

These lines are taken nearly from the commencement of both poems; the *coincidence* is obvious and singular indeed!

And down the vale, where, yet unmelted, fly
The morning clouds around his humble home,
Wrapt up in holy contemplation high,
Behold the weak-worn cotter slowly roam.
On every hand the fragrant flow'rets bloom,
An hymn of joy in every thicket rings;
Earth breathes a grateful off'ring of perfume,
While blithe the lark extends his dewy wings,
And soaring up to heaven, a heaven-taught sonnet sings.

Struthers.

The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning's air, pure from the city's smoke,
While wandering slowly up the river's side
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree, that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots, &c.

Grahame.

Here again the imagery of both passages is the same, as is also the following:—

Then on their knees with hearts sincere they pray.

Struthers.

Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
Breath'd from the inmost heart, in accents low,
But earnest—

Grahame.

Did time and your limits permit, many more corresponding lines in these poems might be pointed out; the above occurred to me on a first reading, and, I think, sufficiently prove that had Mr. Grahame not “plowed with Mr. Struthers' heifer,” he would not have imitated so closely his language and sentiments.

thorough knowledge of the subject, and close attention to the habits of those he describes. Still however the poem is not without defects ; (we occasionally meet with prosaic lines) but it has more excellencies. To show that I have not overrated its merits, I subjoin the following verses, which are in general unconnected, and copied at random.

The sun burns bright—wide thro' the fervid air,
 Of insect wings the hum unceasing flows ;
 And stretch'd around, beneath the oppressive glare,
 The flowery field with dazzling splendour glows :
 Low down the vale, beneath the shady boughs,
 The herd seeks shelter from the sultry beam ;
 Or under yon tall rock, that rising, throws,
 All hoary, thro' the trees a dusky gleam ;
 Their panting sides they lave, deep in the silver stream.

The peaceful valleys smile—with wanton glee
 The hare leaps, playful, in the broomy shade,
 And clear the wild-wood strains of liberty,
 All rapt'rous sweep along the sunny glade.
 With eyes of jet, and swelling bosom red,
 The little robin, flutt'ring, flits on high ;
 The russet wren, beneath the brushwood hid,
 Patters unseen, or on the careless eye,
 Comes like a falling leaf, in air light wavering by.

The following description of a church-yard scene is finely told, and possesses great merit, though, perhaps, the perusal of the seventh and ninth lines may remind the reader of a verse in Gray's well known Elegy on the same subject :—

How solemn to the eye the scene appears !
 The yew—the porch with pale Death's emblems crown'd,
 And sable-rail'd, bedeck'd with pompous tears,
 The rich men's tombs that gloomy rise around ;
 Of some the smooth-hewn slab marks out the bound,
 Preserving still the poor possessor's name,
 Perhaps his years—while level with the ground,
 Many, by friendship mourn'd, unknown to fame,
 Beneath the grass green sod no frail memorial claim,

Here wrapt in thought the poor man wanders wild,
 And dark the days of other years return :
 For underneath that turf, his darling child,
 His first born son, lies in the mould'ring urn ;
 He heaves a sigh, his heart begins to burn——
 The rough grey stone still marks his fav'rite's head ;
 And o'er him, beauteous, in the breath of morn,
 To all her children, Nature's bounteous mead,
 With scarlet gaily tipt the mountain daisies spread.

"The Poor Man's Sabbath" is, upon the whole, a pleasing performance ; indeed, when we consider our author as toiling, from morning to night, for the support of his wife and numerous offspring, and deprived of the benefits resulting from a classical education, we must allow it to be an extraordinary effort of genius.—His situation cannot be better described than in the language of Burns, his brother bard :

His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stone, his thriftie wife's smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Dors a' his weary kjaugh and care beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Glasgow, 13th Nov. 1805.

I am, &c.

J. F.

ON THE FREQUENCY OF ASSASSINATIONS

IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

MR. EDITOR,

THE causes which gave rise to assassination, a practice so shocking to humanity, deserve our particular attention. Resentment is, for obvious and wise reasons, one of the strongest passions in the human mind. The natural demand of this passion is, that the person who feels the injury should himself inflict the vengeance due on that account. The permitting this, however, would have been destructive to society ; and punishment would have known no bounds, either in severity or in duration. For this reason, in the very infancy of the social state, the sword was taken out of private hands, and committed to the magistrate. But at first, while laws

aimed at restraining, they really strengthened the principle of revenge. The earliest and most simple punishment for crimes was retaliation: the offender forfeited limb for limb, and life for life. The payment of a compensation to the person injured, succeeded to the rigour of the former institution. In both these, the gratification of private revenge was the object of law; and he who suffered the wrong, was the only person who had a right to pursue, to exact, or to remit the punishment. While laws allowed such full scope to the revenge of one party, the interests of the other were not neglected. If the evidence of his guilt did not amount to a full proof, or if he reckoned himself to be unjustly accused, the person to whom a crime was imputed had a right to challenge his adversary to single combat, and, on obtaining the victory, vindicated his own honour. In almost every considerable cause, whether civil or criminal, arms were appealed to in defence, either of the innocence or the property of the parties. Justice had seldom occasion to use her balance; the sword alone decided every contest. The passion of revenge was nourished by all these means, and grew, by daily indulgence, to be incredibly strong. Mankind became habituated to blood, not only in time of war, but of peace, and from this, as well as other causes, contracted an amazing ferocity of temper and manners. This ferocity, however, made it necessary to discourage the trial by combat, to abolish the payment of compensations in criminal cases, and to think of some milder method of terminating disputes concerning civil right. The punishment for crimes became more severe, and the regulations concerning property more fixed; but the princes, whose province it was to inflict the one, and to enforce the other, possessed little power.—Great offenders despised their authority; smaller ones sheltered themselves under the jurisdiction of those, from whose protection they expected impunity. The administration of justice was extremely feeble and dilatory. An attempt to punish the crimes of a chieftain, or even of his vassals, often excited rebellions and civil wars. To nobles, haughty and independent, among whom the causes of discord were many, and unavoidable, who were quick in discerning an injury, and impatient to revenge it; who esteemed it infamous to submit to an enemy, and cowardly to forgive him; who considered the right of punishing those who had injured them, as a privilege of their order, and a mark of independency; such slow proceedings were extremely unsatisfactory. The blood of their adversary was, in their opinion, the only thing which could wash

away an affront; where that was not shed, their revenge was disappointed, their courage became suspended, and a stain was left upon their honour. That vengeance which the impotent hand of the magistrates would not inflict, their own could easily execute; under governments so feeble, men assumed, as in a state of nature, the right of judging and redressing their own wrongs. And thus assassination, a crime of all others the most destructive to society, came not only to be allowed, but to be deemed honourable.

J. S.

SECOND SIGHT.

I do not find sufficient evidence for the reality of *second sight*, or at least of what is commonly understood by that term. A treatise on the subject was published in the year 1762, in which many tales were told of persons, whom the author believed to have been favoured, or haunted, with these illuminations; but most of the tales were trifling and ridiculous: and the whole work betrayed extreme credulity on the part of the compiler. That any of these visionaries are liable to be swayed in their declaration by sinister views, I will not say, though a gentleman of character assured me, that one of them offered to sell him this unaccountable talent for half a crown. But this, I think, may be said with confidence, that none but ignorant people pretend to be gifted in this way; and in them, it may be nothing more, perhaps, than short fits of sudden sleep, or drowsiness, attended with lively dreams, and arising from some bodily disorder, the effect of idleness, low spirits, or a gloomy imagination. For it is admitted, even by the most credulous highlanders, that, as knowledge and industry are propagated in their country, the second sight disappears in proportion; and nobody ever laid claim to this faculty, who was much employed in the intercourse of social life. Nor is it at all extraordinary, that one should have the appearance of being awake, and should even think one's self so, during these fits of dozing; or that they should come on suddenly, and while one is engaged in some business. The same thing happens to persons much fatigued, or long kept awake, who frequently fall asleep for a moment, or for a longer space, while they are standing, or walking, or riding on horseback. Add but a lively dream to this slumber, and (which is the frequent effect of disease) take away the consciousness of having been asleep, and a super-

stitious man, who is always hearing and believing tales of second sight, may easily mistake his dream for a waking vision, which, however, is soon forgotten, when no subsequent occurrence recalls it to his memory; but which, if it shall be thought to resemble any future event, exalts the poor dreamer into a highland prophet. This conceit makes him more recluse and more melancholy than ever, and so feeds his disease, and multiplies his visions, which, if they are not dissipated by business or society, may continue to haunt him as long as he lives; and which, in their progress through the neighbourhood, receive some new tincture of the marvellous from every mouth that promotes their circulation. As to the prophetic nature of this second sight, it cannot be admitted at all. That the deity should work a miracle, in order to give intimation of the frivolous things that these dreams are made up of, the arrival of a stranger, the nailing of a coffin, or the colour of a suit of clothes; and that these intimations should be given for no end, and to those persons only who are idle and solitary, who speak Erse, or who live among mountains and deserts, is like nothing in nature or providence that we are acquainted with, and must, therefore, unless it were confirmed by a satisfactory proof, (which is not the case) be rejected as absurd and incredible. The visions, such as they are, may reasonably enough be ascribed to a distempered fancy. And that in them, as well in our ordinary dreams, certain appearances should, on some rare occasions, resemble certain events, is to be expected from the laws of chance, and seems to have in it nothing more marvellous or supernatural, than that the parrot, who deals out his scurrilities at random, should sometimes happen to salute the passenger by his right appellation.

But, whatever the reader may think of these remarks, or of their pertinency to the present subject, I am sure I shall not be blamed for quoting, from a poem little known, the following very picturesque lines; which may shew, that what in history or philosophy would make but an awkward figure, may sometimes have a charming effect in poetry.]

E'er since of old the haughty thanes of Ross,
 (So to the simple swain tradition tells)
 Were wont, with clans and ready vassals throng'd
 To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf;
 There oft is heard at midnight, or at noon,
 Beginning faint, but rising still more loud

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And nearer, voice of hunters and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen ;
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies ; the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
Of hot pursuit ; the broken cry of deer,
Mangled by throttling dogs ; the shouts of men,
And hoofs thick-beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden, the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the tumult, and the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round ;
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns :
Nor knows, o'eraw'd and trembling as he stands,
To what, or whom he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend ;
But wonders ; and no end of wondering finds.
Albania, a Poem. London, 1737, Folio.

THE JEWS IN THIS COUNTRY.

RESEARCHES into the transactions of antiquity, and the state of the human mind in ages long since elapsed, would greatly diminish in their value, if we could consider them only as the amusements of the polite scholar, or the speculative philosopher. History pursues a much higher and nobler end, and feels, in its connexion with the present and future improvement of mankind, a consciousness of superior importance. It was under a conviction of this truth, that I endeavoured, a few months ago, to trace the causes of that uniformity of character, by which the Jews have been distinguished in every age and every country. Had this character been changed, or had its causes ceased to exist, any farther remarks upon this subject might have been superfluous and uninteresting. But no great penetration is required to discover that very little radical change has taken place. The character universally ascribed to Jews is certainly more than a traditional proverb ; but at the same time, the conduct of all ranks of society towards them, is fully adequate to produce the same effect as arose in earlier ages, from more violent proceedings. The tenure of property is now more secure, the rights of individuals are now more respected, but there has been no visible alteration in disposition or character ; bigotry

is not so brutal, so lawless as it was; it now acknowledges the ascendancy of social justice, or, paramount to all other considerations, the necessity of order; but it still wears that forbidding aspect, which checks the growth of harmony. Those prejudices which formerly led to the persecution of the Jews, are still in existence; they form a dread barrier between them and society, secluding them from that familiar converse, which constitutes one of the highest charms of social life, refining the feelings to all that is affable and amiable, and improving the understanding to all that is great and dignified. In many parts of Germany they cannot travel without paying an extraordinary toll, which is imposed on no other nation; a law strictly enforced, or only evaded by the payment of an exorbitant tax, prohibits their passing a night within the walls of some towns, while in others the privilege of residence is obtained only on degrading conditions, and attended by precautions at once frivolous and humiliating. Such instances of vexatious tyranny, are but too striking proofs of a general temper of society, very remote from that liberality, which is so far above vulgar prejudices. There is, I conceive, (and I say it, though with the conscious pleasure of patriotism, still without the blind presumption of national egotism) there is, I conceive, no country in which the principles of general equity are better understood, or the legal statutes for their support more perfect, than in England; but codes of jurisprudence cannot regulate the spontaneous emotions, the innate sympathies of the heart; we have still to divest ourselves of narrow prejudices, and to learn that generosity of conduct, which in encouraging confidence, will inspire affection. It must be owned that we have not admitted the Jews to that freedom of social intercourse, without which manners cannot soften or refine; we have been too apt to consider them as incapable or undeserving of benevolent attachment. In our dealings with them, we are over-cautious, and betray those suspicions which, whether well-founded or not, it is at all times more generous and even more politic to conceal than display; in prosperity we deprive opulence of half its pleasures, by not participating in their success, and in adversity we heighten their sufferings, if not by rejoicing in them, at least by not pitying them, by giving them no wishes for better days, "no tears but of *their* shedding, no sighs but of *their* breathing." Some few instances may be found, where superior wealth has allured, or superior talent constrained us to recognise their power of attaining urbanity of manners and cultivation of mind. On these, however, can be grounded no claim to improved dispositions; the interested atten-

tions, the venal politeness, which riches procure, afford no criterion by which general character must be judged, nor can the respect which the genius of a Mendelsohn inspires, be considered as the result of increasing liberality. Such evident examples of a contrary spirit, are to be met with in the daily occurrences of life, that further proofs cannot be required; in the character of the Venetian usurer, so finely pourtrayed by our favourite bard, we may discover the form in which it existed subsequently to the great change in the manners of the European nations; and in the middle of the last century, the circumstances attendant upon the act of the British legislature for naturalizing the Jews, evince sufficiently the dispositions by which our own countrymen were animated. The feelings manifested at that time must reflect an equal disgrace upon the mass of the people who entertained them, and the party by which they were encouraged; artful and designing politicians alone will seek success by awakening into clamour the selfish passions of the vulgar; the patriotic, discerning statesman will employ nobler means, and reject the short-lived triumphs of baser arts, for the durable advantages that result from liberal policy.

The prevailing character of the Jews may be the ostensible and a very colourable pretext for the conduct so universally observed towards them; but even granting that we are actuated by no prejudices, it is surely ungenerous and unjust in us to punish dispositions to which the harsh proceedings of our ancestors gave birth. If we are improved by the lapse of ages, we ought to evince it by a conduct in no ways similar to what we condemn in others; if our claims to superiority in taste, in acquirements, in knowledge, and in religion, are real, we ought to prove it by those liberal sentiments and benevolent actions, which, in attaching no stigma to venial errors of judgment, gradually animate even the most insensible of beings to generous candour and assimilating affections.

Sach, Sir, are the remarks which I have to offer upon the character of the Jews, and our treatment of them. I have not the presumption to imagine that what I have said can awaken attention, or effect any change; my views and my wishes may be fully expressed in the words of one of our most elegant poets:

“ Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy impart,
And as the pleasing influence flows confest,
“ A sigh of soft reflection heave the heart.”

Norwich, November 8th, 1806.

N. S.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENNEA PITEPOENTA: or the Diversions of Purley. By J. Horne Tooke. Part II. Quarto. pp. 516. 1l. 11s. 6d. Johnson. 1805.

LONGO post tempore venit—At length we have a second part of the **DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY**. Eight years* have this day elapsed since the public paid a subscription for three quarto volumes of Mr. Tooke's work. They are at present in possession of two, and should they have long to wait for the third, they may in this instance find, in the words of Erasmus, some comfort to support their patience—"Quod paulatim accrescit, *durabile est*." So much deserved praise has been heaped on the philological researches of our author, by the most enlightened critics and scholars of the age, that to attempt to add to it would perhaps be attended with no better effect than the endeavour

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
"To throw a perfume on the violet."

Adorned, however, and illumined as this work is, by Mr. Tooke's profound investigations, it is no less hideously disfigured and obscured by the absurd intrusion of his political opinions. The absurdity of which is almost as great and as ridiculous as a similar impertinence of a character in a farce called the *Village Lawyer*, which owes its origin to the "*à noz moutonz*" of Rabelais. Like poor *Snarl*, our philologist cannot proceed with the story about his *fat wethers* without perpetually intruding the *four yards and a half of broad cloth*, of which he has been defrauded. We believe, by the bye, that Mr. Tooke himself has not derived much advantage from his dealings with *the cloth*. *Manet altâ mente repôstum*.

The principle of our author's system is now generally known. While other etymologists are running to the French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek, and Eastern languages, for the origin of much of our tongue, he, by his knowledge of the northern dialects, finds it at home in the Anglo-Saxon, &c. Etymology is, by some one, called "*scientia ad libitum*," and the time gives it proof. Mr. Weston and others have sought it in the east, Mr. Tooke in the north, and he who derived *Jeremiah* from *Parsnip*, must at least

* January 1, 1798.

have bored the compass for his root. A rich fund of ingenuity has been displayed by others, but our etymologist (deserving of the name) has shewn us the *truth*. Conjunctions, nouns, &c. are for the most part clearly proved to be nothing more than imperatives and past participles of Anglo-Saxon verbs. The second part, which treats principally *Of Abstraction, Of Adjectives and Of Participles*, brings us to this observation of his friend—"But you have not all the while explained to me what you mean by the naked simple *Verb unadjectived*," p. 514, which will, it appears, form in a measure the third and last part of this valuable undertaking. This is Mr. T.'s reply—"I perceive whither you would lead me; but I am not in the humour at present to discuss with you the meaning of Mr. Harris's 'Whatever a *thing* may *Be*, it must first of necessity *Be*, before it can possibly *Be* any *thing* ELSE.' With which precious jargon he commences his account of the *Verb*. No, no. We will leave off here for the present. *It is true that my evening is now fully come, and the night fast approaching; yet, if we shall have a tolerable lengthened twilight*, we may still perhaps find time enough for a further conversation on this subject: and finally, (if the times will bear it) to apply this system of language to all the different systems of metaphysical (i. e. verbal) imposture."

Part II. end.

The same freedom with which Mr. T. in this passage, treats the father of Lord Malmesbury, is very impartially exercised on all those whom he encounters in his way. Dr. Johnson does not "escape whipping;" and thus he dispatches Dr. Lowth, comparing him to an intelligent tasty milliner.

F.

"Doctor Lowth, in his account of the English verbs—

H.

"O, my dear Sir, the bishop is by no means for our present purpose.—His introduction is a very elegant little treatise, well compiled and abridged for the object which alone he had in view; and highly useful to ladies and gentlemen for their conversation and correspondence; but affording no assistance whatever to reason or the human understanding: nor did he profess it. In the same manner an intelligent tasty milliner, at the court end of the town, may best inform a lady what the fashion is, and how they wear the things at present; but she can give her little or no account perhaps of the materials and manufactures of the stuffs in which she deals; nor does the lady wish to know."

Part II. p. 90.

This piece of pleasantry is evidently borrowed from Mr. Harris's *Hermes*. See his works, quarto edit. v. i. p. 374.

It will be observed that F. in the present, like B. in the first part of this work, is a most convenient gentleman throughout, for putting *leading* questions, that he, and H. or *Horne* travel admirably together on all fours, and that when they do agree (which is only always) their "*unanimity is wonderful*." We do not affirm that Mr. Tooke uses phrases for that purpose, but he has certainly; at p. 334, hit upon one which opens a door to the discovery of any etymology whatever. *Nice*, he says, is merely an Anglo-Saxon word, "differently pronounced and written." So might we say that *stick* is merely the Greek word *bakteria*, "*differently pronounced and written*," if simply signifying the same thing, makes out the etymon. This would be rendering etymology a *scientia ad libitum*, with a witness to it.

We forbear to enter into Mr. Tooke's curious, elaborate, and satisfactory account of "Abstraction," or, as he would term it, *Subaudition*, Part II. p. 17. To many of our readers, who look for other matter, it might be unacceptable, and for those whose studies have this direction, nothing less than all that Mr. Tooke has said on the subject will be enough. We shall rather seek that which we think better calculated to suit and gratify the general taste. To this end it is our design to select a few passages, shewing the lights which our author has derived from his system towards the interpretation of what has frequently exhibited at once the ingenuity and ignorance of the commentators on Shakspeare.

"The first folio, in my opinion, is," says Mr. T. "the only edition worth regarding. And it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakspeare were given *literatim* according to the first folio: which is now become so scarce and dear, that few persons can obtain it. For, by the presumptuous licence of the dwarfish commentators, who are for ever cutting him down to their own size, we risque the loss of Shakspeare's genuine text; which that folio assuredly contains; notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press, which might be noted, without altering." Part II. p. 52,

He then gives a strong instance of the importance of such a strictly similar edition (in which not a single *letter*, or supposed misprint, should be altered from the original copy) in the following passages:

"He blushes, and 'tis HIT,"

All's Well that Ends Well, p. 253, col. 1.

"Mr. Malone has altered the text to

"He blushes, and 'tis IT."

"And he adds the following note:

'The old copy has—'tis HIT—The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens.

In many of our old chronicles I have found HIT printed instead of IT. Hence probably the *mistake* here.'

"Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and HIT." Macbeth, p. 134.

"Upon this passage Mr. Malone (having again altered the text from HIT to IT) says—

'The old copy reads—Between the effect and HIT—the correction was made by the editor of the third folio.'

"The corrector and the adopter deserve no thanks for their mischievous alteration: for mischievous it is; although no alteration can, at first sight, appear more trivial." P. 54.

Here follows a little *wormwood* for the present Lord Bishop of St. David's, and we are then told that "in all our old English authors, down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the word was so written," (*hit* for *it*) "and that it was not, as poor Malone imagined, any *mistake* of the printer." p. 55. Many instances being then adduced from Lydgate and others, he proceeds thus—"in our original language the word is written *hit*, *hyt*, and *het*, and this pronoun is merely the past participle of the verb *hatan*, nominare, which meaning, viz. nominatum, i. e. *the said*, perfectly corresponds with every use of the word IT in our language," p. 56. This is very clearly proved by numerous quotations, which we omit, from necessity abbreviating, as much as possible, Mr. T.'s ingenious and convincing remarks.

"Or be alive againe
And dare me to the desert with thy sworde,
If trembling I *Inhabit* then, protest mee
The baby of a girle. Macbeth.

"Pope here changed *Inhabit* to *Inhibit*. Upon this correction Steevens builds another, and changes *Then* to *Thee*. Both which insipid corrections Malone, with his usual judgment, inserts in his text. And there it stands

If trembling I *inhibit* thee.

"'The emendation *inhibit*,' says Mr. Malone, 'was made by Mr. Pope. I have not the least doubt that it is the true reading. By the other slight but happy emendation, the reading *Thee* instead of *Then*, which was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and to which I have shewn the respect that it deserved, by giving it a place in the text, this passage is rendered clear and easy.'

"But for these tasteless commentators, one can hardly suppose that any reader of Shakspeare could have found a difficulty: the original text is so plain, easy, and clear, and so much in the author's accustomed manner—

'Dare me to the desert with thy sworde.'

"If I *inhabit* then—i. e. If then I do not meet thee there: if trembling I stay at home, or within doors, or under any roof, or within any *habitation*: If,

when you call me to the desert, I then *House* me, or, through fear, hide myself from thee in any dwelling :

" If trembling I do *House* me then—Protest me," &c.

P. 52-3.

We must here observe, that though Mr. Malone deserves censure for rashly meddling with Shakspeare's text, yet Mr. Tooke merits little or no praise for his comment on this passage, since Mr. Steevens had said "It is not impossible, that by *inhabit*, our author capriciously meant *Stay within doors*,"—and Henley more decisively "*Inhabit* is the original reading; and it needs no alteration. The obvious meaning is,"—what it would be to repeat Mr. Tooke's words to state. See v. x, p. 183, of Reed's edit. of Shakspeare.

" In *Troilus and Cressida*, Ajax, speaking to Thersites, says (according to the first folio)

' Speake then, thou *whinid'st* leauen, speake.'

" Not knowing what to make of this word *Whinid*, subsequent editors have changed it to *unsalted*. And thus Mr. Malone alters the text, with the quarto editions,

" Speak then, thou *unsalted* leaven, speak."

This substitution our author proves to be unwarrantable, by giving us the etymology of the word—"WHINID—*Vinew'd, Fenowed, Vinny*, is a past participle; and of the verb *Fynigean* to corrupt, to decay, to wither, to spoil in any manner. *Finie hlaf*, in Anglo-Saxon, is a corrupted or spoiled loaf, whether by mould or any other means." P. 69.

In consequence of the introduction of the word *Shot*, which is, says Mr. T. an Anglo-Saxon verb signifying *projicere, dejicere*, to throw, to cast forth, to throw out, the commentators on Chaucer are brought up to receive judgment.

" A *shot* windowe."

Miller's Tale, fol. 13, p. 1.

" A SHOT window means a *projected* window, *thrown out* beyond the rest of the front: What we now call a *Bow* window. And this was a very common method in our antient houses (many of which still remain;) and was a circumstance worth the painting poet's notice; as affording a much better station for the serenading Clerk Absalom (whom I think I now see) than that which Mr. Urry and Mr. Tyrwhitt assign him.

" Mr. Urry alters the text to 'SHOP' window.

" Mr. Tyrwhitt retains SHOT window; but says 'That is, I suppose, a window that was SHUT.'" P. 132-3.

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"WELKIN,
WHEEL,
WHILE, } In the Winter's Tale, act 1, scene 1, p. 278, we have—

'Come (Sir Page)

Looke on me with your WELKIN eye.'

"On which passage *S. Johnson* says, hardly, as usual; 'WELKIN eye: *Blue* eye; an eye of the same colour with the WELKIN or sky.'

"And this is accepted and repeated by *Malone*. I can only say that this note is worthy of them both; and they of each other.

"WELKIN is the present participle *Willigend* or *Wealcynd* (i. e. volvens, quod volvit) of the Anglo-Saxon verb *Willigan*, *Wealcan*, volvere, revolvère. Which is equally applicable to an eye of any colour—to what revolves or rolls over our heads, and to the waves of the sea.

"A *rolling* or wandering eye is no uncommon epithet:

'Come hither, pretty maid, with black and *rolling* eye.'

"Here is a black *Wealcynd* or WELKIN eye: and indeed the WELKIN, or that which is *rolled about* over our heads is sometimes black enough.

"But Messrs. *Johnson* and *Malone* probably agree with Mr. *Tyrwhitt*, who, in the advertisement to his glossary, p. iv. says 'Etymology is clearly not a branch of the duty of a Glossarist!'

"WHEEL, quod volvitur, is also the past participle of *Willigan*.

'Haile to thee, Ladie: and the grace of heauen,

Before, behinde thee, and on every hand

ENWHEEL thee round.'

Othello, p. 316.

"WHILE—is the same past participle. We say indifferently—Walk a *While*—or—Take a Turn." P. 819—320.

We can find space to add but one more instance of the effect of the Anglo-Saxon in the hands of Mr. Tooke, which, like that of the spear in the grasp of Ithuriel, suffers no disguise to deceive or mislead.

"In *Hamlet*,

'Would I had met my *Dearest* foe in heauen,

Ere I had euer scene that day.'

"*Johnson* and *Malone*, who trusted to their Latin to explain his English, for Dear and Dearest, would have us read *Dire* and *direst*; not knowing that *Dere* and *Deriend* mean *hurt* and *hurting*, *mischief* and *mischievous*: and that their Latin *Dirus* is from our Anglo-Saxon *Dere*, which they would expunge.

"See also the word as used in the *Tempest*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Julius Caesar*." P. 412.

If what we have here given from this invaluable work should not prove perfectly convincing, the weakness must be ascribed to our obligation to abridge, and not to our author's system. From the want of Anglo-Saxon characters, (which will perhaps not be la-

mented) we have printed the Anglo-Saxon words in those which we now use.

The former part of the *Diversions of Purley* was dedicated to *The University of Cambridge*; the present is inscribed to the *Jury* impannelled on his trial, to his counsel Messrs. *Erskine and Gibbs*, and to their assistants, Messrs. *Dampier, Vaughan, and Gurney*.

For each silent blank, *λαλῶν σιωπῇ*, that disgraces his pages, Mr. T. thus humorously accounts:

"The *Blanks* in many of the pages I must here place amongst the *Errors* of the printer: for the words which should supply these *blanks*, were as fair, as true, as honest, and as legal, as any other part of the book; and by them I should be very willing to stand or fall. He has printed for me thirty years, and never before hesitated at any word which I employed."

In spite of these spots, future Philologists and Lexicographers will revere his name—therefore let them pass. It is true we must regret it, but with such an abundance of precious ore, it would be ungrateful to complain loudly of a little dross, whatever its baseness.

The Impenetrable Secret—Find it out. A Novel. In two Volumes.
By Francis Lathom, Author of *Men and Manners*, &c. *Lanc.*

AMONG the very few of our modern novels that possess any thing to make amends for the labour of perusal, we are happy to class the production before us. It is the work of a gentleman already well known in the literary world, and the *Impenetrable Secret* will certainly take nothing from the fame that he has gained. Among many inaccuracies and oversights in grammar and composition, the story is so closely connected, and worked with so much ingenuity, that a powerful interest is excited from the beginning of the first volume to the middle of the second; and, though suspense is there terminated, curiosity is kept alive to the conclusion of the book. The events are romantic, but natural. The writer has not encumbered his fable with episodes, which usually occupy paper, without seizing on the passions; nor embroidered his Italian scenery with convent-turrets, hanging larches, and the rest of those high-sounding words, to which many of his novel writing brethren attach so much importance and effect. He has depended entirely on the strength of his plot; and, while we acknowledge that this is, on the whole, perhaps the firmest support, we regret that he has not called in to his aid those humorous sketches and broad delineations, which have often amused us in his *Men and Manners*. Discrimination of character, in its lighter traits, he has not sufficiently considered;

though the gloomy features of Vivane and Rodovina are painted with some strength of colouring, and even originality of design.

The moral is, throughout, of the most salutary kind; but it seems to us that, in one or two instances, the "generous loyalty to sex," is carried so far as to be unattainable, by men, at least, of ordinary feelings. "Depend upon this," says a lady to her niece, at the beginning of the book, "that no man of honour would have attempted to kiss the cheek of a woman, whose hand it was not his intention to ask in marriage." A little farther Mr. Lathom declares, that a husband *who would not permit his wife to renew her acquaintance with a man on whom her affections had once been placed,* must be weakly suspicious, and "merits to suffer, as he dreads, for the meanness of his heart." We believe the majority of our readers will feel, that suffering is much less likely to ensue from such caution, than from needlessly exposing a wife to temptation, and to a renewal of sentiments which, when once they are fixed in the heart, may be frequently stifled, but seldom destroyed. However, there is not much reason to dread too close an adherence to the dictates of honour, in times when chivalry is past, and men of feeling are the butt of the insensible.

The Plays of Philip Massinger, in four Volumes. With Notes critical and explanatory. By William Gifford, Esq. Nicol. 1805. Concluded from Page 214.

THE first distinction observable on opening these plays, is the difference of arrangement. The former editors had placed "The Picture" first in the collection; a play that bears internal evidence of being a late composition; of a mind practised in the stage, and accustomed to contemplate effect; of a style decidedly formed and habituated to dramatic writing. If Coxeter and Monck Mason intended, by placing this comedy in the front, to prejudice his readers in favour of the poet, they had good reason to hope for success. In questions of judgment, little accuracy was to be expected from such deciders. Although the printed dates might in some measure have regulated the distribution, the fortunate discovery of the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels, has now ascertained the time of appearance of by far the greater part of Massinger's dramas. It is true the plays themselves would be equally accurate without this knowledge, but it must ever be acknowledged an object of rational curiosity, to mark the first efforts of genius, to trace their gradual progression, and watch the exertions of the

mind, till it reaches the utmost 'capable extent of its powers.' The second volume introduces, for the first time, to our notice, a play, or rather the fragment of a play, called the *Parliament of Love*, hitherto unknown to the readers and the editors of Massinger. From "the history of the English stage," prefixed to Mr. Malone's edition of Shakespeare, Mr. Gifford learned that four acts of an unpublished drama, by Massinger, was still extant in manuscript. "As I was anxious to render this edition as perfect as possible, I wrote to Mr. Malone, with whom I had not the pleasure of being personally acquainted, to know where it might be found; in return, he informed me, that the manuscript was in his possession; its state, he added, was such, that he doubted whether much advantage could be derived from it, but that I was entirely welcome to make the experiment. Of this permission, which I accepted with singular pleasure, I instantly availed myself, and received the manuscript. It was, indeed, in a forlorn condition: several leaves were torn from the beginning, and the top and bottom of every page wasted by damps, to which it had formerly been exposed. On examination, however, I had the satisfaction to find, that a considerable part of the first act, which was supposed to be lost, yet existed, and that a certain degree of attention, which I was not unwilling to bestow on it, might recover nearly the whole of the remainder."

The editor's labour was not in vain: he has succeeded in preserving ten pages of the first act, which, but for his fortunate interference, and persevering industry, had been irrecoverably lost; the occasional chasms in the remaining acts, a tolerable share of ingenuity might successfully supply. The plot is founded upon those celebrated courts or parliaments of love, said to be holden in France during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, for the discussion of amorous questions, and the distribution of rewards and punishments among faithful and perfidious lovers.

"The origin of these institutions is due to the lively imagination of the Troubadours; petty discussions on points of gallantry, which probably took place between them and their mistresses, are magnified, in their romantic writings, into grave and solemn debates, managed with all the form and ceremony of provincial councils, by the most distinguished personages of both sexes."

"In their tales this does not look amiss: when the whole business of the word is love, every thing connected with it assumes an air of importance; but, unfortunately, these revèries of a warm fancy

have found admittance into general history, where the improbability and folly of them become instantly apparent. Nothing, in short, can be more mean and absurd than the causes proposed for judgment, except, perhaps, it be the sentences of this motley tribunal."

The editor has, with his usual judgment and learning, added many entertaining remarks on the subject of these institutions, which we regret the limits of our work prevent us transcribing; we must, therefore, refer the reader to the work itself, or to *Mémoires pour la vie de Petrarque*, par l'Abbe de Sade, Tom. 2.

The drama itself, though alloyed with a more than usual share of licentious language, is written in the highest strain of Massinger's poetry, and is not more valuable as a literary curiosity, than for the spirit and vigour with which it is composed. With the *Parliament of Love* it has little connexion, which is not assembled till the fifth act, the previous scenes being occupied chiefly with the stratagems and punishments of "the lascivious monkeys of the court;" but the fragment, considered as a poem, exhibits beauties of the highest order, and great praise is due to those exertions by which it has been redeemed from oblivion.

In this age of quoting and commentating, when parallel passages are multiplied, without difficulties being explained, and when the most familiar and evident passages are elucidated into obscurity, we rejoice to observe Mr. Gifford, learned without shew, and who appears yet well read in black letter, and in the writings of our poet's age, less solicitous to display himself than his author, disdaining this spurious exhibition of minute erudition, and only anxious to explain what the lapse of time has rendered obsolete or ambiguous. Mr. Gifford's plan, in the conduct of his notes, will be best understood from the following sensible and judicious observations.

"Those who are accustomed to the crowded pages of our modern editors, will probably be somewhat startled at the comparative nakedness of mine.

"If this be an error it is a voluntary one. I never could conceive why the readers of our old dramatists should be suspected of labouring under a greater degree of ignorance than those of any other class of writers; yet from the trite and insignificant materials amassed for their information, it is evident that a persuasion of this nature is uncommonly prevalent. Customs that are universal, and expressions 'familiar as household words' in every mouth, are illustrated, that is to say, overlaid, by an immensity of parallel passages, with just as much wisdom and reach of thought as would be evinced by him, who, to explain any single word in this line, should empty upon the reader all the examples to be found under it in Johnson's Dictionary!

"I have proceeded, on a different plan, passages that only exercise the me-

memory by suggesting similar thoughts and expressions in other writers, are, if somewhat obvious, generally left to the reader's own discovery. Uncommon or obsolete words are briefly explained, and, where the phraseology was doubtful or obscure, it is illustrated and confirmed, by quotations from contemporary authors. In this part of the work, no abuse has been attempted of the reader's patience: the most positive that could be found, are given, and a scrupulous attention is every where paid to brevity, as it has been always my persuasion,

“ That where one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.

“ I do not know whether it may be proper to add here, that the freedoms of the author (of which, as none can be more sensible than myself, so none can more lament them) have obtained little of my solicitude: those, therefore, who examine the notes with a purring eye, will find no gratification of their licentiousness. I have called in no Amner to drivel out gratuitous obscenities in unsmooth language, no Collins (whose name should be devoted to lasting infamy) to ransack the annals of a brothel for “ secrets better hid;” * where I wished not to detain the reader, I have been silent; and instead of aspiring to the fame of a licentious commentator, sought only for the quiet approbation with which the father or the husband may reward the faithful editor.”

To this candid explanation of his purpose, and modest declaration of his pretensions, we have only to add our tribute of commendation for the execution, and to recommend the example to future editors.

Of the various matter which composes the notes, however elegant, erudite, or judicious, it will scarcely be expected that any specimen should be given, nor could it generally, without injury, be severed from the passage to which it is appended; the following character of Sir Giles Mompesson, however, being the undoubted prototype of the only hero by whom Massinger is known to the modern stage, will be acceptable to the admirers of “ The new Way to pay old Debts.”

“ Sir Giles Mompesson had fortune enough in the country to make him happy, if that sphere could have contained him, but the vulgar and universal error of satiety, with present enjoyments, made him too big for a rustical condition, and when he came to court he was too little for that, so that some novelty must be taken up to set him in æquilibrium to the place he was in, no matter what it was, let it be never so pestilent and mischievous to others, he cared not, so he found

* One book which (not being, perhaps, among the archives so carefully explored for the benefit of the youthful readers of Shakspeare) seems to have escaped the notice of Mr. Collins, may yet be safely commended to his future researches, as not unlikely to reward his pains. He will find in it, among many other things equally valuable, that, “ *The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom*, neither, at any time, the counsel of sinners prudence.” Eccles, 19-22.

found benefit by it. To him Michel is made compartner; a poor sneaking justice, that lived among the brothels near Clarton-wel, whose clerk and he picked a livelihood out of those corners, giving warrants for what they did, besides anniversary stipends (the frequent revenue of some justices of those times) for conniving. This thing was a poysonous plant in its own nature, and the fitter to be an ingredient to such a composition—whereby he took liberty to be more ravenous upon poor people, to the grating of the bones, and sucking out the very marrow of their substance.” Wilson’s Life of James I. fol. 1652.

The arrangement of the scenery, in which the old copies were exceedingly defective, and which his former editors had now and then endeavoured to regulate, with their usual success, Mr. Gifford has distributed, as far as we have examined, with every appearance of propriety.

We have now noticed the prominent features of this edition, and have only to mention the assistants in the undertaking. These are few: Mr. Gilchrist, with his old copies of Massinger, transmitted some observations, which are here and there incorporated in the notes of the editor: Dr. Ferriar’s essay on the writings of the poet, originally published in the Manchester Society’s Transactions, though written without much vigour or discrimination, but of which the intent was laudable, is here reprinted; and a summary attends each play, written by Dr. Ireland, together with critical observations on the general character of Massinger, evidently deduced from a careful consideration of the poet, but which yet lacks that acuteness of perception, and vigour of delineation, which application the most sedulous will not singly supply.

The task of collation, *the dull*, as Pope calls it, but indispensable duty of an editor, performed, as in the text before us, with scrupulous fidelity, what remains must be considered rather as the amusement, than the labour, of such a mind as Mr. Gifford’s: but as it is conducted in the work before us, it will increase the general opinion in favour of his taste, his learning, and his judgment.

Our opinion of him, as an editor, may be collected from what has been already said. His Juvenal has placed him in the front rank of translators. But it is as a poet where we again wish to recognise him, that his merit is pre-eminent; and his character, as a satirist, cannot be better traced than in the following language of a neighbouring critic: *Né avec un esprit pénétrant et juste, un goût délicat et sûr, et un grand amour pour la vérité, il attaqua avec force une foule d’auteurs médiocres qui infectoient la littérature, et les couvrit d’un ridicule dont il ne se relevèrent jamais.*”

A Northern Summer; or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Part of Germany, in the Year 1804. By John Carr, Esq. Author of the Stranger in France, &c. &c. 4to. 2l. 2s. Phillips. 1805. (Continued from p. 262.)

WE are reluctantly compelled to pass by, without an extract, many pages of this interesting volume, which, in the perusal, have afforded us very great delight. We have before observed that Mr. Carr possesses the happy art of giving importance to trifles. Whatever he describes, possesses an interest which fixes the attention, and satisfies the mind. Even Russian Finland, in his transitory view of it, presents several characteristic sketches and incidents which less observing travellers would have left unnoticed. The chapters in which he treats of the city of Petersburg, and the Russian character, will be read with peculiar avidity. At no period of history has that country been, so much as it is now, an interesting object to Englishmen; from the events which have lately occurred there; from the popularity of her present emperor; and from the great efforts she is making, in the common cause of Europe, against the unprincipled ambition of the French usurper.

As in Stockholm our artist, (for Mr. C. is well entitled to the appellation,) paid his earliest attentions to the statuary Sergell, so, in Petersburg, he first inspected Falconet's statue of Peter the Great. On this celebrated work of art he passes a very handsome eulogium, accompanied with a few just but candid critical remarks. The buildings, it seems, are of late very much improved in point of magnificence, and such is the celerity with which they are constructed, that five hundred noble houses were erected in 1804. The palisade of the summer garden, that faces the Neva, is composed of thirty-six massy Doric columns of solid granite, surmounted by alternate vases and urns, the whole of which, from the ground, are about twenty feet high, connected by a magnificent railing, formed of spears of wrought iron, tipped with gold. This magnificent edifice naturally excited Mr. Carr's admiration, which was raised almost to enthusiasm by the mode of salutation observed by the Russian ladies, of which he witnessed an instance in this *Northern Eden*. "A young officer approached one of these lovely females, and kissed her hand, and, as he raised his head, the lady kissed his cheek: it is the custom in Russia." We shall not do such injustice to Mr. C.'s gallantry, as to omit his comment on this fashion. "The salutation was the most graceful I ever witnessed: it was politeness improved

by the most charming gallantry—bows, curtsies, and salams, are ices to it. Whilst France furnishes us with caps and bonnets, and Egypt with dusky side-boards, may the Russians fix the universal mode of friendly meetings between the sexes for ever and ever !” With all our hearts ; *Reviewers* as we are, and though, at our age, “the hey-day of the blood is tame, ’tis humble,” we cordially echo Mr. Carr’s sentiment—*esto perpetua* ! We are told, also, that on presenting an egg in Easter, any man may salute the loveliest woman he meets, however high her station ; and that the cheek of the empress herself, were she to be seen in the streets, would not be exempt from this privilege.

An exquisite view of St. Petersburg, taken from the steeple of St. Peter and St. Paul, embellishes this part of the volume. From this height the court of the prison was pointed out to our traveller, in which the unfortunate young princess, who was ensnared from Leghorn by the treacherous stratagems of Orloff, and afterwards confined in this place, is said to have perished. No apology is necessary to the reader for presenting him with this affecting piece of secret history.

“After the burning of the Turkish fleets, near Tschernie, a beautiful young Russian lady, attended by an elderly lady, appeared at Leghorn ; although she appeared without shew, or the means of making any, her society was much courted on account of the sweetness and accomplishment of her mind, the attractions of her person, and a certain air of majesty which particularly distinguished her. To some of her most confidential friends she communicated the fatal secret that she was the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, by a private marriage, and that her pretensions to the throne of Russia were superior to those of Catherine II. to whose suspicious ear the communication was imparted with uncommon celerity. Allured by the deceitful solicitations of a Russian officer, who was an agent of Count Orloff, who promised to espouse her cause, and to gain over the count, she came to Pisa in the beginning of the year 1775, where Alexey Orloff then resided in great magnificence, during the repairs of his fleet. Upon her arrival the count paid his respects to her with all the deference and ceremony due to a reigning sovereign, affected to believe her story, and promised to support her pretensions. At length, after appearing with her at every fashionable place during the carnival, and paying her the most marked and flattering attentions, he avowed, in the most respectful manner, a tender passion for her, and submitted to her the glittering prospect of her mounting with him the throne to which she was entitled. Intoxicated with the idea, she gave him her hand. A few days after the nuptials, the count announced a magnificent marine entertainment in honour of the marriage. The young personage proceeded to his ship in all imaginary naval pomp ; as soon as she entered the cabin, gracious heaven, what a display of treachery was developed ! Orloff upbraided her with being an impostor, and the more barbarously to degrade her, ordered her

delicate hands to be fastened by handcuffs, which had been prepared for the purpose, and quitted the ship, which immediately sailed for Cronstadt, from whence she was brought to the fortress in a covered barge, where she was immolated, and never heard of more. It is supposed that she was drowned in her dungeon, which was rather deep, during one of the inundations of the Neva."

The Russians are remarkable for an attachment to their beards, and even the haberdashers (of which, as well as in England, there are many of the male species) are proud of displaying them to advantage. Peter the Great, and the almost greater Catherine, in vain endeavoured to put an end to the fashion. Of the tradesmen and shopkeepers in St. Petersburg several characteristic features are given; but these we pass over in order to introduce some of the author's admirable observations on the natives of Russia in general. While we transcribe them, we cannot suppress a sigh at the wretched condition of these people, and, contrasting the two countries, we are forced to ejaculate, in a tone rather of gratitude than pride, "Happy, happy England!"

"To say that nature has irreversibly doomed the Russian to be a barbarian, is an assertion as disgraceful as it is unjust, and such as nature has herself contravened. Amidst all the oppression that weighs him to the earth, that half associates him with the rugged bear of his forest; and taught, as he is, that his condition can never know amelioration, this poor slave of the north has displayed the most heroic valour in the field, the most gentle moderation in success, and the mildest unrepining philosophy in suffering: such as would have done honour to a Roman. If you ask whether the sensibilities of nature ever softened the Russian breast, read what the poor exiles have expressed in the desolate wilds of Siberia; and it will put the feelings of your own heart to their fullest proof. In those regions of gloom, the poet may catch some of the finest subjects for his muse."

The good temper of the Russians, their forbearance, their gaiety, their humanity towards the brute creation, and their affection for one another, are painted in lively, and we trust not in too glowing colours. "When these simple children of Nature address each other, it is always by the affectionate names of my father, my mother, my brother, or my sister, according to the age and sex of the party."

Mr. C. closes his remarks on this subject with the following summary of the Russian character.

"What of good he has he owes to himself; his foibles, and they are few, originate elsewhere; he is the absolute slave of his lord, and ranks with the sod of his domains; if a lord, whose despotism is frequently more biting than the Siberian blast, never illumined by education, bruised with ignoble blows, the object and frequently the victim of baronial repêtit, with a wide world before

him, this oppressed child of nature is denied the common right of raising his abode where his condition may be ameliorated, *punished* only to toil in a distant district under the protection of that disgraceful badge of vassalage a *certificate of leave*; and, upon his return, compellable to lay the scanty fruits of his labour at the feet of his master; and finally, he is excluded from the common privilege which nature has bestowed upon the birds of the air, and the beasts of the wilderness, of chusing his mate: he must marry when and whom his master orders. Yet under all this pressure, enough to destroy the marvellous elasticity of a Frenchman's mind, the Russian is what I have depicted him. If the reader is not pleased with the portrait, the painter is in fault."

(To be continued.)

Fables, ancient and modern, adapted for the Use of Children from three to eight Years of Age. By Edward Baldwin, Esq. 2 Vols. Adorned with thirty-six Copper Plates. 12mo. Hodgkins. 1805.

THESE fables will be "right welcome" at this present-making season. They are well selected, and told with great *naïveté*, in language perfectly on a level with the comprehension of the tender minds for which they are intended. The plan is new, and will afford both mirth and instruction.

An Answer to some Strictures on the Profession of an Actor, published in the Morning Post, on the 19th August, by a Gentleman under the Signature of Crito. pp. 23, 6d. All Booksellers. 1805.

THE letter of *Crito* is here republished, and thus the matter stands: *Crito* seems not to care much upon what *footing* the actors are,—that is, whether they kick one another or not, and when it does so happen, he thinks that,

—"As to the public, it is but a toss up,

"Whether Mossop kick Barry, or Barry kick Mossop."

Indeed, with him, it does not appear that it signifies much to the parties themselves, since he quotes Johnson to prove that "Punch has no feelings." P. 5.

He would have no public complaints made *per letter*, and is, above all, indignant at "Mr. Elliston's obtrusive assumption of the title of '*gentleman*.'" P. 4.

"Stage-players," says he, "from their profession, are not entitled to the appellation of '*gentleman*.'"

"Actors, a venal crew, receive support

"From public bounty, for the public sport,

and their employment, even in the days of Garrick, was esteemed dependant, degrading, and servile." P. 4. 7.

After more of these *gentlemanly* remarks, he thus concludes.—
 “Let me, however, from the abundance of my candour, be allowed to add this short yet wholesome piece of advice, for the benefit of Mr. Elliston and his tribe, that such conduct, and such letters, will then only pass without censure when they pass without observation.” P. 8.

Now comes Mr. H. C. with his “*Answer*” to Crito, and he soon works himself up to such a degree of ecstasy, that he talks of some actor, unknown to us, “with *genius*, and ‘a spark of Nature’s fire,’ who is ennobled by the great King of Kings,” and has ‘the passport of Heaven to human place and honour.’” P. 23.

In his cooler moments, he attacks Crito’s position, that actors are not, from their profession, gentlemen, and these are his arguments.

“We all know that merchants, bankers, army agents, brewers, sugar bakers, &c. &c. are not ‘gentlemen’ by *profession*; and there are merchants, bankers, &c. who, by publicly styling themselves ‘gentlemen,’ would be by no means liable to ‘contempt.’ To endeavour, therefore, to establish the assertion that an actor is not a gentleman, by alledging he has no claim to that title on the score of his *profession*, is trifling and unavailing, since, after all, should his dramatic abilities be transcendent, and his manners accomplished, an enlightened public will never censure, as ‘a liberty,’ his assumption of a feather he so justly merits, but freely concede to heaven-descended genius a distinction it never, *now-a-days*, withholds from low-born opulence.” P. 10—11.

To prove that an actor has as much right to any title as others have, who have none, is not proving much. However, we do not pretend to decide a matter of such weight. We have shewn the strength of the disputants in this contention *de laná capriná*, and the decision is left with the public. If an actor should be found unable to command the title of “gentleman,” he has it still in his power to deserve it, which is a far better thing.

Of our two wranglers, Mr. H. C. shews most of the “gentleman” in one respect, if in no other: Crito writes like a base scribe, who has made composition his study, while Mr. H. C. writes quite like a gentleman!

Military Character of the different European Armies engaged in the late War: with a Parallel of the Policy, Power, and Means of the Ancient Romans and Modern French. Translated from the French. 8vo. pp. 190. 4s. Egerton.

THIS publication is replete with instruction and interest. To the soldier and the politician it is so in a peculiar degree, but to none will it prove devoid of desirable information.

A Letter to Lord Euston respecting the Guardianship of Miss Seymour. By a Member of the British House of Commons. 8vo. pp. 24. Robinson. 1805.

Miss Mary Georgina Emma Seymour, is the daughter of the late Lady Horatia Seymour, the sister of Lady Euston, whose lord instituted a proceeding in the court of chancery, for the purpose of taking Miss Seymour from Mrs. Fitzherbert's care, to which she had been confided by her mother. To the truth of this "the Prince of Wales has deigned to give not only his royal word, but his oath." P. 4. This letter has no particular date, but seems to have appeared during the time that the affair was pending in the court of chancery. The public being so fully in possession of all the circumstances of the case, we shall merely observe that this epistle was composed with a view to induce Lord Euston, by the force of reasoning, to relinquish his object. The style is very inaccurate, the logic frequently weak, and the manner not always so respectful as it might have been. As, for instance, when he talks of his Lordship's fear lest the young lady should imbibe "a taste for Popery," (a vile phrase!) he adds :

"If you are desirous that Miss Seymour should prefer your religion to the religion of Mrs. Fitzherbert, do not force her mind upon comparisons between her conduct and yours towards her, lest her inexperience of other motives should lead her to form conclusions *not favourable to the creed (which) you profess*. Do not let her find that the greatest distinction between you (*your*) and Mrs. Fitzherbert's way of thinking* appears to be ; that you persecute what she has sought to shelter from every pain both of body and mind. Do not let her think that you neither respect the will of the dead, nor the rights of the living, whilst her voluntary mother regards both." P. 10.

Who can read such language and sentiments from a member to a noble lord, and not feel an inclination to *call him to order* ? Mrs! Fitzherbert owes nothing to such an advocate.

The Young Ladies and Gentlemen's Chronology, containing Rules for determining the Leap Year, Golden Number, Dominical Letter, Epact, Moon's Age, Time of High Water, &c. To which is annexed a Tide Table for the Coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland ; and an Appendix relative to the Chronology of the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, &c. By T. Drummond. 12mo. pp. 96. 2s. Longman and Co. 1805.

LOCKE has said, that "with geography, chronology ought to go hand in hand," and Blair has given us two Greek lines, which he would have inscribed on the title-page of every historian, and their

* Acting, rather; for so the termination of this lame period implies.

signification is this: *Enter not here, if thou art ignorant of Chronology, for thou hast not yet the handles of history.* Chronology being then of such importance to our noblest studies, we cannot use too much diligence and promptitude in the acquisition of it. That Mr. Drummond has no pretensions to originality on this subject, is no objection to his work. He simply wishes to be useful, and with young folks he will have that merit.

Two Discourses designed to recommend a general Observance of the Lord's Supper. By T. Drummond. pp. 48. 1s. 6d. Johnson. 1805.

THESE discourses may be read with advantage. They tend to remove from a partaking of the Lord's supper all idolatrous ideas and superstitious terrors, and to recommend the general observance of it in all the beautiful simplicity of its origin, as a simple ceremony, penitently performed to the glory of God, in commemoration of our Saviour.

"The inducement to obtrude them before the public," says Mr. D. "is suppressed because it has an individual more than a general relation." We do not rightly understand this.

Belville House. A Novel, in 2 Vols. 8s. Chapple. 1805.

THIS novel is written in letters, and, amongst certainly much insipidity, and little wit, contains a larger share of good sense and correct observation than commonly falls to the lot of this sort of writing. Letter 8, from Henry Dormer to Thomas Davenport, in which Montford relates his little history, is particularly distinguished in these respects.

Rosetta, a Novel. By a Lady, well known in the fashionable World. 4 Vols. Longman and Co. 1805.

THOSE who have been deterred from this species of fashionable reading, in consequence of its being so much decried, and wish to peruse a modern novel merely for the purpose of being able to say that they have read one, and really see nothing in it, have, in *Rosetta*, an opportunity that should not be lost.

The Hop Boy; or, Idalia's Grove. A Novel, by Peter Pindar, Junr. Esq. 12mo. 6s. Chapple. 1804.

THIS Junior Pindar

"The last worst branch of the degraded line,"

does not clearly shew what he has attempted, but we may safely pronounce his success to be great, if he intended to be stupid.

A Brief Treatise on Death, philosophically, morally, and practically considered. By Robert Fellowes, A. M. 3s. Manman. 1805.

WE are perpetually laying down plans of future action, in situations to which we may never be called, whilst the awful crisis of dissolution, which must come to all, we make no preparations for, but, as it concerns ourselves, seem even to treat it as an uncertainty. From this unaccountable, this fatal dream, we cannot be too often awakened, and such is the pious object of this excellent treatise, which would also teach us that man's life is not to be computed by years, but by good actions. Although the idea of a *memento mori* may shock the feelings of the thoughtless, yet is it to be loved for its effects. He who frequently thinks on death, will, in all human relations, so act as to insure an eternity of happiness.

A Memoir of the Proceedings of the Society called Quakers, belonging to the Monthly Meeting of Hardshaw, in Lancashire, in the Case of the Author of a Publication entitled "A Narrative of Events which have lately taken Place in Ireland." By William Rathbone. 2s. 6d. Johnson. 1805.

At length the Friends have quarrelled, and that veil of meekness and gentle spirit which denied all *dominion over Faith*, being drawn aside, discovers them to be as full of pride, tyranny, and intolerance as the worst of any of us. The attempt to "enforce conformity and uniformity with respect to unessential tenets and practices," has created a schism in Ireland, which is ably supported by Mr. Rathbone. The broadbrims have shewn the cloven foot, and Mr. R. has given a very correct likeness of it, at which they are mightily displeased. This division evidently makes the feeble building totter to its base, and should the whole sect pass away "like a summer cloud," it would not excite "our special wonder."

Observations on Indecent Sea-bathing, as practised at different Watering Places on the Coasts of this Kingdom. 12mo. pp. 12. 3d. Hatchard. 1805.

THIS pamphlet will, we hope, call the attention of magistrates to the correction of that shameful abuse of decency and propriety, which now obtains in the management of sea-bathing. Women bathed by men, as in Norfolk, promiscuous bathing, and the bathing of servants and others, near frequented spots, in the middle of the day, are all such violations of the modesty, that becomes civilized society, as to claim immediate reform.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero
The Imitation of Life---The Mirror of Manners---The Representation of Truth.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

ACHILLES a tragedy. The poets *Hardy*, *Borée*, and *Thomas Corneille*, have each written a tragedy upon this subject. This of *Thomas Corneille* was acted in 1673.

The performer who played the part of *Achilles* had been a joiner's boy, and wishing to have his portrait drawn, he agreed with an artist, to paint it for forty crowns, on condition that he should be represented in *Achilles*. The painter was previously informed that the comedian was a bad pay-master, and, to be even with him, in case of any difficulty, he painted *Achilles* in oil, and the *Buckler* in distemper. The picture was much admired; but the actor wished to diminish the price; he found many faults, and at last offered only twenty crowns for it. The painter appeared satisfied; but told the player, that, to give additional brilliancy to the picture, he should rub it over with a sponge soaked in vinegar; the consequence was, the vinegar drew out all the colour in distemper, when, instead of *Achilles*, the canvas exhibited a *joiner*, holding a *plane* in his hand.

ACHILLES and DEIDAMIE. Tragical opera, in five acts, with a prologue, by *Danchet* and *Campora*, 1735.

Boissy wrote a parody upon this opera, which was condemned; he burlesqued *Achilles*, and made him a keeper of hogs, *Thetis* a fishwoman, and *Ulysses* a recruiting serjeant, who enlists young *Achilles*.

An author, some years after this, presented to the comedians, another play upon the same subject. The *hero* opened the scene, and his first words were,

“When, my pike in my hand.”

The actors, who were assembled to hear the play read, rose all at once from their seats, and desired the author to stop there.

ACHMET and ALMANZINE. A comic opera, in three acts, by *Le Sage*, *Fuzelier*, and *d'Orneval*, 1723.

At a revival of this opera in 1740, it was announced in the play bills, at the fair of *St. Laurent*, for the 8th of September, the

nativity of the *Virgin*; but apparently from motives of respect for this festival, the *Sieur de Vienne*, a Jew, who was then manager of the house, ordered his theatre to be shut on that day, and on the 7th it was signified to the public, that *Achmet* and *Almanzine* would not be performed till the 9th. It was for a long time afterwards the custom, not to act on the 8th of September. It appears strange, that a Jew should have done this honour to the *Virgin*, but the fact is, *Sieur de Vienne* had invited a party, consisting chiefly of his female performers, and he shut up the theatre, that it might not interfere with the pleasures of the evening. *De Vienne* was of a rich Jewish family of *Metz*, and never attended to his business upon a Saturday, so that he was robbed on all sides; but he told his friends, that he would rather suffer to be pillaged, than be wanting in his duty towards his religion. *De Vienne* died in prison for debt.

ACIS and *GALATEA*. An heroic pastoral, in three acts; by *Campistron* and *Lully*, 1686; performed at the castle of *Anet*, and afterwards at Paris. This is the last opera that *Lully* composed.

Quinault having refused to write any longer for the theatre, *Lully* was obliged to seek for another poet. He was very difficult, and certainly would not have made choice of *Campistron*, without the recommendation of the *Duke of Vendome*. This prince, wishing to give a feast to the *Dauphin*, commanded *Campistron* to write an opera, and at the same time, engaged *Lully* to compose the music. *Lully* obeyed, and the entertainments were executed in such a manner, as to meet with general applause at the castle of *Anet*, which then belonged to the *Duke of Vendome*. Besides the table for the *Dauphin*, and that of the noblemen in his suite, there was one for *Lully*, who was served with the same ceremony as the others, and he had a *Maitre d'Hotel* appointed for his table. Many persons of rank sat down with him, for *Lully's* repartees were as agreeable as his professional merits were extraordinary. Another table was appropriated to the female performers, who sung in the opera, and for those who danced; there were others for the musicians, dancers, &c. &c. Such were the distinctions paid to theatrical genius on this occasion.

The *Duke of Vendome* was so pleased with the words of *Acis* and *Galatea*, that he sent one hundred Louis to the author, a sum sufficient to satisfy his desires, and which he would have accepted with gratitude, if two celebrated actors, *Champmélé* and *Rais*, had not prevented him, by telling him, that it was not a sum equal to his merit.

Campistron was much puzzled, and rendered unhappy by their advice, but he had afterwards no occasion to be sorry that he had followed it. The prince thought he saw a spirit of disinterestedness in the author which pleased him even more than his production; he took him, therefore, into his service, in the capacity of secretary. *Campistron* had all the necessary qualifications for such an office; he was reproached only with a little negligence in not replying to letters. The *Duke of Vendome*, seeing him one day burn a number of them, observed very coolly to a nobleman present: "This is the way *Campistron* answers his correspondents."

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following address (I believe never printed) was spoken by *Master* W. H. W. Betty, the first night of his appearance on the Belfast stage, previous to his performing *Osman*, in the tragedy of *Zara*. The MS. fell into my hands by accident; I think it not destitute of merit, and have therefore transmitted a copy for the *Monthly Mirror*, if you deem it worthy of a place.

Glasgow, 13th Nov. 1805.

I am, &c.

J. F.

ADDRESS.

The old boy, my father, is light in his purse,
 And I myself tired of being at nurse.
 The actors within have assured me I'm fit
 The part of a *hero* exactly to hit;
 So to prove that I've talents as well as another,
 Good folks, I ran forward in spite of my mother.
 Don't tell me, says I, they shall know how the case is,
 I'm not to be check'd in my airs and my graces;
 I was born a *Young Roscius*, and by *goles* I'll be bound,
 I can strut on the stage like a pig in a pound;
 And I'll practise new gestures each night and each morning,
 'Gainst I reach to my teens, so I give you fair warning.
 Tho' I move you at present with nothing but *laughter*,
 Look well to your senses I'll *cheat* you hereafter!
 Have patience, then, pray, and by practice grown bolder,
 I'll promise to please if I live to grow older.

THE LATE MR. SHERIDAN,
AND
MR. FAULKNER, THE PRINTER.

MR. SHERIDAN obtained an Irish act of parliament, protecting him from arrests, on account of his debts in Dublin, amounting to sixteen hundred pounds; but having, the following season, saved eight hundred pounds, he gave notice that he was ready to pay his creditors ten shillings in the pound, and desired them to call on him for that purpose, with an account of their respective demands.—Mr. Faulkner, the printer of one of the Dublin papers, was one of them: this gentleman told Mr. Sheridan, he would not trouble him with his demand till he dined with him: Mr. Sheridan accordingly called on Mr. Faulkner, who, after dinner, put a sealed paper into his hand, which he told him contained his demand, at the same time requesting Mr. Sheridan to examine it at his leisure at home. When he came home, he found, under seal, a bond for £. 200, due to Mr. Faulkner, cancelled, together with a receipt in full of a book debt, to the extent of £. 100. Whether is the conduct of the actor or printer the more generous and laudable?

THE BOYS OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE boys of St. Paul's were famous for acting the mysteries; or holy plays, and even regular dramas. They often had the honour of performing before our monarchs. Their preparations were expensive; so that they petitioned *Richard II.* to prohibit some ignorant and unexperienced persons from acting the *History of the Old Testament*, to the great prejudice of the clergy of the church. They had their *barne-bishop*, or *child-bishop*, who assumed the state and attire of a prelate. Ludicrous as this holy counterfeit was, Dean Colet expressly orders that his scholars shall, "every *Childennas* daye, come to *Paulis churche*, and heare the *chylde-bishop's* sermon, and after be at the high masse, and each of them offer a penny to the *chylde-bishop*, and with them the maisters and surveyors of the scole." This character was very common in many of the churches in *France*, under the name of *L'Evêque des foux*, or *Archevêque des foux*. They were dressed in the pontifical habits, and sung such indecent songs, danced and committed such horrible profanations, even before the altar, that at length they were suppressed by an arret of parlement, at the request of the Dean and Chapter of Rheims.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PROLOGUE

TO THE PLAY OF CURIOSITY.

Translated from a Dramatic Production, written by the late King of Sweden. Written by John Taylor, Esq. Spoken by Mr. Holman.

IN piteous tone should we to-night essay
To court your kind protection for our play,
Well might your hearts with purest anger burn,
And the mean suppliant strain indignant spurn ;
For now the offspring of an hapless Muse,
Here as an orphan and a stranger sues,—
The orphan and the stranger still have found
A shelter and a home on British ground.
Warm'd by the genuine force of Heav'n's own fire,
To grace at once the sceptre and the lyre,
Our Bard the pomp of state would oft resign
To pay glad homage to the sacred Nine ;
Conscious his regal gems would brighter glow,
Twin'd with the wreaths the sacred Nine bestow.
Too well you know that in a sportive hour,
But rarely found amid the toils of pow'r,
He sunk beneath the fell assassin's rage,
Depriv'd of life when life could most engage,
In manhood's vig'rous prime,—with fair renown
Heroic laurels blooming on his crown.
Yet thus alas ! untimely reft of all,
His gen'rous nature triumph'd o'er his fall ;
In Death's severest pangs, revenge could quell,
And plead for him by whose dire hate he fell !
Then o'er his fate, while Genius heaves a sigh,
And Pity's tribute trembles from her eye,
Oh ! guard his mem'ry from each hostile aim,
Let not the ruthless critic wound his fame,
But to his gentle shade due rev'rence pay,
And plant upon his grave the British bay.

ELEGIAC LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF A NOBLE AND GALLANT ADMIRAL.

ANXIOUS, depress'd, amid exulting joys,
 Why down Britannia's cheek steals the sad tear?
 Nelson is dead ! That thought her peace destroys.
 Warriors and statesmen honour his lov'd bier.
 For he was gifted, by no common Fate,
 With mind aspiring to high Virtue's lore,
 That on stern Danger ever look'd sedate.
 Ardent in soul, he never sought t' explore
 Those lesser thorny paths, that sway the feet,
 Where giddy Faction shouts with hideous din,
 And tears the laurel from the good and great:
 Calm was the brow without, the mind within,
 While genius, emanating from his eye,
 Caught, with keen-darting glance, the happy time
 When to improve th' occasion fleeting by.
 Experience nourish'd from his youthful prime
 All that was excellent in naval skill ;
 Whether his anger spoke where Nilus stream'd,
 Or in the Baltic, quell'd the stubborn will
 Of northern chiefs, whose lances hostile gleam'd.
 And O the last, when prodigal of life,
 He stemm'd the force of Gallia's vengeful band,
 Leagu'd with Hispania in the arduous strife,
 Then rush'd his spirit from a mournful land !
 Tho' victory gave the bright unfading crown,
 Fair Mercy wept her honour'd hero slain !
 And now, by Piety shall flow'rs be strewn
 O'er his cold grave; and when the dark, drear main
 Is to the feeling patriot's sight display'd,
 He'll drop an anguish'd tear to gallant Nelson's shade ?
 Nov. 10th, 1805. MARCIUS.

 EPITAPHS ON A CHARACTER.

No tender wife your ev'ry grief to share,
 No generous son to constitute your bier ;
 Relations, friends, deride your hoarded pelf,
 All hate your mis'ry, and you hate yourself.

Non uxor saluum te vult, non filius, omnes,
Vicini oderunt noti pueri atque puellæ.

Doom'd to forsake at last his only God,
A wretched thing reclines beneath this sod.
In joyless solitude his life he spent,
A prey to all the pangs of discontent ;
No generous act reliev'd his restless soul,
Too proud to bear, too rich to fear control ;
Jealous of all whose real worth exprest
A cutting contrast to his selfish breast;
Smooth as a courtier till he'd gain'd his end,
He spit his *blackest* venom at a *friend*.
Daily from clients wrung his darling gold,
And those he could not *rob* himself—he *sold*.

AN ENQUIRY ANSWERED,

RESPECTING MISS MUDIE'S FAILURE.

THE child, you say, had mimic skill,
With more than Jordan spirit :—
How came she then to fare so ill ?
What was her grand demerit ?

The infant's patrons wanted grace
To let the chit grow bigger :
Miss Mudie, Sir, had too much *face*,
And much too little figure.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

Since our last report, two new pieces have been produced, both at Drury-Lane theatre. A grand legendary melo-drama called *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY* ; and a comedy under the title of *THE SCHOOL FOR FRIENDS*.—Each has been successful in an extraordinary degree, and being performed together, their united strength proves uncommonly attractive.

6th DEC.—*The Sleeping Beauty* is the production of Mr. SKEFFINGTON, a gentleman, of whose talents, as a dramatic writer, we have before had two very favourable specimens, in his comedies of the *Word of Honour*, and the *High Road to Marriage*. The fable of the present drama is given by the author in the following words:—

“The beautiful *Ethelinde*, (a) daughter of *Earl Egbert*, is destined by a malicious fairy to receive a death wound from the spindle of a spinning wheel, to prevent which, the use of that implement is forbid in the domains of the earl, on pain of death. Notwithstanding which, *Ethelinde*, through mischance, meets with the accident; *Egbert*, distracted at the danger of his daughter (now arrived at the age of seventeen, being the most beautiful and accomplished lady of the age) applies to *Melzarina*, the fairy of beneficence for her aid to save his daughter. The good fairy, though unable totally to undo the predestined fate, so far alleviates the grief of her parents by changing her fate, instead of death, to a sleep, which must continue a century.

“*Earl Egbert* and his lady dying during their daughter's trance, their estates are usurped by the haughty *Baron Ethelred*, (b) in whose family they remain during the time of *Ethelinde's* sleep, whom the fairy *Melzarina* (c) has placed in an ancient castle, surrounded by a dark impenetrable wood, with all her attendants, pages, &c. all under the influence of sleep with their lady.—*Aldebert* (d) and *Oswin*, (e) two knights errant, attended by *Launcelot*, (f) their squire, pursue adventures. *Aldebert* has never felt the passion of love, yet impelled onward by a resistless impulse, arrives at the verge of this forest.—*Oswin*, his companion, having felt a passion for a lady, whose picture only he has seen, accompanies him, with *Launcelot*, the squire. The knights are met, on their approach to the wood, by *Ellen*, (g) an ancient peasant, who informs them of the above; also that she herself knew *Ethelinde*, when awake, and that the time of the awakening approaches, when she hopes to meet with *Edward*, (h) the page of *Ethelinde*, her former youthful lover, who, if he continues faithful on his awakening (though she is one hundred and seventeen years old) the fairy has promised her restoration to her former youth and beauty to reward his constancy. *Ellen* departs. The knights contend against all impediments, and force their way into the wood. *Melzarina*, the fairy, appears in a cloud to *Aldebert*, declares she will aid his cause, and disappears: *Aldebert*, inspired by this assurance, urges on his companions; they pursue their course through the wood, arrive at the castle, find all sleeping; at length, finding the chamber of *Ethelinde*, she is discovered on her bed, surrounded by her attendants, amongst whom is *Edward*, the page, and *Elgiva*, her friend.

“The awaking commences;—all rise.—*Aldebert* makes known his

(a) Miss Bristow.

(b) Mr. G. D'Egville.

(c) Mademoiselle Parisot.

(d) Mr. De Camp.

(e) Mr. Russell.

(f) Mr. Mathews.

(g) Miss De Camp.

(h) Mrs. Mountain.

passion to *Ethelinde*, who receives his vows. *Oswin*, in the person of *Elgiva*, finds the resemblance of the picture, whom he addresses, and is kindly received. *Edward* meets the aged *Ellen*, declares his constancy, and she becomes again youthful. An alarm is given of the approach of *Ethelred*, and his troops, to demand the hand of *Ethelinde*. *Aldebert* vows to resist his claim. The knights arm and summon the soldiery, and depart to meet the usurper, over whom they are victorious. *Melzarina* appears, unites the lovers, the whole prediction being accomplished.—The scene, England.—Time, that of ancient chivalry.”

The stories of the nursery possess a charm, which old age itself has no power to dissolve. Hence the universal attraction of these little fairy tales, when exhibited in action, assisted by the gorgeous dresses, magnificent scenery, and other splendid decorations, which of late years (we will not say with what advantage to our drama) have placed the English theatres on a level with the Opera House. *MOTHER GOOSE*, of immortal memory, now the chief prop of the British stage, has opened, in the *Sleeping Beauty*, another mine of wealth for the managers of Drury-Lane. Shakspeare waves his magic wand in vain; Congreve is obsolete, Farquhar dull, and Otway unaffected; but *Mother Goose*, blessings on her venerable head! her stores appear to be inexhaustible. Henceforth be her statue affixed, instead of that of Apollo, on the top of the theatre; for she is, beyond a doubt, its tutelary genius.

What more need be said in favour of this splendid melo-drama, than that *Mr. SKEFFINGTON* has done ample justice to the subject he has chosen, has given all possible interest to the several incidents, and shewn himself to be a skilful adept in what is called *stage effect*:—that every mechanical aid, and every sort of embellishment which a stage, so admirably constructed for *spectacle*, is able to give, have been bestowed on the piece; and that crowded audiences are constantly attesting, by their applause, the pleasure they receive from the performance.

A young lady, of the name of Bristow, hitherto, we believe, only a *figurante* in the *corps de ballet*, was the *Ethelinde*. Her form and countenance are very pleasing, and she promises to do something as an actress. Of her vocal talents we cannot at present speak in commendation. Miss De Camp, in the *Old Villager*, is excellent, and her song very affective. To these are added the fascinations of Madame Parisot, and the surprising efforts of the little sylph Miss C. Bristow.

Mr. J. Addison is the composer of the music, which, though it may not boast much originality, is appropriate to the action, and in several passages affords considerable pleasure.

Dec. 10.—*THE SCHOOL FOR FRIENDS* is the production of Miss Chambers, the author of a novel called *He deceives himself*. This lady has been much commended for the neatness and elegance which mark the dialogue of this play. A well-written comedy is certainly a novelty which, in the present weak and vitiated state of our drama, demands and deserves the most encouraging reception from the public. And we are happy to record that to this *rare merit* Miss Chambers is principally indebted for the success of her *School for Friends*, which exhibits but few of the features of legitimate comedy. The plot, the characters, and

the incidents, are such as we meet with in most novels. Indeed we shall not be far from the truth if we say that they are actually taken from a popular novel, the production of another lady, whose genius and worth were much and justly admired in her day—we mean Mrs. Sheridan. From her very elegant and interesting novel of *Sidney Biddulph*, the author of the *School for Scandal* borrowed the circumstance of Sir Oliver's trying the characters of his nephews by appearing to them in a pretended state of poverty, and to this novel Miss Chambers has been still more largely indebted in her *School for Friends*. The principal business of her comedy is to paint the distresses of an amiable wife (*Lady Epworth*) whom *Sir Edward Epworth* has been prevailed upon, by the artifices of an abandoned woman of fashion, to desert; her patience, fortitude, maternal affection, and conjugal attachment are at length rewarded by the restoration to her arms of her guilty but sincerely repentant husband. *Lady Epworth* and *Sir Edward* are Mrs. Sheridan's Mr. and Mrs. Arnold. *Lady Courtland* is her Mrs. Gerrarde, *Miss Emily* is Mrs. Gerrarde's niece Miss Burchell, and *Lucy* is Patty Main. In *Lord Belmore* we recognize the disinterested friendship, unwearied zeal and moral integrity of *Faulkner*; and *Hardy*, though with material deviations, bears a resemblance to Mr. Warner. *Matthew Daw* seems to have been borrowed from the Methodist in Mr. Cumberland's *Henry*. In pointing out these similitudes we do not mean to do injury to the reputation which Miss Chambers has acquired. We have always argued that the dramatic writer is entitled to accumulate materials from any quarter he pleases; but it is also right that the author whose previous labours have been adopted should come in for his just share of applause.

The *School for Friends*, though in some of the scenes rather languid, is upon the whole an interesting play. The sentiments are generally just, often striking, and always well expressed. The characters of *Hardy* and *Matthew Daw*, afford sufficient comic relief to the more serious scenes, without bordering too much on extravagance. But a character so unblushingly immoral, indelicate, and criminal as *Lady Courtland* we hope is not easily to be found in the circles of fashion. Some of the scenes in which this lady is concerned are not without grossness, and the terms on which she and Sir Edward live together are too coarse for a dramatic representation.

The performers acquitted themselves most ably. Mathews, in *Daw*, the quaker, particularly distinguished himself. Dowton, in *Hardy*, was of essential service to the piece, and the character played by Elliston is expressly adapted to his talents. Barrymore, Wroughton, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Pope, Miss Mellon, and Mrs. H. Siddons, are equally entitled to the author's gratitude.

The prologue was spoken by Mrs. H. Siddons; the epilogue by Mathews in character. The latter is written by Mr. T. Dibdin. It is full of quaint humour, and has several happy points, which lost none of their effect in the delivery.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, the 7th of December, this chosen seat of beauty and fashion, with all its other numerous attractions, was opened for the season. Rich, perhaps beyond every former recollection, in "the light fantastic toe," in "the

tuneful quire," and in "instruments of sound;" and still possessing the ability, energy, and judgment of *Jewell* and *Kelly*, no room is left to doubt the fullest satisfaction both before and behind the curtain.

The opera, on the first night, was *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, which was succeeded by a grand spectacle, called *The Naval Triumph*. When, in *Il Ratto*, we mention the names of *Mrs. Billington*, *Grassini*, and *Mr. Braham*, any praise from us would certainly be deemed superfluous. They are what they were, and to this eulogy nothing can be added.

The latter piece, *The Naval Triumph*, gratefully prepared in honour of our "*dolor atque decus magnum*," the late Lord Viscount Nelson, met not with a fortune so happy as the goodness of the intention, and the splendour of the machinery, undoubtedly deserved. The melancholy event, which in its minutiae it attempted to delineate, was the sole cause of its unfavourable reception. The circumstances were too recent and too sorrowful for theatrical representation; they must be of far older date before they will bear "sporting with;" for such we must call every endeavour, in ballet, to describe this mournful day. Disapprobation being signified in consequence of this injudicious choice of particulars, *Mr. Braham* came forward and announced that the spectacle should be wholly withdrawn. He however entreated the theatre to suffer the ornamental part, consisting of music and dance, to be given to conclude the entertainment of the night. Nothing could be more fascinating than this portion of the spectacle, or more to the credit of the ingenuity of the new ballet master. *Parisot*, *Des Hayes*, and *Rossi* danced with inimitable effect. And the singing of *Billington*, *Grassini*, and *Braham*, in the characters of *Britannia*, *Minerva*, and *Mars*, conspired to produce the very soul of harmony, and the most unbounded applause. Such was its charm that we almost expected to have had to say---So fail'd the plot "but music won the cause." However the first judgment of the spectators was respected, and it is not to be repeated.

The exertions of the managers have been as indefatigable as the liberality which attended them. Independent of their present store of attraction, they expect from Lisbon, Signor *Naldi*, the most eminent *buffo caricato* in Europe; Signor *Shira*, a tenor; Madame *Shira*, and Mons. *Moreau*, two principal dancers. The prospect, therefore, of the fashionable world, with respect to the coming season, is animating and prepossessing beyond all recorded example.

GERMAN THEATRE.

SCHIRMER, a very deserving man, and his no less ingenious and extraordinary family, have taken *Didon's* theatre, in Leicester Place, for the purpose of treating the lovers of the German Muse with the performances of pieces in her native language. The novelty of the exhibition might alone have been expected to do much, but when seconded as it is by a surprising display of genius in the youthful actors who so admirably support their various characters, it can not fail, by its success, to reward their desert. In *Die drei Freyer, oder gleich und gleich gesellt sich gern*—The three Suitors; or, Like loves Like, we were delighted with the performances of Miss *Schirmer* and Master *Schirmer* in *Lehachan*, a country girl, and *Michel*, a young Peasant. The ease and spirit of their

acting were really astonishing. *Klaus*, a peasant, by *Master Gleimer*, was equally meritorious, but the part of *Zuchterluch*, a schoolmaster, by *Frederick Schirmer*, as it is a character that admits of more acting, so was it the most prominent in the merit of its execution. This piece being interspersed with songs and doets, is fuller of amusement to those who know not a word of German. *Der Stammbaum*, 'or the Pedigree, is also well acted. *F. Schirmer's Schnapps*, a village barber, is uncommonly clever. The manner in which these children disguise themselves, the propriety of their action, and their knowledge of the histrionic art, far exceed every thing that we expected from them.

Sanctioned by her majesty and countenanced by the nobility, but above all powerful in the deserts of its little band, the *German Theatre* stands on the best ground of public favour.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre Royal MANCHESTER.

————— "O, 'tis a parlous boy;"
 ————— "I spare my praises towards him,
 Knowing him, is enough." ———

SHAKSPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,

By way of supplement to my paper, inserted in your *Mirror* for August last, I now beg leave to hand you a few remarks on our theatricals as we have had our theatre re-opened for the purpose of exhibiting *Master Betty* for ten nights, the last of which, and being for his benefit, was on Monday night last. I have little *new* to remark, either on his merit or defects; my sentiments are pretty much what they were on seeing him last season.* He has now played, besides his old characters, *Osman* (twice), *Macbeth*, *Gustavus Vasa*, and *Orestes*, all of which he sustained with his usual ability, and was well received, though not with that enthusiasm with which he was greeted on his first appearance in Manchester; *not* (I am inclined to think) from any "falling off" of his abilities, which are certainly, upon the whole, very great! but, from the wonder having ceased, that a boy of thirteen years of age, or thereabouts, could possibly sustain characters, with propriety and effect, that have so frequently baffled the attempts of maturer age; that *he has done so*, the applause he has gained at both houses in London, as well as in the country, is sufficient proof! We have therefore now only to consider him as an established first rate actor, who may be seen with an abundance of pleasure; though not, perhaps, with that astonishment his *first appearance* very naturally created. He was pretty well supported, in most of the plays, by the remains of the old company, and a few "new faces," whose particular merits I shall not now enter into, having promised you some

* See *Monthly Mirror*, Vol. XVIII. page 425.

account of the strength of our forces, at the commencement of the regular theatrical campaign. Only, I must say, that, in Mrs. Young, we have the place of Mrs. Bellamy better filled, than I had any hopes we should have; she is accounted a good actress, is a tolerable figure, and has some animation, but wants that exquisite *feeling* wherewith Mrs. Bellamy, so powerfully reaches the *hearts* of her audience. I thought Mrs. Young inferior to that lady in *Juliet* and *Sigismunda*, but her performance of *Irene* and *Hermione* were very respectable, and augur greatly in her favour, so soon as she has gained a little more experience, and may have profited *a little more* by her husband's tuition.

The names at present added to the company, are, a Mr. Romer from Bath—a Mr. Spencer, from *Stockport*!! and a Mr. Andrews, from “no matter where,” beside Mr. Young the manager, and his lady—in lieu of Messrs. Huddart, Penson, Gordon, Richardson, Bellamy, Davies, S. Davies, Mrs. Bellamy, Miss Blomgreen, &c.

Our managers have about a month to recruit in before the theatre opens, unless they suppose themselves already strong enough. The musical department, heretofore much complained of, is now in a miserable condition! “*Rule Britannia*” was attempted, at the particular request of the audience, and, notwithstanding an additional verse, in consequence of the ever to be lamented loss of *Lord Nelson*, was introduced, the audience could scarcely refrain from laughing at the *musical catalogue* before them!!

Manchester, 9th Dec. 1805.

A CONSTANT READER.

Theatre Royal Hull.—Among the novelties of the season are a Mrs. Bramwell from Norwich, Mr. and Mrs. Sedley from Bath, and a Mr. Watson.

Mrs. Bramwell possesses a very pretty little figure, an uncommonly strong clear voice, a tolerable share of sprightliness, and no inconsiderable portion of ease and vivacity. I have already witnessed her several performances of *Albina*, *Clara*, in *Matrimony*, the *Widow Cheerly*, and *Violante*. In the latter character, however, she is by no means so happy as in those of which I have before spoken. There is a certain degree of consequence and importance indispensable to the appearance and deportment of *Violante*: and to which the *pétiteness* of a *merely* very pretty little brunette, is by no means adapted. I must not, however, forget to acknowledge the very great treat we have received from Mrs. Bramwell's vocal powers. Indeed she exhibits a style of singing to which (for many years at least) we have been totally unaccustomed. She suffers her voice, which is a very fine, clear, and melodious one, to have its natural and due effect, and does not risk the destruction of its melody, by the too frequent introduction of *cadences*, *trills*, and *graces*. I wish, however, she would endeavour to correct one little habit, and to which, perhaps, she may *herself* be *insensible*. It is that of *hemming* at every other bar, (as to clear the throat.) It is a habit extremely unpleasant to an auditor, and very much tends to diminish the gratification he would otherwise receive from so powerful and distinct a voice.

Mr. and Mrs. Sedley made their *entré* in the *Stranger* and *Mrs. Haller*. We have seldom witnessed a more beautiful and elegantly interesting countenance, figure; and deportment than those of Mrs. Sedley. A very visible, though *pleasing timidity*, however, attended the whole of this lady's perform-

ance. Her enunciation is peculiarly articulate ; and her general mode of utterance extremely pleasing, colloquial, and natural. Perhaps, however, if Mr. Sedley would endeavour to throw a little more *force* into her declamation, she would have no reason to regret the alteration. The *pathetic* seems to be her great *forte*. She enters into it with perfect spirit, and the most happy effect. Her tones are, in those moments, most piercingly energetic, and seldom fail of immediate access to the heart—that best of critics.

Of Mr. Sedley's *Stranger* we have left ourselves but little space to speak. We cannot however dismiss this sketch without having first observed that it was a very gentlemanly performance—marked by great good sense and propriety of deportment. His narrative to the Baron, in particular, evinced a considerable share of discrimination and most appropriate feeling. In preparing his face, however, for the character of the Stranger, Mr. Sedley had so much darkened the lower part of his visage, as to produce the effect of a *mask*, rather than that of a *beard*.

On the following evening we witnessed this gentleman's exertions in the part of Don Felix. This is a character in which Mr. S. was enabled more completely to exhibit the necessary requisites of a *very neat figure*, *good face*, and unembarrassed deportment. He evidently laboured under a very severe cold and hoarseness. It was a great drawback to the performance. Generally speaking, this gentleman's mode of utterance is emphatically distinct and clear, but at times, he is (by the very cunning of the scene) hurried into a degree of *rapidity* and *indistinctness* of articulation, which becomes almost *unintelligible*. We are persuaded Mr. Sedley need but be *apprised* of this circumstance immediately to make every possible effort to get the better of it. It is a point *worth* his attending to.

As to Mr. Watson, he has, at present, appeared in so very subordinate a line of business, that I should not conceive myself justified in making even the smallest comment upon his exertions.

PARISANENSIS.

P. S. Since writing the above, (in consequence of Mr. Sedley's indisposition having occasioned a sudden change of plays) Mrs. Sedley has appeared in the part of *Lady Townley*, and by her very easy, elegant, and unaffected mode of representing that difficult character, she has most thoroughly confirmed our former opinion of her.

Theatre Royal DUBLIN.—This theatre opened for the season with the comedy of the "*Wonder*," after having undergone some judicious alterations and improvements, in a style of execution worthy the fine taste and liberal spirit of the patentee. Mr. Holman (acting manager) played *Felix* with his usual discrimination, and *Violanté*, in the hands of Mrs. Edwin, could only be surpassed by the inimitable Jordan. On this occasion the following *impromptu* was handed through the house.

I certainly witness'd a "*Wonder*" to night,
Such pleasing sensations how few can excite !
When Edwin appear'd *Violanté* was there,
In manner, in mien, in attraction, and air.

Expression of *feeling* in Nature's own guise,
 Or dwelt in a dimple, or beam'd from her eyes,
 Whilst tones all of harmony, sweetness, and grace,
 Gave sound to that soul, which *had spoke in her face*.

The *Felix* of Holman—but wherefore the lay,
 In his praise where applause has left little to say ?
Violanté had 'waken'd the chord which could find
 All the delicate beauties which glow in his mind.

The company is highly respectable, and the best that can be procured here, Miss Walstein and Mr. Phillips have seceded ;—the *walk of parts* of the former is now well sustained by a Miss Macauley, from the Belfast theatre, an actress of much pathos and much promise, but we have a material loss in the latter ; good singers are not to be had ; a Mr. Stephens, from Brighton, made his *début* in *Carlos* (Duenna) with but indifferent success. Mr. R. Jones is unrivalled (with the exception of Lewis) in the NEW SCHOOL of acting. The following is a list of the principal performers.

Mr. Holman,
 Talbot.
 R. Jones.
 Fullam.
 Williams.
 Johnson.
 Stephens.
 Lee.
 Putnam,
 Grant, &c.

Mrs. Hitchcock.
 Edwin.
 Williams.
 Davis.
 Cooke.*
 Nunn.†
 M'Namara.
 Miss Macauley.
 Sheridan, &c.

Dublin, 16th Dec. 1805.

QUAY.

Theatre Royal GLASGOW.—On Saturday, December 14th, this large but *incommodious* house, opened for the season with *A Cure for the Heart Ache*.—The performance being for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those *brave men*, who fell in Lord Nelson's late *victory* ; the benevolent purpose, if it did not crowd it, at least tolerably filled the house. The merits of the performers it could not be—in Glasgow never was a theatrical company more unpopular. Imbecile as was last year's troop, several of the best of them are wanting this season, and what still more aggravates the case, we have as yet got none to supply their place. The following is a list of what names has hitherto appeared in the bills. Messrs. Dwyer, Berry, Toms, Hollingsworth, Evatt, Turpin, Flowerdew, Brown, Shaw, Barker, and Roberts ; Messdames Orger, Eyre, Turpin, Willoughby, and Berry.

Mr. Berry is an excellent and improving actor in broad comedy, and farce. Messrs. Evatt, Turpin, and Hollingsworth are *decent* in the second and third line of comic characters : but for the *principal* business in a theatre we have

* Late Miss Howells.

† Late Mrs. Addison.

none—none that can be tolerated, either male or female, in *sprightly* comedy, or the *higher* walks in tragedy. In genteel comedy, indeed, Mr. Dwyer at first gave signs of promise, but, painful to relate, he is now improving “very much the wrong way.” The habitual inattention which he constantly manifests to the words of his author, joined to a seeming unconquerable practice of ranting, (no doubt greatly strengthened by so much strolling*) renders it painful for any person of taste to witness his affected and unnatural exhibitions. These remarks I hope Mr. Dwyer will take in good part; it is with a sincere regard to his interest and theatrical reputation that they are paid;—flattery is the bane of improvement.

Mrs. Orger and Mrs. Eyre appear in general, with considerable advantage, in the second and third line of comic business. Should any new performers appear soon, I shall transmit you an estimate of their respective abilities, “nothing extenuating or setting down aught in malice,” or if any thing occurs to convince me of the severity of my present strictures, I shall most willingly retract.

Glasgow, 16th Dec. 1805.

I am, &c.

A LOOKER ON.

YOUNG ROSCIUS IN SCOTLAND.

SIR,—During the performance of the Young Roscius, we have witnessed in this northern metropolis a phenomenon, nearly as remarkable as the very genius of that extraordinary youth. At a season in which hardly an individual who either has, or can procure access to a country residence, remains in town; when our very shops are nearly deserted, and many even of our mechanics but half employed, the theatre has been crowded with every rank and every class. The *Roscium Sidus* still illumines our theatric hemisphere, midst a blaze of admiration unprecedented, by many unexpected, and even hardly to be credited.

A few remarks on the general merits and demerits of this extraordinary young man, as he appeared to me in October and November, 1805, will, on my part, I trust, be neither deemed unnecessary, nor altogether uninteresting. The reception of my letter of August 1804, by the public in general, and the various gross misrepresentations made of its object and its contents, by those sycophant flatterers, who are as naturally in the suite of juvenile genius, as are winged vermin in the sun-beam, in some measure render it necessary for me to state my decided opinion of this theatrical prodigy.

The person of Master Betty, by being considerably enlarged, is sensibly improved since his last visit to our metropolis. I have hardly witnessed, in any one of his years, a more perceptible addition to stature in so short a period, an evident proof that his theatric exertions have not been prejudicial to his health, and the best answer to the various libels daily vomited from the London press against Mr. Betty, the elder, of sacrificing the constitution of a beloved and only son to his own emolument; the language of my favourite poet—

“Natura

* Since our theatre closed, this gentleman has been “skirting the country round,” playing Octavian, Rolla, &c. in the Dundee newspaper, he was set down as the most accomplished *Hamlet* that ever trod the British stage!!!

"Natura le fece e poi rappe la stampa,"

which the overweening officiousness of parasites long since applied, might be now used with less exaggeration than last year to our young prodigy. His pretensions to fill, with propriety, any juvenile character in the drama, will not, it is presumed, now be denied, even by those sage critics who estimate heroes by the maxim of the great Serjeant Kite. His features, by being enlarged, have undergone a proportionable melioration, and are consequently better adapted to portray the feelings of mankind, and the energies of masculine passion.

His attitudes, in which, with the single exception of Kemble, I conceive him to be unrivalled by any living performer, are more easy, varied, impressive, and picturesque than before. A faulty mode of pouncing with his arms, which he had acquired from Hough, his former tutor, whom the destitution of length in those members, forced to that mode of exercising them, having now given way to more free, easy, graceful movements, has much contributed to his improvement in this most essential point.

The astonishing, and to many unaccountable, ease and grace with which he treads the boards, his natural and interesting deportment, his almost uniformly *self possession*, so to speak, whether at rest or in motion, silent or speaking, his bye play, equally devoid of affectation, or the almost universal theatrical grimace, so disgusting, with which he fills up the business of the scene, all announce, in the most striking manner, the fact of his very considerable improvement. They expose the malicious falshood of his being the disciplined ape merely of a tutor, himself undisciplined, from whose trammels he is now emancipated, and from whom, beyond the merest mechanical aid which any experienced scene-shifter or property-man could afford, it would have been the most astonishing of all the circumstances attending this young man, if any knowledge of any kind could have been received. Midas metamorphosed, might as well give lessons in music to Apollo, as Hough in theatricals to Master Betty.

Were I to characterise this young man's acting by any epithet, *energetic* or *spirited* might with the greatest propriety be employed. The energy he displays in impassioned parts is as different from the boisterous rant of the mere player, as is the expression of true courage from the bluster of the swaggering coward. I have often thought the character of Hotspur admirably adapted to his powers. His acting, contrary to the usual custom, aids the fancy of the author; for indeed must be the scenes in which he does not communicate to the audience the feelings described by the poet. In the bustle of preparation, and in the tumult of battle, his soul expands, and we are irresistibly led to participate in the hero's fortunes. Agitated, transported as are our minds, a few boards become a city, a little painted canvass a field of battle. The fire of fancy which barely glimmers in the pages of a Thomson, Lewis, &c. burst into a blaze of splendour in the hands of Master Betty.

I anticipate the pleasure to be experienced, by the amateurs in your metropolis, from the exhibition of his *Gustavus Vasa*, a piece which, I learn, the indulgence of the Lord Chamberlain has at length conceded to the public wish.

Of his voice little at present can be said, it necessarily partaking of his situation, i. e. "in standing water betwixt man and boy." Were this not the case, I should be apprehensive of its being somewhat impaired. On his general faults

I have no wish, in this letter, to enlarge. Justice however demands that a few of them be pointed out.

Mannerisms, I remark, with pain, to be stealing occasionally upon him, particularly those of the Kembelian school. The vulgar, the execrable, though now common attempts at applause, usually called *clap traps*, are at times, I admit not very often, perceptible. He often indulges in a foolish affected nod or shake of the head; not unfrequently even in scenes of importance. I have been pained in observing his eyes straying around the audience. This detestable, though common vice, seems to have increased upon him in no common degree. Once or twice I could discover an Iricism in his pronunciation. A custom into which he has fallen, that of indulging in a hysterical laugh at the catastrophe of many parts, ought to be removed. Few truly English plays admit of it, being suited only to the German school, and its imitators in this country. On other faults and deficiencies I will hereafter remark. Those, and all other defects, I trust, will be eradicated by experience; by the care and attention of his father and mother, to whom, and to no other aid, but his own superior capacity, he owes all his theatrical attainments, who, from authority I deem unquestionable, I know are able, and I trust are willing, to correct every fault.

On some of the characters he performed here I shall make a few remarks in my second letter. The unforeseen length to which this has already extended, restricts me to a single character, and will even preclude the bulk of my criticisms upon that part. The play (*Macbeth*) was performed on the 25th October, to a crowded and an applauding audience, among whom were numbers of the first rank in the literary and the fashionable world.

MACBETH.

This was his first appearance in that arduous character, which, if my information be correct, he had but recently studied. An unusual timidity and anxiety, visible to every one, confirmed the report. Making the necessary allowance for this, and the youthful figure of the actor, I have no hesitation in pronouncing his performance a wonderful effort of judgment, taste, and execution. The delineation was most forcible without being incorrect; the transitions finely varied and elegantly marked. I have never seen the transient gleams of remorse more finely, more feelingly portrayed. In short, he seemed to have an excellent conception of the character, and his execution is never inferior to his judgment. Some inaccuracies and deficiencies shall be pointed out in the following brief remarks.

It may in general be remarked, that he gave the speeches in the first act with a rapidity, indicating impatience to get to the end, a fault in which he very often indulges. Upon the witches saluting him in the first scene, he was too flat, exhibiting cold indifference instead of the surprise blended with suspicion, which the address of the second (announcing him the Thane of Cawdor) ought to have inspired. In the address "Stay, ye imperfect speakers," (saying nothing of the first words not having been sufficiently emphatical) he was not sufficiently solemn, nor exhibited the anxiety, blended with awe, and even terror, that such a salutation, by such beings, at such a place, should naturally produce. I think *Macbeth*, to add to the weight of the scene, ought to address the witches individually, each in the order of their prediction, and this idea is, I think, supported by the text. For example:

To the first.—“By Sinel's death I know,” &c.

To the second (turning to her).—“But how of Cawdor?” &c.

This might be rejected as a novelty, too often a ground of condemnation.—The earnestness of Macbeth, after the witches' departure, and his affected indifference to Banquo, affords a fine transition to a skilful actor.

Macbeth (eagerly).—“Your children shall be kings!”

Banquo.—“You shall be king.”

Macbeth (with indifference).—“And Thane of Cawdor too, *went it not so.*”

This transition, which is of the highest importance, to mark, as it seems to me, that this very instant the “*bloody idea*” came into his mind, was unnoticed by Master Betty, as well as other performers.

In the following scene, when his new title is first announced, astonishment was very strongly and excellently portrayed, too forcibly indeed, as Macbeth's doubts were uppermost in his mind. In the passage—“The greatest is behind,” the “is” was not sufficiently marked; it should be doubly (so to speak) emphatical. The address to Banquo was admirably pointed. The speech beginning “Two truths are told,” (by the way a wrong emphasis on truth) was pronounced much too rapidly, and of course very faulty. The agitation, doubt, suspense, in this speech, resemble the celebrated soliloquy in Hamlet, “To be,” &c. in which Master Betty is so great; his deficiencies here are of course the more perceptible. He was besides too loud and declamatory, making use of too much action. The following scene is flat dialogue. When the king declares his eldest son Prince of Cumberland, some mark of agitation ought to have been exhibited by Macbeth, which Master Betty omitted, as I am convinced that, by this time, the idea of mounting the throne was prominent in his mind. The concluding speech in the scene proves it. In the first scene with Lady Macbeth, I did not observe the least fault.

The soliloquy “If it were done,” &c. was equal to my hopes. More solemnity, and a manner less declamatory, would have rendered it perfect.—“Thus, even-handed Justice,” and the two succeeding lines, were models of their kind. Once or twice the emphasis was defective. In the line “He is here in *double* trust,” the word here marked should have been pointedly emphatical. The succeeding scene was truly admirable. The speech “Prythee peace—I dare do all,” &c. was superior to what I ever previously witnessed, and drew forth the loudest and most deserved plaudits. “If we should fail,” was not given with sufficient interest. The transition, in Macbeth's penult speech, in this scene, was well portrayed, though, in the last line, “they” should have been emphatical. The dagger scene, excepting somewhat of the usual theatrical exaggeration, and at times a rather rapid utterance, may challenge a comparison with that of any living actor. The concluding lines, “Hear it not, Duncan,” &c. were given with a pathetic solemnity that carried their impression to every heart.

The knowledge of the circumscribed limits of your valuable publication, forces a curtailment of my numerous other remarks on this character. Some of them may, perhaps, be included in my second letter, in which I intend to animadvert on Master Betty's other performances. Suffice it at present to state that his remorse was depicted by the most exquisite pencil. The battle scene was a

chief *dramaturge* of fire and energy. I cannot dismiss the subject without mentioning, in terms of unqualified praise, his performance in that part of his speech to the messenger, who announced the moving of Birnam Wood.

———"If thy speech be sooth,
"I care not if thou dost for me as much."

Indeed his performance of the whole of the last act cannot be surpassed on the British or any other boards.

One new reading will of course be questioned, though I think it just.

———"She should have died hereafter,
"There would have been a time for such a word.
"To-morrow—to-morrow," &c.
"Creeps," &c.

Master Betty read—

"There would have been a time for such a word
"To-morrow.—To-morrow," &c.

That is, to day we are absorbed in more important matters—to-morrow we might give to grief. The word to-morrow recalls his situation to his recollection; hence his soliloquy. It has at least the merit or demerit of novelty.

I cannot close even this, my first letter, without animadverting upon the presumption that dares to palm such a company, and particularly the female part of it, upon the boards of a theatre-royal. With the exception of Mrs. Turpin, a tolerably decent actress in comedy, not one of the number but actually shocks the spectator in characters of any consequence. Mrs. Eyre, the heroine, to a monotonous whine adds a defect of utterance, by which she seems to squeeze her few notes from her throat with an exertion that really pains the audience. She really seems to possess judgment, and is attentive to her profession, but Nature has placed insurmountable barriers to her ever attaining theatrical distinction. Without an atom of feeling Mr. Toms recited the part of Macduff in the starchy, prim, precise, sullen manner in which he often indulges. It is rather an uncertain point whether, in the line "He has no children," Macduff alludes to Malcolm or to Macbeth: if the former *he*, if the latter *no*, are emphatical; with the view, I presume, of pleasing all parties, this gentleman very *safely* made them both emphatical!! Yet Mr. Toms is esteemed our chief actor in tragedy and grave comedy! In a word, with the exception of the low comedy department, at the head of which is Turpin, who is seconded by Hollingsworth and Berry, the metropolis of Scotland has been furnished with a company, by Mr. Jackson, which, were he again manager of the northern strolling company, he durst not palm upon the towns of Dundee, Aberdeen, or Montrose. The companies of Stephen Keimble were generally insufficient, but the worst performers, in that gentleman's worst of seasons, would be degraded by a comparison with those of Edinburgh for the two last years. More of this in my next.

I am, &c.

JUSTUS.

BATH New Theatre.—Saturday, the 5th of October, was appointed for the opening of our new theatre, and one of the plays of our immortal bard was announced for representation, aided by entire new scenery, dresses, decorations,

Sec. From a disappointment, however, in not receiving the whole of the *clandestine*, an apology made its appearance in the public prints, and the following Saturday was stated to be positively the time, when a numerous, but not a crowded audience, attended to behold a theatre, which, for beauty and elegance, and for the two principal objects, sight and hearing, is not exceeded by any of its dimensions in Europe.

Before entering on the bill of fare for the evening, or on the merits of the performers who personated the various characters, I will give you as accurate a statement as I can, of this truly superb building, the pride and boast of our city: and considering its extent, it is really astonishing that a work of such magnitude should have been begun and finished, fit for theatrical representation, in so short a space as twelve months.

It is situated in the centre of the city, and from its height, forms a very prominent feature in the *coup d'oeil*, at a distance from all its environs. Mr. Palmer (the city architect) planned and superintended the building, and his judgment is every where conspicuous. There are three entrances, in as many directions; the grand front in Beaufort-Square. The audience part is something less than that of Covent-Garden theatre; the space behind the curtain much larger; the length within the main walls is about 125 feet, 60 wide, and 70 high; the walls of the foundation eight feet wide, and in the upper part three feet. The exterior buildings, containing dressing rooms, scene rooms, ward robe, and every other convenience for the artists, servants, &c. the anti-rooms, and saloons to the boxes, rooms of accommodation to the private boxes (which are numerous), taverns, &c. are very extensive. There are three tiers of boxes; excessively lofty, and affording a depth of rows towards the centre. The pillars (of cast iron bronzed) are placed at a distance of two feet from the front, by which the first row of each circle appears as a balcony, independent of the main structure, and an inconceivable lightness is thus communicated to the *tout ensemble*. The private boxes are twenty-six in number, inclosed with gilt lattices. The entrance to them is by a private house, part of the property connected with the theatre, and they are accommodated with a suit of retiring rooms. The decorations are very splendid, particularly the ceiling, in which are placed the famous paintings from Font Hill, Wilts, and the wreaths of flowers, &c. which connect these paintings, are executed with great skill and taste. The prevailing colour of the house is a deep rich red, ornamented with gold.

It is in no small degree gratifying to us to know, that the whole of this immense and elegant building has been erected, ornamented, and furnished solely by citizens of Bath, since it discovers that we have, within ourselves, a sufficiency of artists and tradesmen capable of designing, building, and completing, in every respect, whatever taste, supported by wealth, may desire to possess.

The house opened with *Richard the Third* and *The Poor Soldier*,—*Richard* by a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage. This gentleman, whose name is *Hiscox*, and son to an eminent barrister, has long been the hero of private theatricals, and, from the favourable report given by his friends to the manager, of his very extraordinary abilities, they were induced to hear him rehearse. Their opinion keeping pace with his strong and powerful recommendations, they deemed themselves fortunate in obtaining him. But

how difficult is the profession of a public actor ; his powers (if he ever had any) seemed totally to have deserted him. He did not discover the smallest feeling or energy, and totally failed in giving any impressive idea of the subtle, cruel, but heroic tyrant. Hisses and groans powerfully prevailed during the whole evening ; and as he met with a much more unfavourable reception in Bristol, on the following Monday, it will be a matter of much surprise if he has the courage to appear again on the dramatic boards of either city.

Too much praise cannot be given to the managers for the magnificence and beauty of an abundance of very expensive scenery. Indeed every scene, exhibited this evening, was painted expressly for the piece, by those celebrated masters of the art Grieve, Marchbank, French, and Capon. But how much were we surprised, after observing an advance in the prices of admission, to see, in the complexion of the dramatic personæ, such a miserable set of performers.—Far be it from us to depreciate the talents, or injure the professional reputation of any of the actors unmeritedly. We have the names of *Egerton*, *Lovegrove*, *Wrench*, *Mallinson*, *Gattie*, *Cunningham*, and last of all our worthy and deservedly respected manager *Charlton* ; also *Mrs. Didier*, *Mrs. Windsor*, (late *Miss Daniels*) and *Miss Fisher*, as well as *Miss Marriot* and *Miss Wheatly*, recently of Covent Garden. The two last we consider as great acquisitions.—The remaining part of the company is much below mediocrity. Most of them would even disgrace a country barn. In such a city as Bath, where the delightful science of music is so much the rage, what a pity it is that we have not a single male performer capable of taking a first or principal part in an opera ; and the orchestra, which is in proportion to the size of the house, is so thinly furnished with musicians, that it does not appear a third part full. Thus the effect of a very fine sounding board, is in a great measure lost ; how poorly then, (unless improved) will the musical department be filled ? We must then attribute the house not being crowded on the first night, either to the apprehension of the walls not being thoroughly dry, or to the prospect of an appearance of a company of performers, taken altogether, the worst seen at any one time in this city for these twenty years. We trust the managers will benefit by this hint, if it should come under their observation, and that they will feel it a duty they owe to themselves, as well as to the subscribers, to exert themselves in procuring such actors, and in producing such novelty as will, after the simple attraction of the new theatre is over, ensure full houses for the whole of the season, and consequently increase their reputation, and fill their coffers.

We think ourselves justified in making these remarks, as, on the second night of representation, the following Saturday, the house was barely full, notwithstanding a plentiful issue of orders, added to the attraction of one of the best of modern comedies, the *Honey Moon*. The price of admission to the boxes is five shillings, second price three shillings ; pit three shillings, second price two shillings ; gallery one shilling and sixpence, second price one shilling. Free admission to all parts of the house six guineas a year.

The house is calculated to hold, when a bumper, nearly three hundred and fifty pounds. We wish the managers every success, and hope they will soon deserve it.

Bath, 25th Oct. 1805.

J. G.,

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

A prison on a very extensive scale is to be built immediately near Torr-Royal, on Dartmoor, about six miles from Tavistock. The prison and its courtlages, within the boundary wall, will occupy 15 acres of ground, and contain 5000 prisoners of war. This will be the future grand depot of prisoners from all the ports of Cornwall and Devon.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.—It has often been justly observed, that great events sometimes spring from trifling causes. This is exemplified in a circumstance that occurred at the commencement of the late war. The King of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick, and General Clairfayt, had concerted an attack on the French. It was made at the appointed time, but the French were prepared, and the Allies retreated with success. The three Chiefs again met, and the King of Prussia opened the conversation by observing—“Well, this attack has failed, and it now only remains to consult what farther is to be done.” General Clairfayt answered, with some asperity—“Consultation will be useless; for though there are only three of us here, one of us is a traitor.” It was utterly impossible that the French could have known of the attack itself, the point where it was made, and have prepared themselves as they did, unless our secret had been betrayed; and I therefore repeat that one of us is a traitor.” The King immediately replied—“Upon my word, General, this is extraordinary language: I am a Sovereign, and accountable to nobody for any of my actions; but, however, to shew that your charge does not apply to me, I here declare, upon my honour, that I never mentioned the circumstance to a single creature alive—except to the Countess De Lustanou.” This Lady was his Majesty’s mistress, and no doubt knew the value of the secret too well not to sell it for a handsome bribe. She was banished from the capital after the King’s death. Such are the effects of *secret influence*.

Dr. Herschel has made a new discovery respecting the planet Saturn: he states it to be a cube, with its angles and edges truncated, which he ascribes to the attraction of the belt.

DESTRUCTIVE EXPERIMENT—an experiment of a new invented machine, for destroying ships at anchor, has recently been tried in the Downs, and succeeded in the most complete manner. A large brig was anchored abreast of Walmer Castle, about three quarters of a mile from the shore. Two or three galleys then rowed off and placed the machine across the cable of the brig, which by the running of the tide, was soon forced under her bottom, about the centre of the keel, where it attaches itself. In a few minutes, the clock work of the machinery having performed its operation, a small cloud of smoke was seen to arise from the vessel which, in a moment, after, was blown to atoms, without any noise, or any appearance of fire. In about twenty seven or twenty eight seconds, not a vestige of the brig was to be seen, as the fragments were then level with the water’s edge. General Don, with a number of Military and Naval Officers, went with Sir Sidney Smith to Mr. Pitt’s at Walmer Castle, to witness the experiment, and expressed the utmost astonishment at the destructive powers of the invention. The beach was lined with spectators, who could hardly believe what their eyes had witnessed, so sudden and powerful was the destruction of the vessel.

A machine has been invented for mowing corn, grass, &c. which greatly facilitates that operation. It consists of two wheels moveable on an axis, to the middle of which is fixed an upright bar, that turns round eleven times for one rotation of the wheels, and on this bar a circular knife or scythe, from 20 inches to three feet in length, is fixed. The knife rises out of its place if opposed by any obstacle in its course, and when that is passed it is adjusted again by its own weight: by another apparatus, corn that has been laid by rain or wind, is raised up and presented to the cutter. The machine is worked either by men or horses.

Lord Powis has succeeded Lord Hardwicke, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Mr. Barry, the celebrated Artist, has agreed to paint a picture of the immortal Nelson, to adorn the Great Room of the Society of Arts.

On the edge of a small River, in the County of Cavan, there is a stone with the following strange inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that way:—"N. B. When this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford the River!"—This is something similar to the famous post erected by the direction of the Surveyors of the roads of Kent some years ago:—"This is a bridle path to Faversham, if you can't read this, you had better keep the main road."

BIRTHS.

At Bishopscaut, Exeter, the Right Hon. Lady Graves, of a daughter. In Grosvenor-Place, Lady E. Halliday, of a son and heir.

MARRIED.

Sir C. E. Nightingale, Bart. of Kneeworth, Cambridgeshire, to Miss Dickinson, of West Retford, Nottinghamshire. W. Davies, Esq. of Penylan Park, to Miss Seymour, eldest daughter of Lord R. Seymour. Lord Hereford, to the daughter of Sir G. Cornwall.

DIED.

At Upper Homerton, P. Le Mesurier, Esq. Alderman of London. At the Palace, Kilkenny, in his 77th year, the Right Rev. Hugh Hamilton, Lord Bishop of Ossory. At Chelsea, H. S. Woodfall, Esq. Suddenly, at Box-Moor, Mr. J. Almon, formerly a bookseller, and author of several works. In Berkshire, J. Robinson, Esq. the Senior Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. At Bath, the Rev. the Dean of Chester, brother to Sir R. Cotton. Mr. King, the Comedian. Mr. Cauterley, a pupil of Garrick, and formerly of Deury-Lane-theatre. Dean Kirwan, the celebrated preacher, at Mount Pleasant, in the vicinity of Dublin. His disorder was a fever, which carried him off, after a few days' illness. The numerous charitable institutions of that city will long feel and lament his loss. Many of them owe existence and prosperity to his unparalleled exertions, where, regardless of his infirm state of health, to use the language of Mr. Grattan, "in feeding the lamp of charity, he almost exhausted the lamp of life."

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